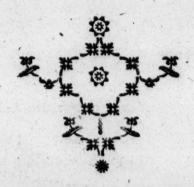
LIFE AND OPINIONS

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE

Ταςάσσει τὸς 'Ανθςώπες ἐ τὰ Πςά[μα]α, 'Αλλὰ τὰ আεςὶ τῶν Πςα[μάτων, Δο[μάτω.



LONDON

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatched house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perfuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life,

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—(not under your protection, it must protect itself, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your honour)

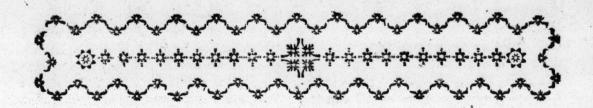
I am, good Sir,

Your well-wisher, and

most humble fellow-subject,

FIRE CHARLES BUSINESS THOU

in the second



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.



Wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when

they begot me: had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermoss—had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly—I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it—you have all, I

dare fay, heard of the animal spirits, as how they are transfused from father to fon, &c. &c .- and a great deal to that purpose——well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's. fense, or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; fo that when they are once fet a going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter-away they go cluttering like hey-go-mad; and, by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which when they are once used to, the devil himself sometimes shall not be abte to drive them off it.

'Pray, my dear,' quoth my mother,
'have you not forgot to wind up the
'clock?'—'Good G—d!' cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the fame time, 'did ever woman, fince the 'creation of the world, interrupt a 'man with fuch a filly question?'—
'Pray, what was your father faying?'—'Nothing.'

CHAP. II.

- Then, positively, there is nothing in the quellion that I can fee, either good or had.'- Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unfeasonable question, at least; because it · scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the HOMUNCULUS, and conducted him fafe to the place deftined for his

reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason in scientifick research, he frands confessed-a being guarded and circumscribed with rights. nutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, (their fouls being inverfely as their enquiries) flew us incontestibly, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the same hand, engendered in the fame courfe of nature, endowed with the same loco motive powers and faculties with us: -that he confiits, as we do, of ikin, hair, fat, fleth, veins, arrenes, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, · bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations-is a being of as much activity-and, in e all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow creature, as my Lord · Chancellor of England .- He may be · benefited - he may be injured - he may obtain redrefs; -in a word, he has all the claims and rights of hu-' manity, which Tully, Puffendorff, or the best ethick writers, allow to arrie out of that flate and relation.

' Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?or that, through terror of it, natural to fo young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end · miserably spent-his muscular strength and vrillity worn down to a threadhis own animal spirits ruffled beyond description-and that in this sad disordered thate of nerves he had lain down a prey to fudden flarts, or a fe-" ries of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together · -I tremble to think what a founda-

tion had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or phi-· losopher could ever afterwards have fet thoroughly to rights.'

CHAP. III.

O my uncle Mr. Toby Shandy do I fland indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philofopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily, complained of the injury -but once more particularly, as my Uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of fetting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it-the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of forrow than reproach—he faid his heart all along foreboded, and he faw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child :- ' But, alas!' continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, ' My · Triftram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.

-My mother, who was fitting by, looked up-but fhe knew no more than her backfide what my father meantbut my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair, understood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it who are no readers at all-who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of every thing which concerns

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardnets in my nature to disappoint any one foul living, that I have been fo very particular already. As my Life and

Opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever—be no less read than the Pilgrim's Progress itfelf-and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window—I find it necesfary to consult every one a little in his turn; and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little farther in the same way: for which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myfelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace fays, ab ovo.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether: but that gentleman is speaking only of an epick poem or a tragedy—(I forget which;) -besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr. Horace's pardon; for in writing what I have fet about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To fuch, however, as do not chuse to go fo far back into these thing, I can give no better advice, than that they skip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before-hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquilitive.

Shut the door-I was begot in the night, betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am politive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our family, but now made publick for the better clearing

up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a Turky merchant, but had left off bufiness for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of ---, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of bufiness, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a flave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the first Sunday-night of every month throughout the whole year

-as certain as ever the Sunday-night came-to wind up a large house-clock, which we had flanding on the back-flairs head, with his own hands: - and being I mewhere between fifty and fixty years of age, at the time I have been speaking of-he had likewise gradually brought fome other little family concernments to the same period; in order, as he would often say to my Uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peftered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended with but one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which, I fear, I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy affociation of ideas which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the faid clock wound up, but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head-and vice versa:-which strange combination of ideas, the fagucious Locke, who certainly underflood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other fources of prejudice whatfoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, that on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the fame month in which I date my genituremy father fet out upon his journey to London with my eldest brother Bobby, to fix him at Westminster school; and, as it appears from the same authority, that he did not get down to his wife and family till the fecond week in May following-it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

-- 'But pray, Sir, what was your father doing all December, January, and February?'- Why, Madam, he was all that time afflicted with a fciatica.'

CHAP. V.

N the fifth day of November 1718, which, to the zera fixed on, was as near nine calendar months as any husband could in reason have expected -was I, Triftram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disafterous world of ours .- I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours-which, o' my confcience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the fireds and clippings of the rest !-- Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power-but that is not my cafe-and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it; -for which cause, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made-for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now fcarce draw it at all, for an afthma I got in skaiting against the wind in Flanders-I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her, by faying she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or fignal evil-yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where the could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small hero sustained.

CHAP. VI.

Informed you exactly when I was born; but I did not inform you how. No, that particular was referved entirely for a chapter by itself;—besides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once—you must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my Life, but my Opinions also; hoping and expecting that

your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the flight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship .- O diem praclarum!-then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in it's nature, or tedious in it's telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting outbear with me-and let me go on, and tell my story my own way: - or, if I should feem now and then to trifle upon the road-or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along-don't fly off-but rather courteoully give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outfide; -and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short, do any thing-only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

I N the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her businels, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of Dame Nature-had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world-by which word world, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it feems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage—grave deportment—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and filence under it, called out the louder for a friendly

a friendly lift; the wife of the parson. of the parish was touched with pityand having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed, inasmuch as there was no fuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been never so urgent, within less than fix or seven long miles, riding—which said feven long miles, in dark nights and difmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that in effect was sometimes next to having no midwife at all-it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little inftructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herfeif, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson joined his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practife, as his wife had given by institution-he chearfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole to the fum of eighteen shillings and four-pence; fo that, betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invelted in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all it's rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever.

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties and powers, usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sister-hood: but it was according to a neat formula of Didius his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces and new-framing over again, all kind of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inserted.

I own, I never could envy Didius in there kinds of fancies of his-but every man to his own tafte .- Did not Dr. Kunattrokius, that great man, at his leifure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of affes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wifelt of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself-have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES; -their running-horses-their coins, and their cockle-shells-their drums and their trumpets-their fiddles, their palletstheir maggots, and their butterflies ?and fo long as a man rides his hobbyhorse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him-pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

-De gustibus non est disputandum; -that is, there is no disputing against hobby-horses; and, for my part, I seldom do-nor could I with any fort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fidler and painter, according as the fly flings-Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myfelf, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air; -though fometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take fomewhat longer journies than what a wife man would think altogether right. -But the truth is, I am not a wife man; -and, besides, am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; so I seldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such. great lords and tall personages as hereafter follow;—fuch, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row, mounted upon their feveral horses-some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and fober pace-others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering

it away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.—'So much the better,' say I to myself; 'for in case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and, for the rest—why—God speed them—e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their

lordships unhorsed this very night, 'tis ten to one but that many of them

would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances, therefore, can be faid to break in upon my reft.-But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I fee one born for great actions—and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones; -when I behold fuch a one, my lord, like yourfelf, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment ; - when I fee fuch a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes-then, my lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I wish the hobby-horse, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

MY LORD,

I Maintain this to be a dedication, inotwithstanding it's singularity in the three great essentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your lord-ship's feet—when you are upon them —which you can be when you please; —and that is, my lord, whenever there is occasion for it—and I will add, to the best purposes too. I have the honour to be, my lord, your lord-ship's most obedient, and most devoted, and most humble servant,

* TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate—duke, marquis, earl, viscount or baron, of this or any other realm in Christendom—nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publickly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true virgin dedication, untried on upon any soul living.

I labour this point fo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it—which is the putting it up fairly to publick sale; which I now

do.

—Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry—I resolved within myself, from the very beginning, to deal squarely and openly with your great folks in this affair, and try whether I should not come

off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, in these his majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight and genteel dedication, and whom the above will suit—(for, by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it)—it is much at his service for fifty guineas—which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man

of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your lordship sees, is good, the colouring transparent—the drawing not amiss;—or, to speak more like a man of science, and measure my piece in the painter's scale, divided into 20—I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12—the composition as 9—the colouring as 6—the expression 13 and a half—and the design—if I may be allowed, my lord, to understand my own design, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20—I

think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this—there is keeping in it; and the dark strokes in the hobby horse, (which is a secondary sigure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own sigure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and besides, there is an air of originality in the tout ensemble.

Be pleased, my good lord, to order the fum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words- De gustibus on non est disputandum, and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your lordship .- The rest I dedicate to the Moon; who, by the bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons I can think of, has most power to fet my book a going, and make the world run mad after it.

BRIGHT GODDESS!

f If thou art not too busy with Candid and Miss Cunegund's affairs take Tristram Shandy's under thy protection also.'

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of fmall merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested-at first fight seems not very material to this history; -certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parfon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the defign first -yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to fome share of it-if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world, at that time, was pleased to determine the matter otherwise.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable guess at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known, then, that for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had fo circumstantial an account—the parfon we have to do with had made himfelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office-and that was, in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, forry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rofinante, as far as fimilitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing-except that I do not remember it is any where faid, that Rosinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover, Rofinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean—was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horse was a horse of chasse deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the word, in behalf of which you could not

fay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatick work—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse: in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as Humility herself could have bestrided,

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peaked saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a noble pair

and truly deferve.

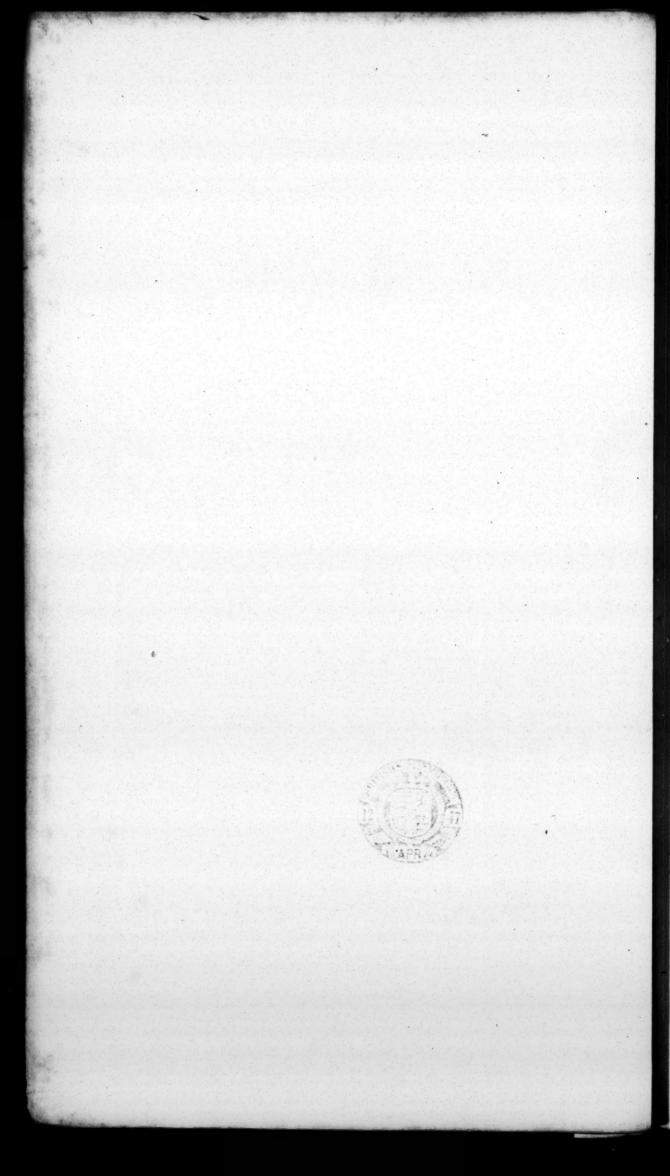
of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, poudre d'or—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life; together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.
—But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study-door; and, in lieu of them, had feriously besitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the sigure and value of such a steed might well

In the feveral fallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring vifits to the gentry who lived around him-you will eafily comprehend, that the parfon, fo appointed, would both hear and fee enough to keep his philosophy from rufting. To fpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young .- Lahour flood ftill as he passed-the bucket hung fuspended in the middle of the well-the fpinning - wheel forgot it's round-even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of fight; and, as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations-to hear the groans of the ferious, and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was-he loved a jest in his heart; -and as he faw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would fay, he could not be angry with others for feeing him in a light in which he fo strongly saw himself-fo that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, inflead of giving the true cause—he chose rather to join in the laugh against him-felf; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his bealt-he would sometimes infift upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved; -that they were, centaur-like-both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his fpirits were above the temptation of false wit—he would say, he found himfelf going off fast in a consumption and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the fight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times, he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a brokenwinded horse, preferable to one of mettle; -for on fuch a one he could fit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully de vanitate mundi, et fuga faculi, as with the advantage of a death's head before him:-that in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode flowly along, to as much account as in his study; -that he could draw up an argument in his fermon-or a hole in his breeches-as fleadily on the one as in the other;that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements—but that upon his steed-he could unite and reconcile every thing; he could compose his fermon-he could compose his cough-and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewife compose himself to sleep .- In short, the parfon upon fuch encounters would affign any cause, but the true cause—and he witheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows-In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the fuperb faddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the opposite extreme. - In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was faid to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for faddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than feven miles, and in a vile country-it so fell out, that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beaft; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last—as much





heart to refute him; the upfhot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapped, or spavined, or greazed; —or he was twitter-boned, or brokenwinded—or something, in short, or other, had befallen him, which would let him carry no slessh—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of, and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, communibus annis, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffick to determine; -but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and upon weighing the whole, and fumming it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to difable him from any other act of generofity in his parish: besides this, he confidered, that with half the fum thus gallopped away, he could do ten times as much good-and what still weighed more with him than all other confiderations put together, was this-that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent-nothing for the aged -nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction, dwelt together.

For these reasons, he resolved to discontinue the expence; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever—or else be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very chearfully betook himfelf to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said,

to his honour—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; chusing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyrick upon himfelf.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless Knight of La Mancha; whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: the thing I had in view was, to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair .- For you must know, that fo long as this explanation would have done the parson credit, the devil a foul could find it out-I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not-but no fooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to fet her up-but the whole fecret came out; every horse he had loft, and two horfes more than ever he had loft, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered .- The story ran like wild-fire.—' The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him, and he was going to be well mounted once again in his life; and if it was fo, 'twas plain as the fun at noon-day, he would pocket the expence of the licence, ten times told, the very first year-so that every body was left to judge what were his

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been found asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score—it being just so long since he left his parish, and the whole world at the same time.

C behind

behind him—and flands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cause

to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men—order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.—But to know by what means this came to pass, and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry it's moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parson's name; and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient, account of the family, wrote upon ftrong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near-I was within an ace of faying, nine hundred years:-but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itfelf; -and therefore I shall content myfelf with only faying, it had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long-which is more than I would venture to fay of one half of the best furnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners .- Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and fometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villamous affair it is, and will one day fo blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, that his own great grandfather was the man who did either this or that.

This evil had been sufficiently fenced

against by the prudent care of the Yo. rick's family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us, that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, King of Denmark, in whose court, it feems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a confiderable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this confiderable post was, this record faith not; -it only adds, that, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare—many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts—was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo Grammaticus's Danish History, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leiture, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldeft fon -whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work—I had just time, I fay, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long fojourner in that country: namely, that Nature was neither very lavish, nor was the very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to it's inhabitants-but, like a difcreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favours, as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; fo that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain houshold un-derstanding amongst all ranks of people, of which every body has a share; -which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs

in this matter.—You are a great genius;—or, 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead:—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps—no, we are not so irregular as that comes to—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island—where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction; who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, feemed not to have had one fingle drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis: in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out .- I will not philosophize one mement with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this-that instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of fense and humours, you would have looked for in one so extracted; he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and fublimated a composition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declenfions; with as much life and whim, and gaieté de cœur about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this fail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast-he was utterly unpractifed in the world; and at the age of twenty-fix knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteenfo that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of fomebody's tackling; and as the grave and more flow-paced were oftenest in his way-you may likewise imagine, 'twas with fuch he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such fracas; for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravitynot to gravity, as such-for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or ferious of mortal men for days and weeks together-but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared

a cloak for ignorance, or for folly—and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he sel-

dom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would fay, that gravity was an arrant fcoundrel, and he would addof the most dangerous kind, too, because a fly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people, were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-listing in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no change-but to itself--whereas, the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more fense and knowledge than a man was worth; - and that, with all it's pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it; viz. 'A myste-' rious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind:'-which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence would fay, deferved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhacknied and unpractifed in the world, and was altogether as indifcreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis-and too oft, without much distinction of either personage, time, or place-so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding-he never gave himself a moment's time to refl-& who was the hero of the piece-what his station-or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter: -- but if it was a dirty action—without more ado—the man was a dirty fellow-and fo on .-And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indifcretion. In a word, though he never fought, yet at the same time, as he feldom shunned occasions of faying what came uppermost, and without much

ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life, of feattering his wit and his humour—his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE mortgager and mortgagee differ the one from the other not more in length of purse, than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon allfour; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to-namely, that the one railes a fum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cales; -the periodical or accidental payments of it, just ferving to keep the memory of the afair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour -pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your ifs) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not fay more to fatisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small bookdebts of this stamp-which, notwith-standing Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much difregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy-but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croffed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of forrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a 'Pshawl'—

And if the subject was started in the sields, with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it: but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

. Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleafantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of .- In these sallies, too oft, I fee, it happens, that a perfon laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of fuch a fituation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies-and musters up with them the many recruits which will lift under him from a sense of common danger-'tis no extravagant arithmetick, to fay, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is fo.

' I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these fallies-I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive: -But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this - and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:-whenever they affociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily fick of it, and of thy life too.

thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works be-

' lyed—thy wit forgotten—thy learn-

ing

ing trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin rustians, hired and fet on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick,—when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be facrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up slicks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with!'

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more propriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.-The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once -with fo little mercy on the fide of the allies-and fo little fuspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against himthat when he thought, good easy man! full furely preferment was o'ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same

opinion, was as follows.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewel of him: upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friend-ship to him—for which, he said, if it was their sate to meet hereaster, he would thank him again and again—he

told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the flip for ever. I hope not!' answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke-' I hope not, Yorick!' said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand; and that was all-but it cut Eugenius to his heart. 'Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and, fummoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crifis when thou most wants them; -who knows what refources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee ?'-Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. ' For my part,' continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, 'I de-' clare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee-and would gladly flatter my hopes,' added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, ' that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop -and that I may live to fee it.'-' I beseech thee, Eugenius,' quoth Yorick, taking off his night cap as well as he could with his left hand-his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius-' I beseech thee to take a view of ' my head.'- I fee nothing that ails ' it,' replied Eugenius. ' Then, alas ! ' my friend,' faid Yorick, 'let me tell 'you, that 'tis fo bruised and mis-' thapen'd with the blows which ***** and *****, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, ' that I might fay with Sancho Panca, ' that should I recover, and " mitres " thereupon be suffered to rain down " from heaven as thick as hail, not one " of them would fit it."-Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this; -yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantick tone; —and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment. in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes, of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

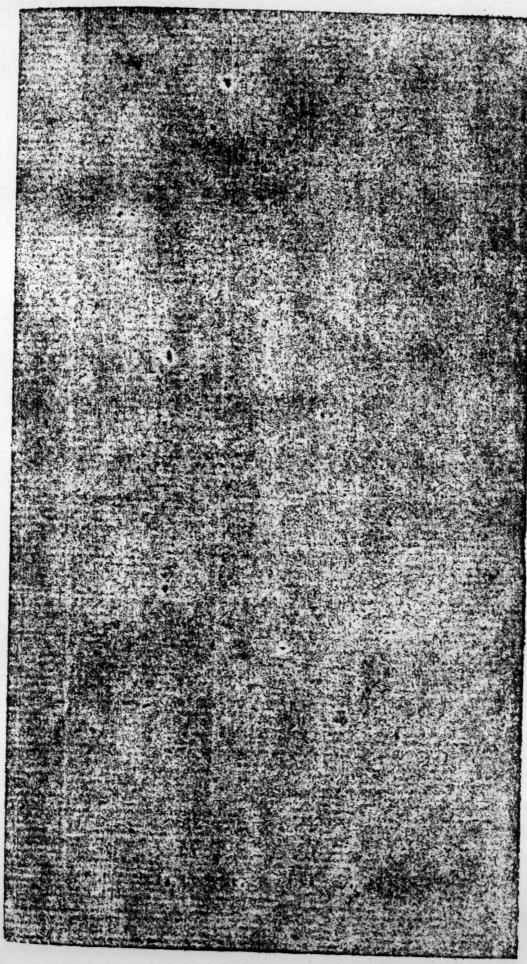
Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke;

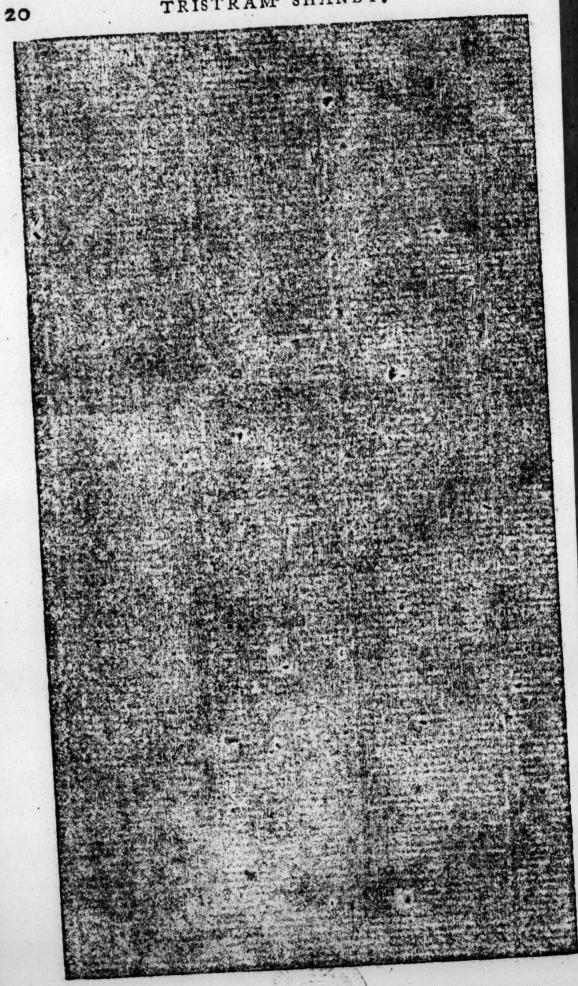
he fqueezed his hand—and then walked foftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him.—A sootway crossing the church-yard, close by the side of his grave—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it—and sighing, as he walks on—

· Alas, poor Yorick!'





CHAPRIL

CHAP. XIII.

T is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate dispatch—'twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the mean time:—because, when she is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you, that this goodwoman was a perion of no small note and confequence throughout our whole village and township—that her fame had fpread itself to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every foul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no, -has one furrounding him; -which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis faid that fuch a one is of great weight and importance in the world-I defire may be enlarged or contracted in your worship's fancy, in a compound-ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (measuring both ways) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a confiderable thing of it. I must add, that the was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grainge house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I faid, from the smoke of her own chimney :- but I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume—not to swell the work—I detest the thought of such a thing; -but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to fuch passages, incidents, or invendos, as shall be thought

to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the world—which, betwixt you and me, and in spite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worships shall undertake to write or say to the contrary—I am determined shall be the case.—I need not tell your worship, that all this is spoken in considence.

CHAP. XIV.

PON looking into my mother's marriage-settlement, in order to fatisfy myself and reader in a point necesfary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this history; -I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards-it might have taken me up a month; which shews plainly, that when a man fits down to write a history—though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his wayor what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule -straight forward-for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto-without ever once turning his head afide to the right-hand or to the left—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: for, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various-

Accounts to reconcile;
Anecdotes to pick up;
Inscriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in;
Traditions to sift;
Personages to call upon;
Panegyricks to paste up at this door,
Pasquinades at that—all which, both
the man and his mule are quite exempt

from.

from. To sum up all; there are archives at every stage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of:—in short, there is no end of it!—

For my own part, I declare, I have been at it these six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could—and am not yet born:—I have just been able, and that's all, to tell you when it happened, but not bow—so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These unforeseen stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increase than diminish as I advance—have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow;—and that is—not to be in a hurry—but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year—which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage fettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to fearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him—is so much more fully expressed in the deed itself, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand.—It is as follows—

and this indenture further wit-nefleth, That the faid Walter Shandy, merchant, in consideration of the said intended marriage to be had, and, by God's bleffing, to be well and truly folemnized and confummated between the faid Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforesaid, and divers other good and valuable causes and · confiderations him thereunto specially moving-doth grant, covenant, condescend, consent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree, to and with John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs: the above named trustees, &c. &c .-· Co wit, That in case it should hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or otherwise come to pass—that the said Walter Shandy, merchant, shall have · left off bufiness before the time o times that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall, according to the course of nature, or otherwise, have left off bearing and bringing forth c.ildren; and that, in consequence of the faid Walter Shandy having so left off bufiness, he shall, in despite, and against the free-will, consent, and good-liking, of the faid Elizabeth Mollineux-make a departure from the City of London, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his estate at Shandy-Hall, in the county ofor at any other country-feat, castle, hall, mansion-house, messuage or grainge-house, now purchased, or hereafter to be purchased, or upon any part or parcel thereof-That then, and as often as the faid Elizabeth Mollineux shall happen to be enfient with child or children feverally and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the faid Elizabeth Mollineux, during her faid coverture-he the faid Walter Shandy shall, at his own proper cost and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon good and reasonable notice-which is hereby agreed to be within fix weeks of her the faid Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning or time of supposed and computed delivery-pay, or cause to be paid, the sum of 120l. of good and lawful money, to John Dixon and James
Turner, Esqrs. or assigns—upon
TRUST and considence, and for and unto the use and uses, intent, end, and purpose following :- That is to fay, That the faid fum of 1201. shall be paid into the hands of the faid Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwife applied by them the faid truffees, for the well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and sufficient horses, to carry and convey the body of the faid Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children which she shall be then and there enfient and pregnant with-unto the city of London; and for the further paying and defraying of all other incidental costs, charges, and expences whatfoever-in and about, and for and relating to, her faid intended delivery and lying-in, in the faid city or suburbs thereof. And that the faid Elizabeth Molli-' neux shall and may, from time to ' time, and at all fuch time and times

as are here covenanted and agreed · upon-peaceably and quietly hire the faid coach and horses, and have free ingress, egress, and regress, throughout her journey, in and from the faid coach, according to the tenor, true intent and meaning of these presents; without any let, suit, trouble, disturbance, molestation, discharge, hindrance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, interruption, or incumbrance whatfoever .- And that it shall moreover be lawful to and for the faid Elizabeth Mollineux, from time to time, and as oft or often as the shall well and truly be advanced in her faid pregnancy to the time heretofore stipulated and agreed upon-to live and refide in fuch place or places, and in fuch family or families, and with fuch relations, friends, and other persons, within the said city of London, as she at her own will and pleasure, notwithstanding her present coverture, and as if the was a feme fole and unmarried-hall think fit. - Ind this indenture further witnelleth, That for the more effectually carrying of the faid covenant into execution, the faid Walter Shandy, merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain, fell, releafe, and confirm, unto the faid John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. their heirs, executors and affigns, in their actual possession now being, by virtue of an indenture of bargain and fale for a year to them the faid John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. by him the faid Walter Shandy, merchant, thereof made; which faid bargain and fale for a year, bears date the day next before the date of these presents, and by force and virtue of the statute for transferring of uses into possession -All that the manor and lordship of Shandy, in the county of with all the rights, members, and appurtenances thereof; and all and every the meffuages, houses, buildings, barns, stables, orchards, gardens, backfides, tofts, crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows, feedings, pastures, marshes, commons, woods, under-woods, drains, fisheries, waters, and water-courses; together with all rents, reversions, services, annuities, fee-farms, knights fees, views of frank-pledge, escheats, reliets, mines, quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugitives, felons of

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themselves and put in exigent, deodands, free warrens, and all other royalties and seignories, rights and jurisdictions, privileges and hereditaments whatfoever—And also the advowson, donation, presentation, and free difpolition, of the rectory or parsonage of Shandy aforefaid, and all and every the tenths, tythes, glebe-lands —,'
In three words—' My mother was to ' lay in, (if the chofe it) in London.'

But in order to put a stop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifestly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my Uncle Toby Shandy—a clause was added in security of my father, which was this :- ' That in case my mother hereafter should, at any time, put my father to the trouble and expence of a London journey, upon false cries and tokens; -that for every fuch instance, the should forfeit all the right and title which the covenant gave her to the next turn-but no more; -and fo on, toties quoties, in as effectual a manner, as if such a covenant betwixt them had not been made.'-This, by the way, was no more than what was reafonable; -and yet, as reasonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article should have fallen entirely, as it did, upon my-

But I was begot and born to misfortunes; -for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water-or a compound of both-or neither ;-or whether it was fimply the mere swell of imagination and fancy in her; -or how far a strong wish and defire to have it so, might mislead her judgment; - in short, whether she was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much against the grain-he peremptorily infifted upon the clause; - so that I was doomed, by marriage-articles, to have my nose squeezed as flat to my face, as if the Destinies had actually fpun me without one.

How this event came about—and what train of vexations disappointments, in one stage or other of my life, have purfued

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pursued me from the mere loss, or rather compression, of this one single member—shall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may na-turally imagine, came down with my mother into the country in but a pettish kind of a humour. The first twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himself, and indeed my mother too, about the curfed expence, which he faid might every shilling of it have been faved ;-then what vexed him more than every thing else was, the provoking time of the year-which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green-gages especially, in which he was very curious, were just ready for pulling .- Had he been whiltled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole year, he should not have said three words about it!

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son, whom it seems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and registered down in his pocket-book, as a second staff for his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. The disappointment of this, he said, was ten times more to a wise man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had cost him, put together—Rot the 1201.—he did not mind at a rush!

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him fo much as the condolances of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church the first Sunday; -of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation, he would give fo many humorous and provoking descriptions-and place his rib and felf in fo many tormenting lights and attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation; that my mother declared, these two Anges were so truly tragi-comical, that the did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had croffed the Trent, my father was out of all

kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair- ' Certainly,' he would fay to himself over and over again, the woman could not be deceived herself; -if she couldwhat weakness!'-Tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance; and, before all was over, played the deuce and all with him-for fure as ever the word weakness was uttered, and struck full upon his brain; -fo fure it fet him upon running divifions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were; that there was such a thing as weakness of the body-as well as weakness of the mind:-and then he would do nothing but fyllogize within himself, for a stage or two together, how far the cause of these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down.—In a word, as she complained to my Uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the best of moods-pshawing and pishing all the way down-yet he had the complaifance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself; -which was, the resolution he had taken of doing himself the justice which my Uncle Toby's clause in the marriage-settlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that the had the least intimation of his defign:-when my father happening; as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper-took occasion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come-to let her know that she must accommodate herfelf as well as she could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lie-in of her next child in the country, to balance the last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many

virtues

virtues—but he had a strong spice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause—and of obstinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had so much knowledge, that she knew 'twas to no purpose to make any remonstrance,—so she e'en resolved to sit down quietly, and make the most of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

S the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should lie-in of me in the country, the took her measures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Maningham was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mindnotwithstanding there was a scientifick operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five shilling book upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the fifterhood itself-but had likewise fuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in cross-births, and some other cases of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; -notwithstanding all this, my mother, I fay, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no foul's hand but this old woman's only .- Now this I like; -when we cannot get at the very thing we wish-never to take up with the next best in degree to it: -no, that's pitiful beyond description .- It is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world-which is March 9, 1759—that my dear, dear Jenny, obferving I looked a little grave, as she stood cheapening a filk of five and twenty shillings a yard-told the mercer, she was forry she had given him so much trouble; and immediately went and bought herself a yard-wide stuff of ten-pence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul; only what lessened the honour of it some-

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what, in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could

fairly be laid to her account.

These facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether fatisfy fome few scruples and uneafinesses which hung upon my father's spirits in relation to his choice. To fay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice-or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poffible in a case of this kind;—he felt himfelf concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present cafe-from the accumulated forrow he lay open to should any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy-Hall .- He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in fuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.- 'Alas o'day!-had Mrs. Shandy, poor gentlewoman! had but her wish in going up to town just to lie-in and come down again-which, they fay, she · begged and prayed for upon her bare knees-and which, in my opinion, confidering the fortune which Mr. 6 Shandy got with her, was no fuch mighty matter to have complied with -the lady and her babe might both of them have been alive at this hour!'

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable:—and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extensive views of things—and stood more over, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-sated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject had unanimously agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, up-

on one frivolous errand or another-fet in fo ft:ong-as to become dangerous to our civil rights; though, by the bye -a current was not the image he took most delight in-a distemper was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the same in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and spirits were driven up into the head faster than they could find their ways down-a stoppage of circulation mult enfue, which was death in both cases.

There was little danger, he would fay, of lofing our liberties by French politicks or French invasions; -nor was he so much in pain of a consumption from the mass of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution, which he hoped was not fo bad as it was imagined; -but he verily feared, that in some violent push, we should go off, all at once, in a state apoplexy-" And then,' he would fay, ' the Lord have mercy upon us all!

My father was never able to give the history of this distemper—without the

remedy along with it. 'Was I an absolute prince,' he would fay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he rose from his armchair, 'I would appoint able judges' at every avenue of my metropolis, who should take cognizance of every fool's business who came there; -and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight fufficient to leave his own home, and come up hag and baggage, with his wife and children, farmers sons, &c. &c. at his backfide, they should be all fent back, from constable to constable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of their legal settlements. By this means I should take care, that my metropolis tottered not through it's own weight-that the head be no longer too big for the body—that the extremes, now wasted and pinned in, be restored to their due share of nourishment, and regain with it their natural firength and beauty :- I would effectually provide, that the meadows and corn-fields of my dominions, flould laugh and fing ;-that good

s cheer and hospitality flourish once

6 more-and that fuch weight and in-

fluence be put thereby into the hands

of the squirality of my kingdom, as

' should counterpoise what I perceive my nobility are now taking from

Why are there so few palaces and e gentlemen's feats,' he would ask, with fome emotion, as he walked across the room, ' throughout fo many delicious provinces in France? whence is it that the few remaining chateaus amongst them are fo difmantled-fo unfurnished-and in so ruinous and desolate a condition?-Because, Sir,' (he would fay) ' in that kingdom no man has any. country interest to support—the little ' interest of any kind, which any man has any where in it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the grand monarque; by the fun-shine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman · lives or dies.

Another political reason which prompted my father to guard fo strongly against the least evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country—was, that any fuch instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veffels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations; -which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing-would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchial system of domestick government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, that the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern part of the world, were originally all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houshold and paternal power-which, for a century, he faid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government; the form of which, however defirable in great combinations of the species—was very troublesome in fmall ones-and feldom produced any thing, that he faw, but forrow and confulion.

For all these reasons, private and publick, put together-my father was for having the man-midwife by all meansmy mother by no means. My father begged and intreated, she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and fuffer him to chuse for her: -my mother, on the contrary, infiftedupon her privilege in this matter, to chuse for herself—and have no mortal's

help but the old woman's .- What could my father do? He was almost at his wit's end-talked it over with her in all moods-placed his arguments in all lights; -argued the matter with her like a christian-like a heathen-like a hufband-like a father-like a patriot-like a man .- My mother answered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her :- for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters-'twas no fair match-'twas feven to one .--What could my mother do?-She had the advantage (otherwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrin personal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with so equal an advantage-that both fides fung Te Deum. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman-and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back-parlour-for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader; -and it is this-Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropt in it-' that I am a married man.' -I own, the tender appellation of 'my dear, dear Jenny'-with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge, interfperfed here and there, might naturally enough have misled the most candid judge in the world into fuch a determination against me .- All I plead for, in this case, Madam, is strict justice; and that you do so much of it to me, as well as to yourfelf-as not to prejudge, or receive fuch an impression of me, till you have better evidence than, I am positive, at present can be produced against me .- Not that I can be so vain or unreasonable, Madam, as to defire you would therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept mistres; -no-that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility, for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands .-It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Confider—I was born in the year eighteen .- Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend. - Friend! - my friend? - Surely, Madam, a friendship between the two fexes may fubfift, and be supported without -Mr. Shandy !' - 'Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious fentiment, which ever mixes in friendthip, where there is a difference of fex. Let me intreat you to fludy the pure and sentimental parts of the best French romances; -it will really, Madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chafte expressions this delicious fentiment, which I have the ho-

CHAP. XIX.

' nour to speak of, is dreffed out.'

Would fooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good fenfe-knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy; -wife also in political reasoning-and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant; -could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, fo out of the common track—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by-if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it—and if he is of a grave and faturnine cast, he will, at first fight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant-and that was, in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a greal deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was that there was a strange kind of magick bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irrestibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more feriousness—nor had he more faith—or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Niky and Simpkin on the other. 'How many

· Cæfars and Pompeys,' he would fay, by mere inspiration of the names, have · been rendered worthy of them !-And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceed-

Fing well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into no-

thing!

I fee plainly, Sir, by your looks,' (or as the case happened) my father would fay- that you do not heartily fubicibe to this opinion of minewhich, to those,' he would add, 'who · have not earefully fifted it to the bottom-I own, has an air more of fancy than of folid reasoning in it : - and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally affured, I should hazard little in flating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute—but as a judge; and trufting my appeal upon it to your own good fense and candid disquisition in this matter—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men-and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you-of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely be-Your foncause it wants friends. your dear ion-from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect-your Billy, Sir!-would you, for the world, have called him Judes? -would you, my dear Sir,' he would fay, laying his hand upon your breaft, with the genteelest address-and in that soft and irrelistible piano of voice, which the nature of the argumentum ad hominem absolutely requires- Would you, · Sir, if a Jew of a god-father had prooposed the name for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have confented to fuch a defectation of him? O my God!' he would fay, looking up, ' if I know your temper right, Sir, you are inca-pable of it!—you would have trampled upon the offer-you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence!

' Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you · shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it—the

workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hy-

pothesis, namely, that was your fon called Judas, the fordid and treacher-

ous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through

life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a mifer and a rafcal of him-in

spite, Sir, of your example!'

I never knew a man able to answer this argument.—But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was-he was certainly irrefiftible both in his orations and disputations,—he was born an orator—@solidari. Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logick and rhetorick were so blended up in himand, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent-that Nature might have stood up and said- This man is elo-' quent.'- In Mort, whether he was on the weak or the strong fide of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him. --- And yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients; -nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongst the moderns; -and what is more aftonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one fingle lecture upon Crackenthorp or Burgersdicius, or any Dutch logician or commentator—he knew not fo much as in what the difference of an argument ad ignorantiam, and an argument ad hominem, confifted; fo that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus College in ****, -it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned fociety—that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon :- for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comick kind to defend-most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a vive la bagatelle; and as such he would make merry with them for half an hour or so, and having sharpened his wit upon them, difmifs them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father's

many odd opinions—but as a warning to the learned reader against the indiferent reception of such guests, who, after a free and undisturbed entrance, for some years, into our brains—at length claim a kind of settlement there—working sometimes like yeast—but more generally after the manner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest, but ending in

downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the fingularity of my father's notions-or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit-or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right—the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious; he was all uniformity—he was systematical; and, like all fystematick reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again-he was ferious!—and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known betteras careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child, or more so, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, looked ill-and had moreover this particular aggravation in it, viz. that when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wronged, might hereafter be cleared—and, possi-bly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death-be, fome how or other, fet to rights with the world—but the injury of this, he would fay, could never be undone-nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it-He knew, as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over furnames - but for very strong reasons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would fay, to go a

step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and diskings towards certain names—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely in-

different to him. Jack, Dick, and Tom, were of this class: these my father called neutral names-affirming of them, without a fatire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaft, as wife and good men, fince the world began, who had indifferently borne them -fo that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually destroyed each other's effects: for which reason, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-stone to chuse amongst them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epsom when it was given him, -he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worfe. Andrew was fomething like a negative quantity in algebra with him; 'twas worse, he said, than nothing: -William stood pretty high-Numps again was low with him-and Nick, he faid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the universe. he had the most unconquerable aversion for Triffram—he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world—thinking it could poffibly produce nothing in rerum natura, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: fo that, in the midft of a dispute on the subject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved-he would fometimes break off in a sudden and spirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth, above the key of the discourseand demand it categorically of his antagonist, whether he would take upon him to fay, he had ever remembered-whether he had ever read-or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Tristram, performing any thing great or worth recording !- ' No,' he would fay; - 'Tristram! - the thing is impossible!

What could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote a book to publish this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions—unless he gives them proper vent—it was the identical thing which my father did—for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express DISSERTATION simply upon the word Tristram—shew—

ing the world, with great candour and E modesty,

modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page, will not the gentle reader pity my father from his foul-to fee an orderly and well-disposed gentlemanwho though fingular, yet inoffensive in his notions-fo played upon in them by cross-purposes-to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little fy ftems and wishes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had purposely been planned and pointed against him, merely to infult his speculations. - In a word, to behold fuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day fuffering forrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM !- Melancholy diffyllable of found! which, to his ears, was unison to Nincompoop, and every name vituperative under heaven. - By his ashes! I swear it - if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself in traversing the purposes of mortal man-it must have been here !- and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

How could you, Madam, be fo inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, that my mother was not a Papist.'—' Papist! you told me no such thing, Sir.'—' Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you, fuch a thing.'—' Then, Sir, I must have missed a page.'—' No, Madam, you have not missed a word.'—' Then

' I was afleep, Sir.'- ' My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge. -Then I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.'- 'That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do infift upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is as foon as you get to the ' next full-stop, and read the whole chapter over again.'- I have imposed this penance upon the lady, nei-ther out of wantonness or cruelty; but from the best of motives; and therefore shall make her no apology for it when the returns back——'tis to rebuke a vicious tafte, which has crept into thoufands befides herself-of reading straight forwards, more in questof the adventures, than of the deep crudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them .- The mind should be accustomed to make wife reflections, and draw curious conclusions, as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the Younger affirm, that he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it. The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application-do less service, I affirm it, than the History of Parisinus and Parismenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

pions of England, read with it.

But here comes my fair lady.

Have you read over again the chapter,

Madam, as I defired you?—You

have: and did you not observe the

passage, upon the second reading, which

admits the inference?'—'Not a word

like it!'—'Then, Madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one

of the chapter, where I take upon me

to say, it was necessary I should be

born before I was christened. Had

my mother, Madam, been a Papist,

that consequence did not follow *.'

The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, before it is born—but upon this proviso, that some part or other of the child's body be seen by the baptizer:—But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongst them, April 10, 1733—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body should appear—that baptism shall nevertheless be administered to it by injection—'par le moyen d'une petite canulle;'—Anglice, a squirt.—'Tis very strange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school-divinity—should, after so much pains bestowed upon this—give up the point at last as a second la chose impossible—'Infantes in maternis' uteris existentes,' (quoth St. Thomas) baptizari possunt sulle modo.'—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curiofity to fee the question upon baptism by injection, as presented to the doctors of the Sorbonne—with their consultation thereupon, it is as follows.

MEMOIRE

It is a terrible misfortune for this fame book of mine, but more so to the republick of letters—so that my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it—that this self-same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit and humour—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will down:—the subtle hints and say communications of science say

off, like spirits, upwards—the heavy moral escapes downwards—and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male reader has not passed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one in which the female reader has been detected. I wish it may have it's effects—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAP.

MEMOIRE presenté à Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne *.

UN chirurgien accoucheur, represente à messieurs les docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'it y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne sçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant est tellement rensermé dans le sein de sa mere, qu'il ne sait paroître aucune partie de son corps; ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, de pouvoir baptiser immediatement l'ensant, sans faire aucun tort à la mere.—Il demand si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en servir dans le cas qu'il vient d'exposer.

REPONSE.

LE Conseil estime, que le question proposée souffre de grandes difficultes. Les théologiens posent d'un coté pour principe, que la baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, ' suppose une premiere naissance: il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæst. 88. artic. 11. suit cette doctrine comme une verité constante; " L'on ne peut," dit ce S. Docteur, " bap-" tiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres :" & S. Thomas est fondé fur ce, que les enfans ne font point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres 6 hommes; d'ou il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour recevoir par leur ministère, les sacremens nécessaires au salut: 6 Pueri in maternis uteris " existentes nondum prodierant in lucem, ut cum aliis hominibus vitom ducant; unde non " possunt subject actioni bumanæ, ut per eorum min sterium sacramenta recipiant ad salu-" Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les theologiens ont établi sur les mêmes matieres; & ils deffendent tous, d'une manière uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont rensermés dans le sein de leurs meres, s'ils ne sont paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui sont les régles des diocéses, paroît former une autorité qui termine la question presente; cependant le Conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, & que la deffense des rituels fuppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la supposition presente; & d'un autre côté, considerant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ à établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation pour ces considerations, & en égard à l'exposé, suivant lesquel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mere. Le Confeil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il à, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secours; & supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'addresser à son évêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité & du danger du moyen proposé, & comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'évêque, le Conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui à le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'eglise, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage & quelque utile que paroisse la manière de baptiser

CHAP. XXI.

I wonder what's all that noise, and running backwards and forwards for, above stairs! quoth my father, addressing himself, after an hour and a half's silence, to my Uncle Toby—who, you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoaking his social pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on. What can they be doing, brother? quoth my father: we can scarce hear ourselves talk.

'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left-thumb, as he began his sentence; 'I think,' says he;

—But to enter rightly into my Uncle Toby's sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the outlines of which I shall just give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

—Pray what was that man's name —for I write in fuch a hurry I have no time to recollect or look for it—who first made the observation, That there was great inconstancy in our air and climate? Whoever he was, 'twas a just and good observation in him.—But

the corollary drawn from it-namely, That it is this which has furnished us with fuch a variety of odd and whimfical characters—that was not his—it was found out by another man, at least a century and a half after him. - Then again, That this copious store-house of original materials, is the true and natural cause that our comedies are so much better than those of France, or any others that either have or can be wrote upon the continent—that discovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign, when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I mistake not) most fortunately hit Indeed, towards the latter upon it. end of Queen Anne, the great Addison began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators-but the difcovery was not his .- Then, fourthly and lastly, That this strange irregularity in our climate, producing fo strange an irregularity in our characters-doth thereby, in fome fort, make us amends, by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not fuffer us to go out of doors-that obfervation is my own; and was ftruck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and affociates in this great harvest of our

· Déliberé en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.
L. DE ROMIGNY.
DE MARCILLY.

Mr. Tristram Shandy's compliments to Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly; hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the Homunculi at once, slap-dash, by injection, would not be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, that if the Homunculi do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be paptized again (sous condition;)—and provided, in the second place, that the thing can be done—which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, & sans faire aucun tort à la mere.

learning,

dont il s'agit, le Conseil ne pourroit l'approuver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseile au moins à celui qui consulte, de s'addresser à son évêque, & de lui faire part de la presente décision; afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s'appuyent, il puisse être autorisé dans le cas de nécessité, ou il risqueroit trop d'attendre que la permission sût demandée & accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il prop se si avantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le Conseil, en estimant que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les ensans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'esperance de ceux qui se seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit nécessaire de les baptiser sous condition: & en cela le Conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d'un ensant qui fait paroître quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiser sous condition, s'il vient heureusement au monde.

learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by flow steps of causal increase, that our knowledge, physical, metaphyfical, phyfiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obstetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (most of them ending, as these do, in ical) have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Axun of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of these last seven years, we cannot posfibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever-the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading-and that in timeas war begets poverty, poverty peace, -must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge-and then-we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we flarted.

- Happy! thrice happy times!-I only wish that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered-or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five and twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance.

But I forgot my Uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere; and I should have made no scruple of ranking him amongst one of the first-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many strong lines in it of a family likeness, which shewed that he derived the fingularity of his temper more from blood than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: and I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reafons for it, upon his observing some tokens of excentricity, in my course when I was a boy—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were of on original character throughout-I mean, the males—the females had no cha-Aunt Dinah—who, about fixty years ago, was married and got with child by

the coachman; for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often fay, the might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will feem very ftrange-and I would as foon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as fet him upon gueffing how it could come to pass, that an event of this kind, fo many years after it had hap-pened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity which otherwise so cordially subsisted between my father and my Uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the wholeforce of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first—as is generally the case.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly, at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are fent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge it's office. -Observe, I determine nothing upon this. - My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracts of investigation, to come at the first springs of the events I tell—not with a pedantick fescue—or in the decifive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himself and his reader-but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the affistance merely of the inquisitive-to them I write-and by them I shall be read-if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so longto the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus referved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself so as to become the cause of distatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great

exactness, and is as follows.

My Uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the vira tues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude-possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is feldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was, a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature—though I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing, and that is, whether this modelty

modesty of his was natural or acquired.

Which ever way my Uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them—but to things—and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: that semale nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my Uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very fource—that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which such fair examples render irresistible—he had acquired this amiable

turn of mind.

I wish I could say so—for, unless it was with his fifter in law, my father's wife and my mother-my Uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the fex in as many years.—No, he got it, Madam, by a blow .- 'A blow!'-Yes, Madam; it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the fiege of Namur, which struck full upon my Uncle Toby's groin—' Which way could that effect it?'—The flory of that, Madam, is long and interesting-but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here—'tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in it's proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you-Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or fay more than what I have faid already—that my Uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarified by the constant heat of a little family pride -they both fo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my Aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion .-The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do-the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would fet my Uncle Toby's honour and mo-

desty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate, and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world; only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my Uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired of another, to have made my Uncle Toby's heart easy in this or any other point. But this lay out of

his power. .

My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain—speculative—systematical—and my Aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus—the backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my Aunt Dinah in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system—which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the Shandean system, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever—and neither he, nor (I dare say) Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—

' Amicus Plato,' my father would say, construing the words to my Uncle Toby, as he went along—' Amicus Plato; ' that is, Dinah was my aunt—sed ma-, ' gis amica Veritas—but Truth is my ' sister.'

This contrariety of humours betwist my father and my uncle, was the fource of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded—and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

an end without some hint at it.

'For God's sake,' my Uncle Toby would cry, 'and for my sake, and for 'all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy, 'do let this story of our aunt's and her 'ashes sleep in peace!—how can you '—how can you have so little feel- ing and compassion for the character 'of our samily?'—'What is the character of a family to an hypothesis?' my father would reply.—'Nay, if you 'come to that—what is the life of a family?'—'The life of a family!' my Uncle

Uncle Toby would fay, throwing himfelf back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg. 'Yes, the life;'-my father would fay, maintaining his point. 'How many thousands of 'em are there every year that come cast away, (in all civitized countries at least) - and confidered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypothefis !'-In my plain sense of things, my Uncle Toby would answer, ' every such instance is downright murder, let who will commit it.'- There lies your mistake, my father would reply; for, in foro scientia, there is no such thing s as murder—'tis only death, brother.

My Uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero.—You must know it was the usual channel through which his passions got vent, when any thing shocked or surprized him—but especially when any thing which he deemed very absurd was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons: First, that, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished for ever, from every other species of argument—as the Argumentum ad Verecundiam, ex Absurdo, ex Fortiori, or any other argument what soever; -and, Secondly, that it may be faid by my children's children, when my head is laid to rest—that their learned grandfather's head had been busied to as much purpose once, as other people's -that he had invented a name-and generously thrown it into the TREAsury of the Ars Logica, for one of the most unanswerable arguments in the whole science. And if the end of disputation is more to filence than convince—they may add, if they please, to one of the best arguments too.

I do therefore, by these presents, strictly order and command, that it be known and distinguished by the name and title of the Argumentum Fissulatorium, and no other—and that it rank hereaster with the Argumentum Baculinum, and the Argumentum ad Crumenum, and for ever hereaster be treated of in the same chapter.

As for the Argumentum Tripodium,

which is never used but by the woman against the man; and the Argumentum ad Rem, which, contrariwise, is made use of by the man only against the woman;—as these two are enough in confcience for one lecture—and moreover, as the one is the best answer to the other,—let them likewise be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themselves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Bishop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joseph Hall, who was Bishop of Exeter in King James the First's reign, tells us in one of his Decads, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Aldersgate Street, that it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself:—and I really think it is so.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a sashion, which thing is not likely to be found out—I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precifely my fituation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digrestions (one only excepted) there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader-not for want of penetration in him-but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression-and it is this: that though my digressions are all fair, as you observe-and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my Uncle Toby's most whimsical character;—when my Aunt Dinah and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my Uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time—not the great contours of it—that was impossible—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touched in, as we went along, so

that

that you are much better acquainted with my Uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too—and at the same time.

five too—and at the fame time.

This, Sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy—though I own it suggested the thought—as I believe the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from some such trisling hints.

Digressions, incontestibly are the sunshine—they are the life, the soul of reading—take them out of this book, for
instance—you might as well take the
book along with them—one cold eternal
winter would reign in every page of it;
—restore them to the writer—he steps
forth like a bridegroom—bids all-hail;
brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but also of the author; whose distress, in this matter, is truly pitiable: for if he begins a digression—from that moment, I observe, his whole work stands stock still; and if he goes on with his main work—then there is an end of his digression.

This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such intersections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going—and, what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the Fountain of Health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

Have a strong propensity in me to begin this chapter very nonsensically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I set off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glass in the

human breast, according to the proposed emendation of that arch-critick, had taken place—first, this foolish consequence would certainly have followed—that the very wisest and the very gravest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, secondly—that had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone foftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in-viewed the foul stark naked-observed all her motions-her machinationstraced all her maggots from their first engendering to their crawling forthwatched her loofe in her frifks, her gambols, her capricios; and after some notice of her more solemn deportment, confequent upon fuch frisks, &c .- then taken your pen and ink and fet down nothing but what you had feen, and could have fworn to—but this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be so, if not better still for him-for there the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from it's vicinity to the fun, to be more than equal to that of redhot iron-must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cause) to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause;) fo that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their fouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elfe, for aught the foundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot)-fo that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become fo monstrously refracted-or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be feen through—his foul might as well, unless for mere ceremony—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her-might, upon all other accounts, I fay, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own house.

But this, as I faid above, is not the case of the inhabitants of this earth—our minds shine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystalized sless and blood; so that, if we would come to the specifick characters of them, we must go some other way to work.

Many,

Many, in good truth, are the ways, which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind-instruments-Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas-but it is as fallacious as the breath of Fame-and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their defignations of one particular fort of character among them, from the forte or piano of a certain wind-instrument they use,-which they say is infallible. dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place-'tis sufficient we have it amongst us-but never think of making a drawing by it—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be fo, at leaft, ad populum-and therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as fast as you can, and never stop to make any enquiry about it.

There are others, again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations—but this often gives a very incorrect outline-unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out

of them both.

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp, and be rendered still more operofe, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of the non-naturals .-Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his non-naturals—

is another question. There are others, Fourthly, who difdain every one of these expedients-not from any fertility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphick * brethren of the brush have shewn in taking copies.—These, you must know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full-length character against the lightthat's illiberal—dishonest—and hard upon the character of a man who fits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the camerathat is most unfair of all—because, there you are fure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors, in giving you my Uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever-nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind-instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other fide of the Alps-nor will I confider either his repletions or his discharges—or touch upon his non-naturals—but, in a word, I will draw my Uncle Toby's character from his hobby-horse.

CHAP. XXIV.

F I was not morally fure that the reader must be out of all patience for my Uncle Toby's character,-I would here previously have convinced him that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have

pitched upon.

A man and his hobby-horse, though I cannot fay that they act and re-act exactly after the fame manner in which the foul and body do upon each other: yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the hobby-horse. - By long journies and much friction it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of hobby-horfical matter as it can hold; fo that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the hobby-horse which my Uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, a hobby-horse well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover-from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall-and from Penzance to York back again, and not have feen fuch another upon the road; or if you had feen such a one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopped to have taken a view of him.

Pentagraph; an instrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

Indeed, the gait and figure of him was fo strange, and so utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute-whether he was really a hobby-horse or no: but as the philosopher would use no other argument to the sceptick, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, fave that of rifing upon his legs, and walking across the room; so would my Uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his hobby-horse was a hobby-horse indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about-leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my Uncle Toby mounted him with fo much pleafure, and he carried my uncle Toby fo wellthat he troubled his head very little with what the world either faid or thought

about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him-but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you first how my Uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

HE wounds in my Uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the fiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the fervice, it was thought expedient he should return to England, in order, if

possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, fuffered unspeakable miseries—owing to a fuccession of exfoliation from the os pubis, and the outward edge of that part of the coxendix called the os illiumboth of which bones were difmally crushed, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet—as by it's fize—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the furgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my Uncle Toby's groin, was more owing

to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it-which he would often tell him was a great happi-

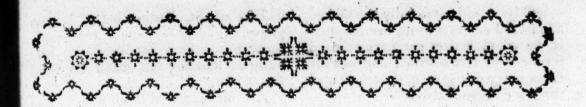
My father at that time was just be. ginning business in London, and had taken a house-and as the truest friend. ship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers - and that my father thought my Uncle Toby could no where be fo well nursed and taken care of as in his own house-he assigned him the very best apartment in it. And what was a much more fincere mark of his affection still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-fide.

The history of a foldier's wound beguiles the pain of it-my uncle's visitors at least thought so, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courtefy arifing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the fiege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my Uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his

grave.

What these perplexities of my Uncle Toby were—'tis impossible for you to guess: if you could—I should blush; not as a relation—not as a man—nor even as a woman—but I should blush as an author; inafinuch as I fet no fmall store by myself upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at any thing. in this, Sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page—I would tear it out of my book.



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.



d

4

Have begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my Uncle Toby was involved,

from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King William's wars—but if he has not—I then inform him that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: the issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this; that the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard, and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my Uncle Toby was an eye-witness at Namur—the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the

Maes and Sambre, from seeing much of each other's operations—my Uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp—the glacis and covered-way—the half-moon and ravelin—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound-these terms; so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my Uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my Uncle Toby was in one of his best explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my Uncle Toby, was this—that in the attack of the counterscarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-stop—the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides

Fa

-and

-and he would get so fadly bewildered, and fet fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to fave his life; and was ofttimes obliged to give up the attack upon

that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my Uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh enquirers—he had but a very uneafy talk of it.

No doubt my Uncle Toby had great command of himself—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered-way without falling down the counterfearp, nor cross the dyke without danger of flipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:-he did so-and these little and hourly vexations, which may feem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates—yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the paffions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion-(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?) - may eafily conceive what fharp paroxisms and exacerbations of his wound my Uncle Toby must have undergone upon that fcore only.

-My Uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it-'twas enough he felt it was fo-and having fultained the pain and forrows of it for three months together, he was refolved fome way or other

to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and na-ture of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lye in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it patted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with it's environs, it might be a means of giving him ease. - I take notice of his defire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reason—because my Uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the falient angle of the demibastion of St. Roch-so that he was pretty confident he could flick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing on when the stone ftruck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes; and not only freed him from a world of fad explanation—but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my Uncle Toby his hobby-

CHAP. II.

HERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined tafte run it down: nor is there any thing fo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party-or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no fuch thing as a critick (by occupation)

I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them-and in -Gentlemen, I kis your hands; I protest no company could give me half the pleasure-by my foul I am glad to fee you-I beg only you will make no ftrangers of yourselves, but fit down without any ceremony, and fall on hear-

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaifance fo far, as to have left a feventh open for them-and in this very spot I stand on; but being told by a critick (though not by occupation-but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room

next year. ' How, in the name of wonder! could your Uncle Toby, who, it feems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool-be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, -' Go look!

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I fcorn it- 'tis language unurbane-and only befitting the man

who cannot give clear and fatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant-and therefore I reject it; for though it might have fuited my Uncle Toby's character as a foldier excellently well-and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whittle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You fee, as plain as can be, that I write as a man of eruditionthat even my fimilies, and my allusions, and my illustrations, and my metaphors, are erudite—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly, too-elfe what would become of Why, Sir, I should be undone -at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critick-I should have made an opening for a couple.

-Therefore I answer thus.

' Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ' fuch a book as Locke's Essay upon the ' Human Understanding ?- Don't an-' fwer me rashly-because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and many have read it who ' understand it not .- If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the ' book is .- It is a history-'history! of who? what? where? when?'—'Don't hurry yourself—It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will fay fo much of the book, and no more-believe me, you ' will cut no contemptible figure in a ' metaphylick circle.'

But this by the way.

'Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion, in the mind of man, is three-fold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received. —Call down Dolly, your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap and

bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain, that Dolly herself should understand it as well as Malbranche.—When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right-side—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can by nothing in this world be so aptly typisted and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of.—Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the ufual impulse which was wont to imprint it. -Very well .- If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too foft—though it may receive—it will not hold the impression, how hard foever Dolly thrufts against it-and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless hafte, as her mistress rings the bell-in any one of these three cases, the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a brafs jack:

Now you must understand, that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my Uncle Toby's discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists—to shew the world, what it did not arise

from.

'What it did arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is—and ever will be—and that is, the unsteady uses of words which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary.
histories of past ages—if you have—
what terrible battles, 'yelept logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and inkshed—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without
tears in his eyes.

Gentle critick! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation, has been peftered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only-· What a pudder and racket in COUN-· CILS abou sola and imigaous; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about · power and about spirit - about essences, and about quintessences-about subflances, and about space-What confusion in great THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense! when thou con-· fiderest-this, thou wilt not wonder at my Uncle Toby's perplexities-thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his fcarp and his counterfearp-his glacis and · his covered-way-his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas-by heaven! his life was put in jeopardy by words.'

CHAP. III.

HEN my Uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application-which, by the bye, did my Uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good-he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobesius's Military Architecture and Pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was two full months gonehe was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterfearp with great order -but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his first motive made necessary, my Uncle Toby was able to cross the Maes and Sambre; make diversions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salfines, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But defire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the

acquisition of it. The more my Uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you—through which I ween the souls of connoisieurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtued—be-pictured—be-butterslied, and besiddled.

The more my Uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirft-so that before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a planreading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their fieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works-all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself-his wound-his confinement -his dinner.

In the second year, my Uncle Toby purchased Ramelli and Cataneo, translated from the Italian—likewise Stevinus, Marolis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Cochorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marshal Vauban, Mons. Blondel—with almost as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August ninetynine, my Uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head; he began with N. Tartaglia, who, it seems, was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right-line—This N. Tartaglia proved to my Uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

Endless is the search of truth.

No sooner was my Uncle Toby satissied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: for which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius—wherein, by

certain

certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA-or elfe an HYPERBOLA -and that the parameter, or latus rectum, of the conick section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the fine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breach upon an horizontal plane;—and that the femi-parameter—'Stop! my dear Uncle Toby-top!-go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track -intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom, KNOW-LEDGE, will bring upon thee!-O 'my uncle; fly-fly-fly from it as from a serpent !- Is it fit-good-natured man! thou should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole ' nights, baking thy blood with heetick watchings !- Alas! 'twill exasperate thy fymptoms-check thy perspirations—evaporate thy spirits—waste thy animal strength-dry up thy radical moisture—bring thee into a coftive habit of body—impair thy health ' -and haften all the infirmities of thy old age! O my uncle! my Uncle ' Toby!'

CHAP. IV.

Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this-that the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my Uncle Toby—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palatetherefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of

my story

Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we chose the less evil; deeming it more pardonable to trespass against truth, than beauty. This is to be understood cum grano salis; but be it as it will—as the parallel is made more for the fake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing elfe-'tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or

In the latter end of the third year,

my Uncle Toby, perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conick fection angered his wound, he left off the fludy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt-to dismiss his barber unshaven-and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound; concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dreffing, how it went on : when, lo!all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to figh heavily for his recovery-complained to my father-grew impatient with the furgeon-and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might furely have been accomplished, at least, by that time. - He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the forrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the best of brothers-he had long fince funk under his misfortunes .- My father was by : my Uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes-'twas unexpected -My Uncle Toby, by nature was not eloquent-it had the greater effect -the furgeon was confounded :-not that there wan'ed grounds for fuch, or greater marks of impatience-but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never feen any thing like it in my Uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word; he had been all patience—all submission.

-We lose the right of complaining fometimes by forbearing it-but we often treble the force .- The furgeon was astonished; but much more so, when he heard my Uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily infift upon his healing up the wound directly-or fending for Monfieur Ronjat, the king's ferjeant-furgeon,

to do it for him.

The defire of life and health is implanted in man's nature—the love of liberty and enlargement is a fifter paf-

fion to it: these my Uncle Toby had in common with his species; and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest defire to get well and out of doors-but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way-and from the time and manner in which this eager defire shewed inself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my Uncle Toby's head .- There was fo, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to fet forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-fide, where we left my Uncle Toby in the middle of his sentence.

CHAP. V.

HEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling pasfion—or, in other words, when his bobby-borse grows head strong—farewel cool reason and fair discretion!

My Uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as foon as the furgeon recovered his furprize; and could get leave to fay as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no fign of-it would be dried up in five or fix weeks. The found of as many Olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my Uncle Toby's mind .-The succession of his ideas was now rapid-he broiled with impatience to put his defign in execution—and fo, without consulting farther with any foul living-which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one foul's advice-he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreffings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the furgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother'she packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one fide, and Trim on the other-my Uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden demigration, was as follows-

The table in my Uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was fitting with his maps, &c. about him-being fomewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and fmall instruments of knowledge which usually lay crouded upon it-he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take his compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the Inuffers in falling-he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my Uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself—he rung his bell for his man Trim—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, pr'ythee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some

better contrivance, Trim.—Can'ft thou not take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again? Yes, and please your

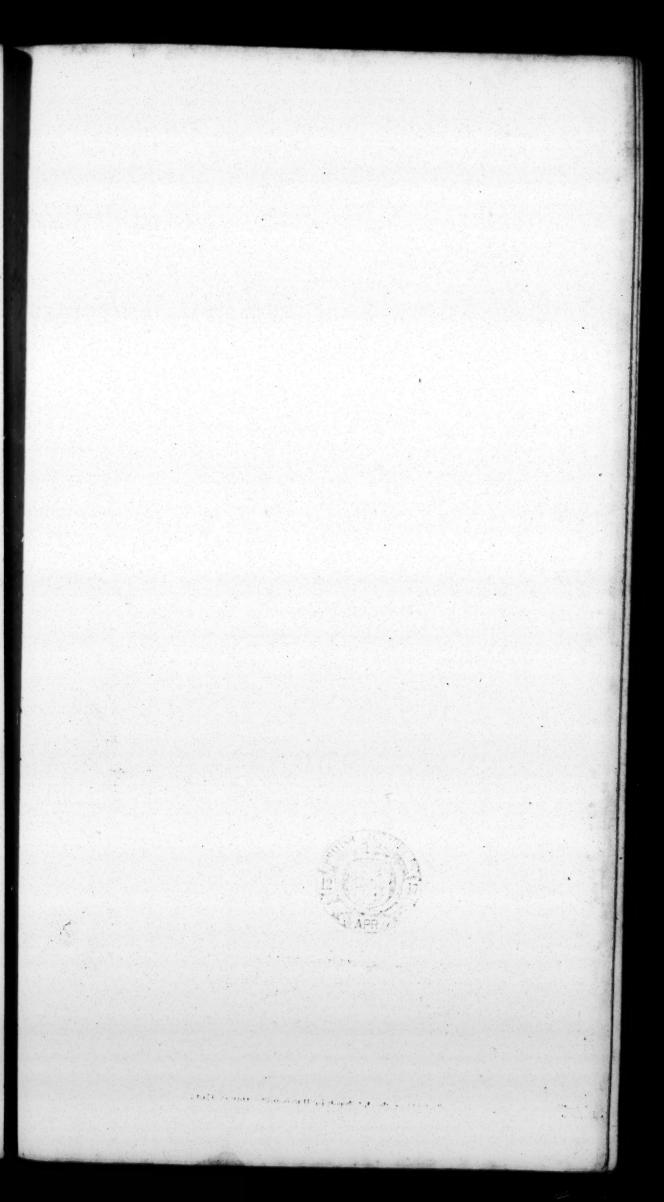
honour,' replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your honour will be foon well enough to get down to your country-feat—where, as your honour

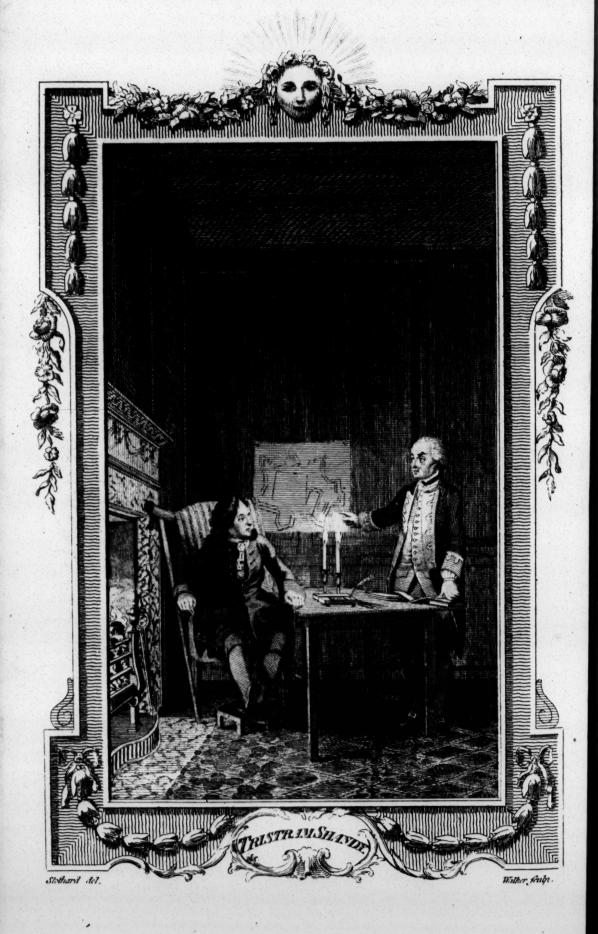
takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my Uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company—his real name was James Butler—but having got the nick name of Trim in the regiment, my Uncle Toby, unless he happened to be very angry with him, would never

call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landon, which was two years before the affair of Namur—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my Uncle Toby took him for his servant—and of excellent use was he, attending my Uncle Toby in the camp, and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and, indeed, from first to last, waited upon





him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My Uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge-for Corporal Trim, (for fo, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his mafter's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his mafter's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-fervant, non hobby-horfical per fe-had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my Uncle To-

by himfelf.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character-and it is the only dark line in it .- The fellow loved to advise-or rather, to hear himself talk: his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him filent when you had him fo; but fet his tongue a-going-you had no hold of him-he was voluble-the eternal interlardings of your honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding fo strong in behalf of his elocution—that though you might have been incommodedyou could not well be angry. My Uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him-or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My Uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—but as a humble friend, he could not bear to stop his mouth. —Such was Corporal Trim.

'If I durst presume,' continued Trim, 'to give your honour my advice, 'and speak my opinion in this matter—' Thou art welcome, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—' speak—speak 'what thou thinkest upon the subject, 'man, without fear.'—' Why, then,' replied Trim—(not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division—' I think,' quoth Trim, (advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards—and pointing with his right-hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings;) 'I think,'

quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your honour's better judgment-that these ravelins, bastions, curtins, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As fummer is coming on, continued Trim, 'your honour might fit out of doors, and give me the nography-(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle) of the town or citadel your honour was pleased to sit down before-and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it ' to your honour's mind.'--- ' I dare ' fay thou would'ft, Trim,' quoth my uncle .- 'For, if your honour,' continued the corporal, 'could but mark me the polygon, with it's exact lines and angles—' That I could do very well, quoth my uncle .- I would begin with the fosse; and if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth-' 'I can, to a hair's breadth, Trim!' replied my uncle .-I would throw out the earth upon this ' hand towards the town, for the scarp -and on that hand towards the cam-

paign, for the counterscarp.'
---- Very right, Trim! quoth my Uncle Toby .- ' And when I had floped them to your mind-an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with fods-and as your honour knows they should be-and I would make the walls and parapets with fods too.'- The best engineers call them gazons, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby .- ' Whether they are gazons or fods, is not much matter," replied Trim; 'your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.'- I know they are, Trim, in some respects;'-quoth my Uncle Toby, nodding his headfor a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé, (as was the case at St. Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the paffage over it.'

'Your honour understands these matters,' replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his majesty's

G fervice—

fervice—but would your honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make forti-

fications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should

be worth all the world's riding twenty

i miles to go and fee it.

My Uncle Toby blushed as red as fcarlet as Trim went on-but it was not a blush of guilt-of modesty-or of anger-it was a blush of joy !-He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description .- 'Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, ' thou hast said enough.' - We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, 'on the very day that his majetty and the allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—' 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby,
fay no more.'—' Your honour,' continued Trim, ' might fit in your armchair, [Pointing to it.] this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would 'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby .- ' Befides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime—but good air, and good exercise, and good healthand your honour's wound would be well in a month. — Thou hast said enough, Trim!'—quoth my Uncle Toby—(putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—'I like thy project 'mightily.'—' And if your honour e pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of --- 'Say no more, Trim, quoth my Uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture-and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand- Trim, faid my Uncle Toby, ' fay no more !but go down, Trim, this moment, my · lad, and bring up my supper this in-" ftant."

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper—to no purpose—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my Uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—
'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get me to-bed.'—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination—my Uncle Toby could not shut his eves.—The more he considered it, the more hewitching the scene appeared to him—io that, two full hours before day-

light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My Uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a finall estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowlinggreen, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for: -fo that as Trim uttered the words, A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with; this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my Uncle Toby's fancy-which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my Uncle Toby did to enjoy this self-same thing in private-I fay, in private—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three fides, from mortal fight, by rough holly and thick fet floweringshrubs-so that the idea of not being feen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my Uncle Toby's mind .- Vain thought! however thick it was planted about-or private foever it might feem-to think, dear Uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground-and not have it known!

How my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working-up of this drama.—At present the scene must drop—and change for the parlour fire-side.

CHAP. VI.

'ther?' faid my father—'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and firking the ashes out of it as he began h's fentence—' I think,' replied he—
it would not be amis, brother, if we
rung the bell.'

'Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?'—quoth my father.—'My brother and I can scarce

hear ourselves speak.'

'Sir,' answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left-shoulder—' my 'mistress is taken very badly.'—' And 'where's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her?'—' Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town,' replied Obadiah, 'to fetch the old midwife.'—' Then saddle a horse,' quoth my father, 'and do you go directly for Doctor Slop, the man midwife, with all our services—and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.'

'It is very strange,' says my father, addressing himself to my Uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door—' as there is so expert an operator as Doctor Slop so hear—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of her's, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman:—and not only the life of my child, brother—' but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.'

'Mayhap, brother,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'my fifter does it to fave the ex-'pence.'—' A pudding's end!' replied my father—' the doctor must be paid 'the same for inaction as action—if not

better—to keep him in temper.'
—'Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart—'but modesty.—My sister, I dare say,' added he, 'does not care to let a man 'come so near her ****.' I will not say whether my Uncle Toby had compleated the sentence or not—'tis for his advantage to suppose he had; as, I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my Uncle Toby had not fully arrived at his period's end—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which rhetoricians style the apostopesis.—Just Heaven! how does the poco piu and the

poco meno of the Italian artists—the insensible more or less, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chissel, the pencil, the pen, the siddle-stick, et catera—give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure!—O my countrymen!—be nice —be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your same depend.

— 'My fifter, mayhap,' quoth my, Uncle Toby, 'does not chuse to let a 'man come so near her ****.' Make this dash—'tis an apostopesis.— Take the dash away, and write backside—'tis bawdy.—Scratch backside out, and put covered way in—'tis a metaphor—and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my Uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence—that word was it.

But whether that was the case or not the case—or whether the snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe so critically, happened through accident or anger, will be seen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philosopher—yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapped short in the middle—he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no such thing—he threw them with all the violence in the world—and, to give the action still more emphasis—he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked fomething like heat and the manner of his reply to what my Uncle Toby was faying, proved it was

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(repeating my Uncle Toby's words)
to let a man come so near her!—By
Heaven, brother Toby! you would
try the patience of a Job—and I think
I have the plagues of one already,
without it!'— 'Why?—where?—
wherein?—wherefore?—upon what
account?' replied my Uncle Toby, in
the utmost astonishment.—'To think,'
said my father, 'of a man living to
your age, brother, and knowing so

thing at all about them,' replied my Uncle Toby—' and I think,' continued he, ' that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman— which shock, you know, I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the fex—has given me just cause to say, that I neither know nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.'—' Methinks, brother,' replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.'

It is faid, in Aristotle's Master-Piece, that when a man doth think of any thing which is past—he looketh down upon the ground:—but that when he thinketh of something that is to come, he look-

eth up towards the heavens.

My Uncle Toby, I suppose, thought of neither, for he looked horizontally.

"Right end," quoth my Uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece—'Right end of a woman!—I declare,' quoth my uncle, 'I know no more which it is than the man in the mon—and if I was to think,' continued my Uncle Toby, (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad joint) 'this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.'

' Then, Brother Toby,' replied my

father, 'I will tell your.

' Every thing in this world,' continued my father - (filling a fresh pipe) every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.'
Not always,' quoth my Uncle Toby. · At least,' replied my father, ' every one has two hands-which comes to the same thing .- Now, if a man was to fit down coolly, and confider with · himself, the make, the shape, the conftruction, come-at-ability, and conve-· nience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal called woman, and compare them analogically-' 'I never understood rightly the meaning of that word; quoth my Uncle Toby. 'ANALOGY,' replied my father, 'is the certain relation and agreement, which different— Here a devil of a rap at the door inapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in

two—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a differtation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the differtation itself—(considering the consustant and distresses of our domestick misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

T is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading fince my Uncle
Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was
ordered to faddle a horse and go for
Doctor Slop, the man-midwise—so that
no one can say, with reason, that I have
not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the
emergency too, both to go and come—
though morally and truly speaking, the
man perhaps has scarce had time to get
on his boots.

If the hyper-critick will go upon this; and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true diftance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door-and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths, -should take upon him to insult over me for fuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time-I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of it's simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas and is the true scholastick pendulum—and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter—abjuring and detelling the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore defire him to confider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Doctor Slop, the man-midwife's house—and that whilst Obadiah has been going those faid miles and back, I have brought my Uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders, into England—that I have had him ill upon my hands near four years—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire—all which put together

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must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dostor Slop upon the stage—as much, at least, (I hope) as a dance, a fong, or a concerto

between the acts.

If my hyper-critick is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen feconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen feconds-when I have faid all I can about them-and that this plea, though it might fave me dramati-cally, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very mo-ment, a professed ROMANCE, which before was a book apocryphal-If I am thus pressed-I then put an end to the whole objection and controverfy about it all at once-by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard, before he met with Doctor Slop-and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourfelf-but this had

better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

I MAGINE to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four seet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a susquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, which—if you have read Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty—and if you have not, I wish you would—you must know, may as certainly be caracatured, and conveyed to the mind by

three strokes as three hundred.

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Imagine such a one—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive poney, of a pretty colour—but of strength—alack!—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a mo-

ment in this description.

Had Doctor Slop beheld Obadiah a

mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monftrous rate-fplashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not fuch a phænomenon, with fuch a voitex of mud and water moving along with it round it's axis-have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop, in his situation, than the worst of Whiston's comets?-To fay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse,-In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's po-What then do ney, quite away with it. you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Doctor Slop have been, when you read, (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within fixty yards of it, and within five yards of a fudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-walland in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane -when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious-pop -full upon him !- Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than fuch a rencounter-fo imprompt ! fo ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Doctor Slop was.

What could Doctor Slop do?-He croffed himself. - ' Pugh!' - But the doctor, Sir, was a papift.—' No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.'--He had fo-nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for, in croffing himfelf, he let go his whip---and in attempting to fave his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup-in losing which he lost his -and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in croffing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of So that without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his poney to it's destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, fomething in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left, (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him funk about

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Doctor Slop—once as he was falling—and then again when he saw him seated.

Ill-timed complaisance!—Had

ont the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him? —Sir, he did all that his situation would allow—but the momentum of the coachhorse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once.—He rode in a circle three times round Doctor Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Doctor Slop so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Doctor Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my Uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women-it was hard to determine whether Doctor Slop's figure, or Doctor Slop's presence, occafioned more furprize to them; for as the accident happened fo near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him-Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unanealed, with all his stains and blotches on him .- He stood like Hamlet's ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door, (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared—and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that you would have fworn (without mental refervation) that every grain of it had taken effeet.

Here was a fair opportunity for my Uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn—for no mortal, who had beheld Doctor Slop in that pickle, could have diffented from so much, at least, of my Uncle Toby's opinion, that may hap his sister might not care to let such a Doctor Slop come so near her ****.—But it was the Argumentum ad hominem; and if my Uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it.—No; the reason was—'twas not his nature to insult.

Doctor Slop's presence at that time, was no less problematical than the mode of it; though it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might

have folved it; for he had apprized Doctor Slop, but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing fince, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to fee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hyper-critick's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door—measuring their distance, and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else—common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my Uncle Toby—but it excited a very different train of thoughts—the two irreconcileable pulsations instantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my Uncle Toby's mind. What business Stevinus had in this affair—is the greatest problem of all—it shall be solved—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

RITING, when properly managed, (as you may be fure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all; the truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as bufy as my own.

'Tis his turn now—I have given an ample description of Doctor Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine, then, that Doctor Slop has told his tale-and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chuses !---let him sup pole, that Obadiah has told his tale alfo, and with fuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures, as they stand -let him imagine, that by each othermy father has stepped up stairs to see my mother-and, to conclude this work of imagination-let him imagine the doctor washed-rubbed down-condoled with-felicitated-got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of

entering upon action.

Truce!-truce, good Doctor Slop! flay thy obstetrick hand; return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm-little dost thou know what obstacles-little dost thou think what hidden causes retard it's operation!—hast thou, Doctor Slop-hast thou been intrusted with the fecret articles of this folemn treaty which has brought thee into this place? - Art thou aware, that at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head? - Alas !- 'tis too true. -Befides, great fon of Piluinnus! what canst thou do? - Thou hast come forth unarmed-thou hast left thy tire têtethy new-invented forceps—thy crotchet -thy fquirt—and all thy instruments of falvation and deliverance, behind thee. -By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two piftols, at the bed's head! -Ring!-call! - fend Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed!- Make great haste, Obadiah,' quoth my father, ' and I'll give thee a crown.'—' And,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I'll give him another,'

CHAP. XII.

YOUR sudden and unexpected 'arrival,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to Doctor Slop, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my Uncle Toby began to speak)—'instantly brought the great 'Stevinus into my head; who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.'

Then,' added my father, making use of the argument Ad Crumenam—'I will lay twenty guineas to a single

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crown-piece, (which will ferve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or other, or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.

' He has fo;' replied my Uncle Toby .- ' I knew it,' faid my father; though, for the foul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Doctor Slop's fudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification-yet I fear'd it .- Talk of what we will, brother-or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the fubject-you are fure to bring it in.I would not, brother Toby,' continued my father-' I declare, I would not have my head fo full of curtins and horn-works-'That I dare fay, you would not !' quoth Dr. Slop, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critick could not detest and abhor a pun, or the infinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father—he would grow testy upon it at any time—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose—he saw no dif-

ference.

' Sir,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addreffing himself to Doctor Slop, curtins my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedsteads-though, I know, Du Cange fays, that bed-curtains, in all probability, have taken their name from them-nor have the horn-works, he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom-but the curtin, Sir, is the word we use in fortification for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions and joins them.—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtin, for this reason, because they are so well flanked.'—(' It is the case of other curtains, quoth Doctor Slop, laughing.) 'However,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'to make them fure, we generally chuse to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fosse or. ditch .- The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together-though they are very different things-

things-not in their figure or construction, for we make them exactly alike in all points-for they always confift of two faces, making a falient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent.'- Where then lies the difference?' quoth my father, a little testily .- 'In their fituations,' answered my Uncle Toby: for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtin, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin-it is a half-moon—a half-moon, likewife, is a half-moon, and no more, · fo long as it stands before it's bastion -but was it to change place, and get before the curtin-'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon-'tis no more than a ravelin.'- I think, quoth my father, 'that the noble science of defence has it's weak fides - as well as others.

- As for the horn-works-(' Heigh! ho!' fighed my father.)which,' continued my Uncle Toby, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork—they are called by the French engineers, ouvrage a corne, and we generally make them to cover fuch places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest-tis formed by two epaulments or demi-baftions--they are very pretty; and if you will take a walk, · I'll engage to shew you one well worth vour trouble. - I own,' continued my Uncle Toby, ' when we crown themthey are much stronger; but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; fo that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise By the the double tenaillemother who bore us, brother Toby!' quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer-' you would provoke a faint !- Here have you got us, I know not how, not only fouse into the middle of the old subject again—but of full is your head of these confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will ferve you but to carry off the man-midwife.'- 'Accoucheur, if you please!' quoth Doctor Slop. 'With please!' quoth Doctor Slop. all my heart,' replied my father; I don't care what they call you-but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all it's inventors, at the devil!—
it has been the death of thousands—
and it will be mine in the end!—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.'

My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries -- not from want of cour rage-I have told you in the fifth chapter of this fecond book, that he was a man of courage-and will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth-I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts-for he felt this infult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do-but he was of a peaceful, placid nature-no jarring element in it-all was mixed up so kindly within him, my Uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

Go,' fays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him—' I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—' I'll not hurt a hair of thy head!—Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape—' go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me!'

I was but ten years old when this happened-but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensationor how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it-or in what degree, or by what fecret magick-a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not-this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my Uncle Toby, has never fince been worn out of my mind: and though I would not depreciate what the study of the liters humaniores, at the university, have done

for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since—yet I often think, that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume

upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my Uncle Toby's picture, by the infrument with which I drew the other parts of it-that taking in no more than the mere hobby-horfical likeness—this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted: he had a much more acute and quick fensibility of nature, attended with a little foreness of temper; though this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy-yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to shew itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness-He was, however, frank and generous in his nature—at all times open to con-viction; and, in the little ebullitions of this sub-acid humour towards others, but particularly towards my Uncle Toby, whom he truly loved—he would feel more pain, ten times told, (except in the affair of my Aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which arose

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I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE—that a man's hobby-horse is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes at my Uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.—No—as I said above—my Uncle Toby did feel them, and very

fensibly too.

'Pray, Sir, what faid he?—How 'did he behave?'—O, Sir! it was great: for as foon as my father had done infulting his hobby-horse—he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Doctor Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse—and looked up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature—so placed—fo fraternal—so inexpressibly tender towards him—it penetrated my

father to his heart: he rose up hastily from his chair, and feizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he spoke-Brother Toby,' faid he, ' I beg thy ' pardon-forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave ' me!'-' My dear, dear brother,' anfwered my Uncle Toby, rifing up by my father's help, ' fay no more about ' it-you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother.'-But 'tis ungenerous,' replied my father, 'to hurt any man-a brother worse-but to hurt a brother of ' fuch gentle manners-fo unprovoking-and fo unrefenting-'tis baseby Heaven, 'tis cowardly!'- You are heartily welcome, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby- had it been fifty ' times as much!'- Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby,' cried my father, ' either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was ' in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?'

Uncle Toby, looking wiftfully in his face—' you are much mistaken in this 'point—for you do increase my plea'fure very much, in begetting children 'for the Shandy family at your time of 'life.'—'But, by that, Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Mr. Shandy increases 'his own.'—'Not a jot,' quoth my fa-

ther.

CHAP. XIII.

Y brother does it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'out of prin'ciple.'—'In a family way, I sup'pose,' quoth Doctor Slop.—'Pshawl' faid my father, 'it is not worth talking 'of.'

CHAP. XIV.

A T the end of the last chapter, my father and my Uncle Toby were left both standing, like Brutus and Cassius at the close of the scene, making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words—he sat down—my Uncle Toby exactly followed his example—only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to step home for Stevinus—my Uncle Toby's house being no farther off than the opposite side of the way.

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Some men would have dropped the subject of Stevinus-but my Uncle Toby had no refentment in his heart; and he went on with the subject, to shew

my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Doctor · Slop,' quoth my uncle, refuming the discourse, 'instantly brought Stevinus 'into my head.'-- (My father, you may be fure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head.)-· Because,' continued my Uncle Toby, the celebrated failing-chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of fuch wonderful contrivance and · velocity, as to carry half a dozen peo-• ple thirty German miles in I don't know how few minutes-was invented by Stevinus, that great mathema-· tician and engineer.

' You might have spared your fervant the trouble, quoth Doctor Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus's account of it; because, in my return from Leyden through the · Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, in order to

take a view of it.

- 'That's nothing,' replied my Uncle Toby, ' to what the learned Peireskius did; who walked a matter of · five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schev-ling to Paris back again, in order to · fee it—and nothing elfe.'

Some men cannot bear to be out-

'The more fool Peireskins,' replied Doctor Slop .- But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all: but that Peireskius's indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot, out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Doctor Slop, in that affair, to nothing .-The more fool Peireskius!' said he again .- 'Why fo?' replied my father, taking his brother's part-not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the infult he had given him, which fat still upon my father's mind-but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse .- 'Why so,' faid he: 'Why is Peireskius, or any " man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morfel of found . knowledge?-For, notwithstanding I

know nothing of the chariot in quel-' tion,' continued he, ' the inventor of

it must have had a very mechanical head; and though I cannot guels

upon what principles of philosophy he has atchieved it-yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon folid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate

my brother mentions.

'It answered,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as well, if not better: for, as Peireskius elegantly expresses it, ' speaking of the velocity of it's mo-tion, " Tam citus erat, quam erat "ventus;" which, unless I have forgot my Latin, is, that it was as swift

as the wind itself.

' But pray, Doctor Slop,' quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (though not without begging pardon for it, at the same time;) ' upon what principles was this felf-fame chariot fet a-going! - 'Upon very pretty principles, to be fure!' replied Doctor Slop-' and I ' have often wondered,' continued he, evading the question, ' why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours-(especially they whose wives are not past childbearing)—attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the fex is subject—if the wind only ferved—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take 'em!) both coll and eat a great deal.'

' For that very reason,' replied my father- because they coll nothing, and because they eat nothing—the scheme is bad — it is the confumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade, brings in money, and supports the value of our lands-and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generoufly recompense the scientifick head which brought forth fuch contrivances—yet I would as peremptorily suppress the

use of them.

My father here had got into his element—and was going on as prosperously with his differtation upon trade, as my Uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification-but, to the loss of much found knowledge, the Destinies in the morning had decreed that no differtation of any kind should be spun by my father that day-for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next fentence-

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

N popped Corporal Trim with Stevi-I nus-but 'twas too late-all the difcourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

- You may take the book home ' again, Trim !' said my Uncle Toby,

nodding to him.

But pr'ythee, corporal, quoth my father, drolling,- look first into it, and fee if thou can'ft spy aught of a

· failing-chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the fervice, had learned to obey-and not to remonstrate: fo taking the book to a fide-table, and running over the leaves 'An' please your honour,' said Trim, I can fee no fuch thing !-however, continued the corporal, drolling a little in his turn, 'I'll make fure work of it, 'an' please your honour.'-So taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good found shake.

'There is fomething fallen out, 'however,' faid Trim, 'an' please 'your honour; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one. '- Pr'ythee, 'corporal,' said my father, smiling; what is it then?'—'I think,' answered Trim, stooping to take it up-' 'tis ' more like a fermon—for it begins with a text of Scripture, and the chapter and verse-and then goes on-not as a chariot, but like a fermon directly,

The company smiled.

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'I cannot conceive how it is possible,' quoth my Uncle Toby, ' for such a thing as a fermon to have got into my Stevinus.

'I think 'tis a fermon,' replied Trim; but if it please your honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page:'for Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, faid my father, ' to look into things which cross my way by such strange tatalities as these; and as we have nothing better to do, at least till Obadiah gets back, I shall be obliged to you, brother-if Doctor Slop has no objection to it-to order the corporal to give us a page or two of itif he is as able to do it, as he feems 'willing.'- 'An' please your honour,' quoth Trim, 'I officiated two whole campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to ' the chaplain of the regiment.'- ' He can read it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, ' as well as I can .- Trim, I affure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next halbert, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made a humble bow to his master-then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the fermon in his left-hand, in order to have his right at liberty—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by, his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

- 'If you have any objection-' faid my father, addressing himself to Doctor Slop. 'Not in the least,' replied Doctor Slop-' for it does not appear on which fide of the question it is wrote-it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours; -so that we run equal risques.'-'Tis wrote upon neither side,' quoth Trim, ' for 'tis only upon conscience, ' an' please your honours.'

Trim's reason put his audience into good-humour—all but Doctor Slop; who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

'Begin, Trim—and read distinctly,' quoth my father. 'I will, an' please 'your honour,' replied the corporal; making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a flight movement of his righthand.

C H A P. XVII.

-But before the corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude—otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture—stiff—perpendicular—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs—his eye fixed, as if on duty-his look determinedclenching the fermon in his left-hand, like his fire-lock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body H 2 fwayed, fwayed, and bent forwards just fo far, as to make an angle of eighty-five degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon—which found orators, to whom I address this, know very well, to be the true persuasive angle of incidence—in any other angle you may talk and preach—'tis certain—and it is done every day—but with what effect—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of eighty-five degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactness—does it not shew us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly—or whether it was chance or nature, or good sense or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, the cossee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood-for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view—with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards-his right-leg from under him, fultaining seven-eighths of his whole weight-the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little-not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them-his knee bent, but that not violently-but so, as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty-and I add, of the line of science too-for, confider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up-fo that in this case the position of the leg is determined—because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

need I add—to orators!—I think not; for unless they practife it—they mutt fall upon their nofes.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.—He held the fermon loofely, not carelessly, in his left-hand, raised fomething above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast—his right-arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws or gravity ordered it—but with the palm of it open

and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the fentiment in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muscles of his face, were in full harmony with the other parts of him—he looked frank—unconstrained—something assured—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critick ask how Corporal Trim could come by all this.—I've told him it should be explained—but so he stood before my father, my Uncle Toby, and Doctor Slop—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure—a statuary might have modelled from it—nay, I doubt whether the oldest fellow of a college—or the Hebrew protessor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as fol-

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

For we trust we have a good conscience.

"RUST!—Trust we have a good conscience!"

['Certainly, Trim,' quoth my father, interrupting him, 'you give that fentence a very improper accent; for you 'curl up your nose, man, and read it 'with such a sneering tone, as if the 'parson was going to abuse the apostle.'

'He is, an' please your honour,' replied Trim. 'Pugh!' said my father,

fmiling.

'Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Trimis'
certainly in the right; for the writer
(who I perceive is a Protestant) by the
fnappish manner in which he takes up
the apostle, is certainly going to abuse
him—if this treatment of him has not

done it already.'—'But from whence, replied my father, 'have you concluded fo soon, Doctor Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet, he may be of any church.'—'Be-

cause, answered Doctor Slop, if he was of ours—he durst no more takesuch

'a licence—than a bear by his beard—.
'If in our communion, Sir, a man was
'to infult an apostle—a faint—or even

the paring of a faint's nail—he would have his eyes scratched out.'—' What, by the faint!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

· No,

have an old house over his head.'-· Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my Uncle Toby, or is it a modern one? "I know nothing of · architecture, replied Doctor Slop .-· An' please your honours,' quoth Trim, " the Inquisition is the vilest- ' Pr'ythee spare thy description, Trim; I hate the very name of it!' faid my father. - No matter for that,' answered Doctor Slop-' it has it's uses: for though ' I'm no great advocate for it-yet, in fuch a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell bim, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains.'- God help him then!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'Amen!' added Trim, for Heaven above knows, I have a opoor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.'- ' I never heard one word of it before,' faid my Uncle Toby, hastily-' how came he there, Trim?'- O, Sir, the story will make ' your heart bleed-as it has made mine a thousand times—but it is too long to be told now—your honour shall hear it from first to last some day when · I am working beside you in our fortisications-but the short of the story is this-that my brother Tom went over

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No,' replied Doctor Slop, ' he would

The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks fatter than he could well wipe them away—A dead filence in the room enfued for some minutes—Certain proof

' a fervant to Lisbon -and then married

' a Jew's widow, who kept a small shop,

' and fold faufages - which fome how or

other, was the cause of his being tak-

en in the middle of the night out of

' his bed, where he was lying with his

wife and two small children, and car-

ried directly to the Inquisition; where,

fetching a figh from the bottom of his

heart-' the poor honest lad lies con-

fined at this hour-he was as honest a

foul,' added Trim, (pulling out his

handkerchief) ' as ever blood warm-

-God help him!' continued Trim,

'Come, Trim,' quoth my father—after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent—'read on, and put this 'melancholy story out of thy head.—'I grieve that I interrupted thee; but 'pr'ythee begin the sermon-again—for if the first sentence in it is matter of 'abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great

defire to know what kind of provocation the apottle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face—and returning his handkerchief into his pocket—and making a bow as he did it—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

-For we trust we have a good con-

RUST! trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing—whether he has a good conscience, or no.

[' I am positive I am right!' quoth

Doctor Slop.]

'If a man thinks at all, he cannot

well be a stranger to the true state of

this account.—He must be privy to his

own thoughts and desires—he must

remember his past pursuits, and know

certainly the true springs and motives

which in general have governed the

actions of his life.'

[' I defy him, without an affiffant!'

quoth Doctor Slop.]

'In other matters we may be decived by false appearances; and, as the wise man complains, hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.

But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself—is conscious of the web she has wove—knows it's texture and finences, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her.'

['The language is good; and I de-

my father.]

'Now—as conscience is nothing else
but the knowledge which the mind
has within herself of this; and the
judgment, either of approbation or
censure, which it unavoidably makes
upon the successive actions of our
lives; 'tis plain, you will say, from
the very terms of the proposition—
whenever this inward testimony goes
against a man, and he stands self-

' clare Trim reads very well!' quoth

accused—that he must necessarily be a guilty

guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his fide, and his heart condemns him not—that it is not a matter of trust, as the apostle intimates, but a matter of certainty and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.

['Then the apossle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'and the Protestant divine is in the right!'—'Sir, have patience,' replied my father; 'for I think it will presently appear, that St. Paul and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.'—'As nearly so,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'as east is to west!—But this,' continued he, listing both hands, 'comes from the liberty of the press!'

'It is no more, at the worst,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'than the liber-'ty of the pulpit; for it does not ap-'pear that the sermon is printed, or ever

likely to be.' Go on, Trim, quoth my father.] · At first fight, this may feem to be a true state of the case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is fo truly impressed upon the mind of man-that did no fuch thing ever happen, as that the con-· science of a man, by long habits of fin, might (as the Scripture affures it may) insensibly become hard-and, like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it-did this never happen-or was it certain that felf-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment-or that the little interests below could rife up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness-could no such thing as favour and affection enter this face d court-did wit disdain to take a bribe in it; or was ashamed to shew it's face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment-or, laftly, were we affured that interest stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing-and that passion never got into the judgment-seat, and pronounced fentence in the stead of reafon, which is supposed to preside and · determine upon the case-was this truly fo, as the objection must sup-· pose-no doubt, then, the religious

and moral state of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better measure than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.

I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty; and unless in melancholy and hypochondriack cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

But the converse of the proposition will not hold true-namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse; and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent-This is not fact-So that the common confolation which some good Christian or other is hourly administering to himfelf-that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him, and that, confequently, he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet one-is fallacious-and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first fight; yet'when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain factsyou fee it liable to fo much error from a false application—the principle upon which it goes so often perverted—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life which confirm the account. A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles-exceptionable in his conduct to the worldshall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify—a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt-rob her of her best dowry—and not only cover her own head with dishonour—but involve

Alas! conscience had something else to do all this time, than break in upon him: as Elijah reproached the God Baal—this domestick god

a whole virtuous family in shame and

forrow for her fake.—Surely, you will think conscience must lead such

a man a troublesome life -he can have no rest night or day from it's rewas either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awoke.

· Perhaps he was gone out in company with Honour to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play-or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust: perhaps · Conscience all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty-· larceny, and executing vengeance upon fome fuch puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life fecured him against all temptation of committing; fo that he lives as merrilyhe was of our church, though, quoth Doctor Slop, 'he could not.']-· fleeps as foundly in his bed-and at · last meets death as unconcernedlyperhaps much more fo-than a much better man.

[' All this is impossible with us,' quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father-' the case could not happen in our church.'- It happens in ours, 'however,' replied my father, 'but too often.'-'I own,' quoth Doctor Slop, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment) 'that a man in the Ro-' mish church may live as badly—but ' then he cannot eafily die fo.'- 'It is 'little matter,' replied my father, with an air of indifference, ' how a rascal 'dies.'- I mean,' answered Doctor Slop, 'he would be denied the benefits of the last facraments.'- Pray, how many have you in all?' faid my Uncle Toby; ' for I always forget. answered ' Seven, Doctor Slop. 'Humph!' faid my Uncle Toby; though not accented as a note of acquiescence—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprize-when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected-Humph!' replied my Uncle Tohy. Doctor Slop, who had an ear, understood my Uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the leven facraments.—' Humph!' replied Doctor Slop, (stating my Uncle Toby's argument over again to him)- Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal fins?— Seven golden candlesticks? - Seven heavens?' "It is more than I know," replied my Uncle Toby .- ' Are there not seven wonders of the world?-Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?— 'Seven plagues?'-' That there are!' quoth my father, with a most affected

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gravity. 'But pr'ythee,' continued he, 'go on with the rest of thy characters, 'Trim.']

'Another is fordid, unmerciful,' [Here Trim waved his right-hand.] 'a 'strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship, or publick spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.'

['An' please your honours,' cried Trim,
I think this a viler man than the
other!']

Shall not conscience rise up and string him on such occasions?—No; thank God there is no occasion, I pay every man his own; I have no fornication to answer to my conscience—no faithless vows or promises to make up—I have debauched no man's wife or child; thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.

'A third is crafty and defigning in his nature. View his whole life—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws—plain-dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.—'You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life.

When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience-Con-SCIENCE looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE-finds no express law broken by what he has done-perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred-fees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening it's gates upon him-What is there to affright his conscience? - Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the letter of the law; fits there invulnerable, fortified with Cafes and Reports to strongly on all sides that it is not preaching can disposses it of it's hold.

[Here Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.

- Aye, aye, Trim! quoth my Uncle Toby, shaking his head—' these are but forry fortifications, Trim.'—' O! very poor work,' answered Trim, 'to what your honour and I make of it. 'The character of this last man,' faid Doctor Slop, interrupting Trim, ' is o more deteltable than all the reft-and · seems to have been taken from some · pettifogging lawyer amongst you.-Among tus, a man's conscience could · not possibly continue so long blinded; -three times in a year, at least, he " muit go to confession.'- Will that restore it to fight?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—' Go on, Trim,' quoth my father, 'or Obadiah will have got back before thou half got to the end of thy fermon.'-- 'Tis a very short one,' replied Trim. 'I wish it was longer,' quoth my Uncle Toby, ' for I like it hugely.'-Trim went on.]

· A fourth man shall want even this · refuge-shall break through all this ceremony of flow chicane-fcorns the doubtful workings of fecret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose-See the hare-faced villain, how he cheats, lyes, perjures, robs, murders-Horrid!-Butindeed much better was not to be expected, in the prefent case—the poor man was in the dark !-his priest had got the keeping of his conscience—and all he would let him know of it was, that he must believe in the pope—go to mass—cross himself -tell his beads-be a good catholick-and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry him to Heaven. What-if he perjures !-Why-he had a mental refervation -But if he is fo wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him—if he robs—if he stabs—will not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound itself? --- Aye-but the man has carried it to confession-the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution. --- OPopery! what half thou to answer for? - when, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things-thou hast wilfully fet open this wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows! to go aftray

of himself; and confidently speak peace

to himself, when there is no peace.

Of this the common instances which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself—I must refer him a moment to his own restections, and will then venture to trust

my appeal with his own heart.
Let him consider in how different a degree of deteilation, numbers of wicked actions stand there, though equally had and vicious in their own natures he will soon find, that such of them as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and flattering hand can give them —and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear at once naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe-we read his heart smote him for what he had done-but in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust-where conscience had so much greater reason to take the alarm-his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of that crime, to the time Nathan was fent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least forrow or compunction of heart which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done.

Thus conscience, this once able monitor—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes does it's office so negligently—sometimes so corruptly—that it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, it's determinations.

'So that if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be missed in namely, in what degree of real merit you stand, either as an honest man, an useful

useful citizen, a faithful subject to your king, or a good servant to your God, —call in religion and morality.—
Look, what is written in the law of God?—How readest thou?—Consult calm reason, and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth—what

fay they?

Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these reports—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the apostle supposes—the rule will be infallible'—[Here Doctor Slop sell asseed.]—' thou wilt have considered towards God—that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast past upon thyself, is the judgment of God; and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous fentence which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

'Resseed is the man, indeed, then, as

Bleffed is the man, indeed, then, as the author of the book of Reclefiasticus expresses it, who is not pricked with the multitude of his fins: Bleffed is the man aubose heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich or whether he be poor, if he have a good bart, (a heart thus guided and in-formed) be shall at all times rejoice in a chearful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that fit above upon a tower on ' high.'-['A tower has no strength,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'unless 'tis flanked.']--- In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thoufand casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour than all the causes and restrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply:-Forced, I lay, as things Itand; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects of those consciences which are no law unto themselves; well intending, by the many provisions made-that in all fuch corrupt and milguided cases, where principles and the checks of conscience will not make us uprightto supply their force—and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to ii.

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this fermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple—or at some

'Affize.—I like the reasoning—and am forry that Doctor Slop has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction—for it is now clear, that the parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. Paul in the least—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.—'A great matter, if they had differed t' replied my Uncle Toby; the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.'—'True, brother Toby,' quoth my father, shaking hands with him—'we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.

Well-what doft thou think of it?" faid my father; speaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box. I think,' answered the corporal, that the feven watchmen upon the tower-who, I suppose, are all centinels there, are more, an' please your honour, than were necessary-and, to go on at that rate, would harrass a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it—because two centinels,' added the corporal, ' are as good as twenty.-I have been a commanding officer myfelf in ' the Corps de Garde a hundred times,' continued Trim, riling an inch higher in his figure as he spoke-' and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King William, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life.'- 'Very right, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby- but you do not confider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not fuch things as our baltions, flanked and defended by other works -this, Trim, was an invention fince Solomon's death; nor had they hornworks, or ravelins before the curtin, in his time—or fuch a folsé as we make with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counterscarps pallifadoed along it, to guard against a coup de main: - So that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare fay, from the Corps de Garde, fet there, not only to look out, but to defend it.'- 'They could be no more, an' please your honour, than a Corporal's Guard.'-My father smiled inwardly - but not outwardly - the subject being rather too serious, con-fidering what had happened, to make a jest of .- So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted-he contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows.]

'To have the fear of God before our eyes; and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong.—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion—the second, those of morality—which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two tables, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

I faid, the attempt is often made;
and so it is—there being nothing more
common, than to see a man who has
no sense at all of religion, and indeed
has so much honesty as to pretend to
none, who would take it as the bitterest
affront, should you hint at a suspicion
of his moral character—or imagine
he was not conscientiously just and
forupolous to the uttermost mite.

that it is so—though one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

Let him declaim as pompously as he chuses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation, than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and change-able passion as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters

of great stress.
I will illustrate this by an example.
I know the banker I deal with,
or the physician I usually call in—
There is no need, cried Doctor Slop,
(waking) to call in any physician in
this case! — to be neither of them men
of much religion: I hear them make
a jest of it every day, and treat all it's
fanctions with so much scorn, as to
put the matter past doubt. Well—
notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one—
and, what is dearer still to me, I
trust my life to the honest skill of the
other.

Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence.—
Why, in the first place, I believe

there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage—I consider that honesty serves the pur. poses of this life—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters.—In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt me without hurting thems selves more.

· But put it otherwise; namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other fide - that a case thould happen, wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could fecrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world-or that the other could fend me out of it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his artin this case what hold have I of either of them ?- Religion, the strongell of all motives, is out of the question; -interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me-what have I left to call into the opposite scale to balance this temptation? Alas! I have nothing-nothing but what is lighter than a bubble-I must lay at the mercy of HONOUR or forme fuch capricious principle!-Strait fecurity for two of my most valuable bleshings, -my property, and my life!'

-my property, and my life!'
As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion—so, on the other hand, there
is nothing better to be expected from
religion without morality—nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man,
whose real moral character stands very
low, who yet entertains the highest
notion of himself, in the light of a
religious man.

He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable-but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, inalmuch as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age—is zealous for some points of religion—goes twice a-day to church-attends the facraments-and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion-shall cheat his conscience into a judgment, that for this he is a religious man, and has discharged truly his duty to God: and you will find that fuch a man, through force of this delugion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety—though, perhaps, ten times more moral honesty than himself.

This, likewise, is a fore evil under the sun; and, I believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, for it's time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.—
For a general proof of this—examine the history of the Romish church—' Well, what can you make of that?' cried Doctor Slop.]—' see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloods shed—' [' They may thank their own obstinacy!' cried Doctor Slop.]—' have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

'In how many kingdoms of the world—' [Here Trim kept waving his right-hand from the fermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of

the paragraph.]

In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided saint-errant spared neither age or merit, or sex or condition?—
and, as he sought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate,

nor pitied their distresses.' ['I have been in many a hattle, an' please your honour!' quoth Trim, fighing, ' but never in so melancholy a one as this !- I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls -to have been made a general officer!' 'Why? what do you understand of ' the affair?' faid Doctor Slop, looking towards Trim, with fomething more of contempt than the corporal's honest heart deserved.— What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of? "I know,' replied Trim, ' that I ' never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it-but to a woman or a child,' continued Trim, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my fife a thousand times!'—' Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah tonight,' quoth my Uncle Toby; 'and I'll give Obadiah another too. bless your honour!' replied Trim-I had rather these poor women and children had it.'—' Thou art an honett fellow,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

-My father nodded his head-as

much as to fay- and fo he is!'-

But, pr'ythee, Trim, faid my father, 'make an end—for I see thou hast' but a leaf or two lest.'

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient—consider at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.

' To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition.' ['God help my'
poor brother Tom!'] - Behold Religion, with Mercy and Justice chained down under her feet-there fitting ghaftly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and inftruments of torment. Hark !- hark ! what a piteous groan!'-- [Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.] - See the melancholy wretch who uttered it,'--[Here the tears began to trickle down.]-- 'just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent.'-['D-n them all!' quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.] " Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors—his body ' fo wasted with forrow and confine-" ment-[' Oh, 'tis my brother !' cried poor Trim in a most patsionate exclamation, dropping the fermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together-' I fear 'tis poor Tom!' My father's and my Uncle Toby's heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's diffrefs; even Slop himfelf acknowledged pity for him .- 'Why, Trim,' faid my father, 'this is not a history-'tis a fermon thou art reading: prythee begin the fentence again.']- Behold this helples victim delivered up to his tormentorshis body fo wasted with forrow and confinement, you will fee every nerve and muscle as it suffers.

'Observe the last movement of that horridengine!'—['I would rather face a cannon,' quoth Trim, stamping.]—'See what convulsions it has thrown him into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched:

'what exquisite torture he endures by it!'—['I hope 'tis not in Portugal.']—'It is all nature can bear!

Good God! fee how it keeps his weary foul hanging upon his tremb-' ling lips!'-['I would not read another line of it,' quoth Trim, ' for all the world-I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in Portugal, where ' my poor brother Tom is.'- I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my fa-ther, tit is not an historical accountit is a description.'- It is only a description, honest man, quoth Slop; there's not a word of truth in it. . That's another story, replied my father .- ' However, as Trim reads it with fo much concern-tis cruelty to force him to go on with it .- Give me hold of the termon, Trim-I'll finish it for thee, and thou mayeft go.'- ' I must stay and hear it too!' replied Trim, ' if your honour will allow me; -though I would not read it myfelf for a colonel's pay.'- Poor Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby .- My father went on.]

' --- Consider the nature of the pofture in which he now lies stretchedwhat exquifite torture he endures by ' it!-'Tis all nature can bear!-Good God! fee how it keeps his weary foul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take it's leave-but not fuffered to depart!-Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!'-Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, ' they have not killed him.'] - ' See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames, and the infults in his · last agonies, which this principlethis principle, that there can be relie gion without mercy—has prepared for him.'-[' Then, thank God-he is dead!' quoth Trim; 'he is out of his pain-and they have done their " worst at him!-O, Sirs!- ' Hold your peace, Trim,' faid my father, going on with the fermon, left Trim should incente Doctor Slop-' we shall never have done at this rate.']

Ine furest way to try the merit of any disputed notion, is to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of Christianiry—'tis the short and decisive rule which our Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments—By their fruits ye shall

know them.
I will add no farther to the length

' I will add no farther to the length of this fermon, than by two or three

fhort and independent rules deducible from it.

'First, Whenever a man talks loudly
'against religion, always suspect that
'it is not his reason, but his passions
'which have got the better of his
'CREED. A bad life, and a good
'belief, are disagreeable and trouble.
'fome neighbours; and where they se.
'parate, depend upon it, 'tis for no
'other cause but quietness sake.

presented, tells you in any particular instance—that such a thing goes against his conscience—always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you such a thing goes against his stomach—a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both. In a word—trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction—a mistake in which has ruined thousands—that your conscience is not a law—no; God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine—not, like an Asiatick casi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions—but like a British judge, in this land of liberty and good fense, who makes no new law, but faithfully declares that law which he

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knows already written.

'Thou hast read the sermon extreme-' ly well, Trim,' quoth my father .-' If he had spared his comments,' replied Doctor Slop-' he would have read it much better.'- ' I should have ' read it ten times better, Sir,' answered Trim, ' but that my heart was fo full.'- That was the very reason, 'Trim,' replied my father, 'which has made thee read the fermon as well as thou haft done-and if the clergy of our church,' continued my father, addreffing himself to Dector Slop, would ' take part in what they deliver as deep-'ly as this poor fellow has done-as ' their compositions are fine-' ['Ide-' ny it!' quoth Doctor Slop.]-' I ' maintain it—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world. But, alas!' continued my

father, ' and I own it, Sir, with forrow, that, like French politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field. Twere a pity, quoth my unele, 'that this should be lost. I like the fermon well, replied my father- 'tis dramatick-and there is fomething in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the atten-tion. — We preach much in that way with us,' faid Doctor Slop .- 'I know that very well,' faid my father-but in a tone and manner which disgusted Doctor Slop, full as much as his affent, fimply, could have pleafed him .- ' But in this,' added Doctor Slop, a little piqued-' our fermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a faint.'- There are fome ' very bad characters in this, however,' faid my father, 'and I do not think the fermon a jot the worse for 'em.'-But pray, quoth my Uncle Tobywho's can this be?-How could it get into my Stevinus?'- A man must be as great a conjuror as Stevinus, faid my father, 'to resolve the second question: -the first, I think, is not so difficult - for, unless my judgment greatly deceives me-I know the author; for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.'

The similitude of the style and manner of it, with those my father con-fantly had heard preached in his parishchurch, was the ground of his conjecture-proving it as strongly, as an argument à priori could prove such a thing to a philosophick mind, that it was Yorick's, and no one's elfe. It was proved to be so à posteriori, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my Uncle Toby's house to enquire

after it.

It feems that Yorick, who was inquifitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my Uncle Toby, and had carefully popped his fermon, as foon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever fubject, he had fent Stevinus home, and his fermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated fermon! thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee, a second time! dropped through an unsuspected fiffure in thy mafter's pocket, down into

a treacherous and a tattered liningtrod deep into the dirt by the left hindfoot of his Rofinante, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falled'ft-buried ten days in the mire-raised up out of it by a beggar-fold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk-transferred to his parson -loft for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days-nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this fermon of Yorick's was preached at an affize, in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done-and within fo thort a space as two years and three months after Yorick's death? --- Yorick, indeed, was never better ferved in his life; -but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorickand, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away-and, that I am told he could moreover have madeas good a one himself, had he thought fit-I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the worldnor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church—I leave that to others but I find myfelf impelled by two reafons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, that, in doing justice, I may give rest to Yorick's ghost-which -as the country-people, and fome others, believe—fill walks.

The fecond reason is, that, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—that in case the character of Parson Yorick, and this sample of his sermons, is likedthere are now in the possession of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service -and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

BADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green baize bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

Doctor Slop, (clearing up his looks)
as we are in a condition to be of some
fervice to Mrs. Shandy, to send up

fairs to know how the goes on.'

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty-for you must know, Doctor Slop,' continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, 'that by express treaty, folemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no · more than an auxiliary in this affairand not fo much as that, unless the · lean old mother of a midwife above fairs cannot do without you .- Women have their particular fancies; and in points of this nature,' continued my father, 'where they bear the whole burden, and fuffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species-they claim a right of deciding, en souveraines, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they chuse to under-" go it."

They are in the right of it!' quoth my Uncle Toby. ' But, Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, not taking notice of my Uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father—' they had better govern in other points—and a father of a family, who wishes it's perpetuity, in my opiinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.'- 'I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he faid- 'I know not,' quoth he, ' what we have left to give up, in. · lieu of who shall bring our children into the world, unless that-of who fhall beget them.'- One would almost give up any thing,' replied Doctor Slop- 'I beg your pardon!' anfwered my Uncle Toby .- 'Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would aftonish you to know what improvements we have " made of late years in all branches of · obstetrical knowledge, but particu-· larly in that one fingle point of the fafe and expeditious extraction of the fætus-which has received fuch lights, 'that, for my part,' (holding up his hands) 'I declare, I wonder how the world has—' 'I wish,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had feen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.'

CHAP. XIX.

Have dropped the curtain over this feene for a minute—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of it's due course—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereaster, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my Uncle Toby, my father, and Doctor Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this - that from the specimens of fingularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian-names, and that other point previous thereto-you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am fure I faid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimfical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting-down to the lean and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

-Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would fee nothing in the light in which others placed it—he placed things in his own light he would weigh nothing in common scales-no; he was too refined a researcher, to lie open to so gross an imposition .- To come at the exact weight of things in the scientifick steel-yard, the fulcrum, he would fay, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets; -without this, the minutize of philosophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.' ledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible in infinitum-that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world .- In a word, he would fay, error was errorno matter where it fell-whether in 4

fractions

fraction, or a pound-it was alike fatal to Truth, and she was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing as in the difk of the fun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of confidering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that fo many things in this world were out of joint-that the political arch was giving way-and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped as estimators had

reported.

'You cry out,' he would fay, 'we are a ruined, undone people. - Why?' he would ask, making use of the forites or fyllogism of Zeno and Caryfippus, without knowing it belonged to them. - Why? why are we a ruined people? Because we are corrupted .-Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted ?- Becaule we are needy! -our poverty, and not our wills, confent .- And wherefore, he would add, ' are we needy? - From the ' neglect,' he would answer, ' of our ' pence and our halfpence :- our bankonotes, Sir; our guineas; -nay, our · hillings-take care of them felves."

'It is the same,' he would say, throughout the whole circle of the fciences—the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon. - The laws of nature will ' defend themselves-but error,'-(he would add, looking earneftly at my mother) - error, Sir, creeps in through the minute holes and finall crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.'

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of-the point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is

as follows.

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Amongst the many and excellent reafons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Doctor Slop's allistance preferably to that of the old woman-there was one of a very fingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher, he had put his whole frength to, depending indeed upon it as his heet anchor .- It failed him: though from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not

able for his foul to make her comprehend the drift of it. - 'Curfed luck!'faid he to himself one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been staring it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpole- curled hick!'-faid he, biting his lip as he thut the door- for a man to be mafter of one of the finelt chains of reasoning ' in nature - and have a wife at the fame time with fuch a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a fingle inference within fide of it, to fave his foul from

destruction!

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother - had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together : - I will therefore endeavour to do it justice-and fet it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father let out upon the strength of these two following axioms :

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the ground-work of the first axiomthough it comes last) That every man's wit must come from every man's own

foul-and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all fouls were by nature equal-and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understand-ing-was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance ahove or below another-but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the foul principally took up her residencehe had made it the subject of his enquiry

to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was fatisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for her about the fize of a marrow-pea; though, to fpeak the truth, as fo many nerves did terminate all in that one place, -it was no bad conjecture; -and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the centre of the mittake-had it not been for my Uncle Toby-who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain shot away by a

mulket-

musket-ball-and another part of it taken out after by a French furgeon; and, after all, recovered, and did his

duty very well without it.

· If death,' faid my father, reasoning with himself, ' is nothing but the · feparation of the foul from the bodyand if it is true that people can walk about and do their bufiness without brains-then certes the foul does not

' inhabit there.' Q.E.D.

As for that certain, very thin, fubtle, and very fragrant juice, which Coglionissimo Borri, the great Milaneze phyfician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the terebellum, and which he likewiseassirms to be the principal feat of the reasonable soul, (for, you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two fouls in every man living-the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the Animus, the other the Anima;) -as for this opinion, I fay, of Borri-my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the Anima, or even the Animus, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both fummer and winter, in a puddleor in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he should say, shocked his imagination : he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seemed the least liable to objection of any, was, that the chief sensorium, or head quarters of the foul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued-was in or near the cerebellum-or rather somewhere about the medulla oblongata, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ieven fenfes concentered, like treets and wind-

ing alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing fingular in my father's opinion—he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates,

to go along with him .- But here he took a road of his own, fetting up ano. ther Shandean hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for himand which faid hypothesis equally stood it's ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the foul depended upon the temperature and clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer net work and tex. ture in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do confift—that next to this and his Chriftian name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all—that the third cause, or rather what the logicians call the caufa fine qua non, and without which all that was done was of no manner of fignificance-was the prefervation of this delicate and fine-fpun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonfenfical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremolt

This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into Lithopedus Senonesis de Partu difficili *, published by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found our, that the lax and pliable state of 1 child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no futures at that time, was fuch—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labour pains, was equal, upon an average to the weight of four hundred and leventy pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it—it so happened, that in forty-nine instances out of fifty, the faid head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, fuch as a pastry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.

The author is here twice mistaken—for Lithopædus should be wrote thus, Lithopædus Senonensis Icon. The second mistake is, that this Lithopædus is not an author but a crawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by Albosius, 1580, may be feen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr. Triffram Shandy has been led into this error, either from feeing Lithopædus's name of late in a catalogue -, or by mistaking Lithopadus for Trinecaveilius-from -learned writers in Doctor the too great similitude of the names. 6 G004

Good God! cried my father, what havock and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is such a juice as Borri pretends—is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both feculent and

mothery ?"

But how great was his apprehension, when he farther understood, that this so ce acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself or cerebrum—but that it necessarily squeezed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' cried my father—' can any soul withstand this shock?—No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tattered as we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk—all perplexity—all confusion within-side.'

But when my father read on, and was let into the fecret, that when a child was turned topfy-turvy, which was eafy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet-that instead of the cerebrum being propelled towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propelled fimply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt- 'By heavens!' cried he, 'the world is in a conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given usand the profesfors of the obstetrick art ' are listed into the fame conspiracy .-What is it to me which end of my ion comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed?'

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself, as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.—This

is of great use.

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When my father was gone with this about a month, there was fearce a phænomenon, of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it—it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.—'Poor devil!' he would say—'he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.'—It unriddled the observations of drivellers and monstrous heads

-flewing, à priori, it could not be otherwise-unles **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Aliatick genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loofe and common-place folution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual funthine, &c .- which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the foul into nothing, by one extreme—as they are condensed in colder climates, by the other-but he traced the affair up to it's spring-headshewed that, in warmer climates nature had laid a lighter fax upon the fairest part of the creation-their pleasures more-the necessity of their pains lessinfomuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was fo flight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preserved nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a fingle thread of the net-work was broke or displaced—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far-what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsarean section, and of the towering geniuses who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? 'Here you see,' he would fay, ' there was no injury done to the sensorium-no pressure of the head against the pelvis-no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the os pubis on this side, or the os coxcygis on that—and pray, what were the happy confequences?-Why, Sir, your Julius Cæfar, who gave the operation a name—and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name-your Scipio Africanus-your Manlius Torquatus—our Edward the Sixth; who, had he lived, would have done the fame honour to the hypothefis-thefe, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame—all

The incision of the abdomen and uterus ran for six weeks together in my father's head—He had read, and was fatisfied, that wounds in the epigastrium, and those in the matrix, were not mortal—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother—

merely as a matter of fact—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it—as much as the operation statement his hopes, he thought it as well to say no more of it—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to

no purpose to propose.

This was my father Mr. Shandy's hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we have been speaking of : for happening not only to be christened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epfom-being moreover my mother's first child-coming into the world with his head foremostand turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful flow parts-my father spelt all these together in his opinion-and, as he had failed at one end, he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the fisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way—and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he

could better deal with.

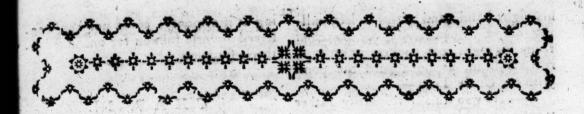
Of all men in the world, Doctor Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose—for though his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance—yet, it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy—though not with a view to the soul's good in ex-

tracking by the feet, as was my father's fystem—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This accounts for the coalition betwixt my father and Doctor Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my Uncle Toby .- In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two fuch allies in science-is hard to conceive. - You may conjecture upon it, if you please-and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my Uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin. You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage-articles-and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, godfathers and god-mothers not excepted. -Thefe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to folve if you have time-but I tell you before-kand it will be in vain-for not the Sage Alquife, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no less famous Urganda, the forceress his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year—when a series of things will be laid open which he little ex-

pects



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.



Wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby— (repeating his wish for Doctor Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his

manner of wishing, than he had wished at first*) 'I wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had seen what 'prodigious armies we had in Flanders!'

My Uncie Toby's wish did Doctor Slop a disservice which his heart never intended any man—Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to slight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes—male or female—whether for honour, for profit, or for love—it makes no difference in the case—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wish coming side-ways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the safest way in general to take off the force of the wish, is for the party wished at, instantly to get upon his legs—and wish the wisher something in return, of pretty near the same value—so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you were—nay, sometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my chapter of wishes.—

Doctor Slop did not understand the nature of this defence-he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop to the dispute for four minutes and a halffive had been fatal to it-my father faw the danger-the dispute was one of the most interesting disputes in the world-whether the child of his prayers and endeavours should be born without a head or with one—he waited to the last moment to allow Doctor Slop, in whose behalf the wish was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I fay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye, which puzzled fouls generally stare with-first in my Uncle Toby's face-then in his-then upthen down-then east-east and by east—and so on—coasting it along by the plinth of the wainfcot till he had got to the opposite point of the compass-and that he had actually begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his chair-my father thought there was no time to be lost with my Uncle Toby, so took up the discourse as fol-

CHAP. II.

" you had in Flanders!"

Brother Toby,' replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with

his right hand, and with his left pulling out a striped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my Uncle Toby-

-Now in this I think my father was much to blame : and I will give you

my reasons for it.

Matters of no more feeming confequence in themselves than-whether my father should have taken off his wig with his right-hand or with his left-have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads. -But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumstances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world it's fize and shape !- and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is-great-little-good-bad-indifferent, or not indifferent-just as the çafe happens.

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat pocket, he should by no means have suffered his righthand to have got engaged: on the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right-hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out-which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twitt in any one tendon or

mufcle of his whole body.

In this case—(unless, indeed, my father had been retolved to make a fool of himself by holding the wig stiff in his left-hand—or by making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbowjoint, or arm-pit)-his whole attitude had been easy - natural - unforced: Reynolds himself, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he fat.

Now as my father managed this matter-confider what a devil of a figure

my father made of himself.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the First-coatpockets were cut very low down in the skirt-I need fay no more-the father of mischief, had he been hammer-

ing at it a month, could not have contrived a worse fashion for one in my father's fituation.

CHAP. III.

T was not an eafy matter, in any king's reign, (unless you were as lean a subject as myself) to have forced your hand diagonally quite across your whole body, fo as to gain the bottom of your oppointe coat-pocket .- In the year one thousand seven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; so that when my Uncle Toby discovered the transverse zigzaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it instantly brought into his mind those he had done duty in before the gate of St. Nicholas-the idea of which drew off his attention so entirely from the subjest in debate, that he had got his right-hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compaffes and fector along with it, to measure the returning angles of the traverses of that attack-but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows; and as he knit them, all the blood in his body feemed to rush up into his face-my Uncle Toby difmounted immediately.

- I did not apprehend your Uncle Toby was o' horseback.'-

CHAP. IV.

Man's body and his mind, with A the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining-rumple the one-you rum. ple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this case-and that is, when you are so fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a farcenet or thin persian.

Zero, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babilo, nius, Dionysius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Possidonius, amongst the Greeks-Cato, and Varro, and Seneca amongst the Romans-Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne, amongst the Christians; and a score and a half of good, honest, unthinking Shandean people, as ever lived, whole names I can't recollect—all pretended

that their jerkins were made after this fashion—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted and fridged the outside of them all to pieces—in short, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the same time, not one of the insides of them would have been one button the worse for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conscience, that mine is made up somewhat after this sort—
for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at such a rate as it has been these last nine months together—and yet I declare, the lining to it—as far as I am a judge of the matter—is not a three-penny piece the worse—Pell-mell, helter skelter, ding-dong, cut and thrust, back-stroke and fore-stroke, side-way and long-way, have they been trimming it for me!—Had there been the least gummines in my lining—by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

You, Meffieurs, the Monthly Reviewers!—how could you cut and flash my jerkin as you did!—How did you know, but you would cut my lin-

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Heartily, and from my foul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs—so God bless you! Only, next month, if any one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me, as some of you did last May-(in which I rememben the weather was very hot)-don't be exasperated, if I pass it by again with good temper-being determined as long as I live or write (which in my case means the same thing) never to give the honelt gentleman a worse word or a worse wish than my Uncle Toby gave the fly which burzed about his nofe all dinnertime-' Go, go, poor devil,' quoth he; " get thee gone !- why should I hurt thee? This world is furely wide enough to hold both thee and me.'

CHAP. V.

A NY man, Madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's countenance—by means of which (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face, as I told you) he

must have reddened, pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour—any man, Madam, but my Uncle Toby, who had observed this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted had he been a lover of fuch kind of concord as arifes from two fuch instruments being put in exact tune—he would instantly have screwed up his to the same pitch—and then the devil and all had broke loofe—the whole piece, Madam, must have been played off like the fixth of Avison Scarlatticon furia—like mad.— Grant me patience! - what has con furia - con fire-' pito-or any other hurly-burly whatever, to do with harmony?"

Any man, I say, Madam, but my Uncle Toby—the benignity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindest sense the motion would admit of—would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My Uncle Toby blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole—so, sitting still till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpressible good-will—my father at length went on

as follows.

CHAP. VI.

"What prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

Brother Toby,' quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honest a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God creatednor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, shall, will, or ought to be hegotten, come with their heads foremost into the world-but, believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably waylay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em-though these, in my opinion, are well worth confidering-but the dangers and difficulties our children are beset with, after they are got forth into the world, are enough-little need is there to expose them to unnecessary ones in their

pallage to it!'— Are these dangers, quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying his hand ppon my father's knee, and looking up feriously in his face for an answer; thele dangers greater now o'days, brother, than in times past?'- Brother Toby,' answered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born salive, and healthy, and the mother did · well after it-our forefathers never · looked farther.' My Uncle Toby infantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raised his head till he could just see the cornice of the soomand then directing the buccinatory muscles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muscles around his lips to do their duty he whiftled Lillabullero.

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my Uncle Toby was whistling Lillabullero to my father-Doctor Slop was stamping, and curfing, and damning at Obadiah, at a most dreadful rate—it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile fin of swearing, to have heard him. I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Doctor Slop's raid delivered the green baize bag, with her mafter's instruments in it, to Obadiah, she very fenfibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ftrings, and ride with it flung across his body: so undoing the bow-knot to lengthen the strings for him, without any more ado, the helped him on with it. However, as this, in some measure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, left any thing should bolt out in galloping back at the fpeed Obadiah threatened, they confulted to take it off again : and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two strings and tied them close (pursing up the mouth of the bag first) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadjah, to make all fafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ftrength of his body.

This answered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy against some evils which neither he or the foresaw. The instruments, it seems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had so much room to play in it, towards the hottom, (the shape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make

a trot of it, but with fuch a terribi jingle, what with the tire tote, forcepa and fquirt, as would have been enough had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him our of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot af. fayed to prick his coach-horfe into a full gallop-by Heaven, Sir, the jingle was incredible !

As Obadiah had a wife and three children-the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill confequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain-he had however his objection, which came home to himself, and weight ed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greatest patriots-the poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himself whiftle.

CHAP. VIII.

S Obadiah loved wind-mulick pro-A ferably to all the instrument mufick he carried with him-he very confiderately fet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what mean he should put himself in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diffreffes (except mufical) where finall cords are wanted, nothing is fo apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band -the philosophy of this is so near the furface-I fcorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed cafemark, Sirs-I say, a mixed case-for it was obstetrical-scriptical, squirtical, papiffical—and as far as the coachhorse was concerned in it-caball-iffical -and only partly mufical-Obadial made no fcruple of availing himself of the first expedient which offered; fo taking hold of the bag and instruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hatband betwixt his teeth, and then flipping his hand down to the middle of it -he tied and cross-tied them all fall together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with fuch 1 multiplicity of round-abouts and inthcate crofs turns, with a hard knot at every intersection or point where the strings met—that Doctor Slop must have had three-fifths of Job's patience, at least, to have unloofed them. —I thinkin my conscience, that had Nature been in

me of her nimble moods, and in humour or fuch a contest-and the and Doctor dop both fairly started together-there s no man living who had seen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to itnd known likewise the great speed the oddels can make when she thinks proer, who would have had the least doubt emaining in his mind-which of the wo would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been deliverd fooner than the green bag infallibly -at least by twenty knots. - Sport of mall accidents, Triftram Shandy! that hou art, and ever will be! had that trial een made for thee, and it was fifty to ne but it had-thy affairs had not been b depressed-(at least by the depression f thy nose)—as they have been; nor ad the fortunes of thy house and the ccasions of making them, which have often presented themselves in the ourse of thy life, to thee, been so often, vexatiously, so tamely, so irrecoverbly abandoned—as thou hast been orced to leave them--but 'tis over-Il but the account of 'em, which canot be given to the curious till I am got ut into the world.

CHAP. IX.

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MEAT wits jump ment Doctor Slop cast his eyes REAT wits jump-for the mopon his bag-(which he had not done I the dispute with my Uncle Toby out midwifery put him in mind of it) the very fame thought occurred-It is God's mercy,' quoth he to himf, ' that Mrs. Shandy has had to bad a time of it-elfe she might have been brought to-bed seven times told, before one half of these knots could have got untied.'-But here, you must stinguish—the thought floated only in octor Slop's mind, without fail or ballaft it, as a simple proposition; millions which, as your worthip knows, are ery day swimming quietly in the middle the thin juice of a man's understands, without being carried backwards forwards, till some little gust of pasn or interest drive them to one side. A fudden trampling in the room ove, near my mother's bed, did the Profition the very fervice I am speakof. 'By all that's unfortunate,'
oth Doctor Slop, 'unless I make lafte, the thing will actually befall me

CHAP. X.

N the case of knots-by which, in the first place, I would not be understood to mean slip-knots-because, in the course of my Life and Opinions my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the catastrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy—a little man—butof high fancy-he rufted into the Duke of Monmouth's affair --- nor, fecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular species of knots called how-knotsthere is so little address, or skill, or patience, required in the unloofing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them .- But by the knots I am speaking of, may it please, your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honest, devilish tight, hard knots, made bona fide, as Obadiah made hisin which there is no quibbling provision, made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the strings through the annulus or noofe made by the fecond, implication of them-to get them flipped, and undone by I hope you apprehend me.

In the case of these knots, then, and of the several obstructions which, may it please your reverences, such knots cast in our way in getting through life -every hafty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them .- 'Tis wrong, Believe me, Sirs, the most virtuous way, and which both reason and conscience dictate-is to take our teeth or our fingers to them .- Doctor Slop had lost his teeth—his favourite instrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by some misapplication of it, unfortunately flipping, he had formerly in a hard labour, knocked out three of the best of them with the handle of ithe tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut close.-The deuce take it! I can make no-' thing of it either way!' cried Doctor Slop.—The trampling over-head near my mother's bed-fide increased .- ' Pox take the fellow! I shall never get the knots untied as long as I live.'-My mother gave a groan.—' Lend me your ' penknife—I must e'en cut the knots at last-pugh-psha-Lord! I have cut my thumb quite across, to the very bone-curse the fellow!if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles-I am undone for this bout. I wish the scoundrel hanged !

hanged!—I wish he was shot!—I wish all the devils in hell had him, for a

· blockhead !'-

My father had a great respect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him disposed of in such a manner—he had moreover some little respect for himself—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himself in it.

Had Doctor Slop cut any part about him, but his thumb—my father had passed it by—his prudence had triumphed—as it was, he was determined to

have his revenge.

Small curses, Doctor Slop, upon great occasions, quoth my father, (condoling with him first upon the accident) ' are but so much waste of our frength and foul's health to no manner of purpose.'-' I own it,' replied Doctor Slop .- They are like sparrowfhot,' quoth my Uncle Toby (fuspending his whistling) ' fired against a baltion.'—' They ferve,' continued my father, ' to stir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimonyfor my own part, I seldom swear or curse at all-I hold it bad-but if I fall into it by furprize, I generally retain fo much presence of mind-(' Right,' quoth my Uncle Toby)as to make it answer my purposethat is, I swear on till I find myself eafy. A wife and a just man, however, would always endeavour to prooportion the vent given to these hu-· mours, not only to the degree of them firring within himself-but to the fize and ill-intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.'- Injuries come only from the heart; quoth my Uncle Toby. 'For this reason,' continued my father, with the most Cervantick gravity, I have the greatest veneration in the world for that gentle. man, who, in dittrust of his own dif. cretion in this point, fat down and composed (that is, at his leifure) fit forms of swearing, suitable to all cases, from the lowest to the highest provo. cations which could possibly happen to him-which forms being well con. fidered by him, and fuch moreover as he could stand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for use.'- I never apprehended,' replied Doctor Slop, that fuch a thing was ever thought of -much less executed. '- 'I beg your pardon,' answered my father; 'I was reading-though not using-one of them to my brother Toby this morning, whill he poured out the rea:-'tis here upon the shelf over my headbut, if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.'- 'Not at all,' quoth Doctor Slop-' the devil take the fellow !'- 'Then,' answered my father, 'it is much at your service, Doctor Slop—on condition you will readit aloud.—So rifing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the church of Rochester, writ by Ernulphus the bishop-with a most affected feriousness of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himfelt -he put it into Doctor Slop's hands. -Doctor Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any fuspicion, read aloud, as followsmy Uncle Tohy whittling Lillabuller as lord as he could all the time.

Textus de Ecclesia Roffensi, per Ernulfum Episcopum*.

CHAP. XXV.

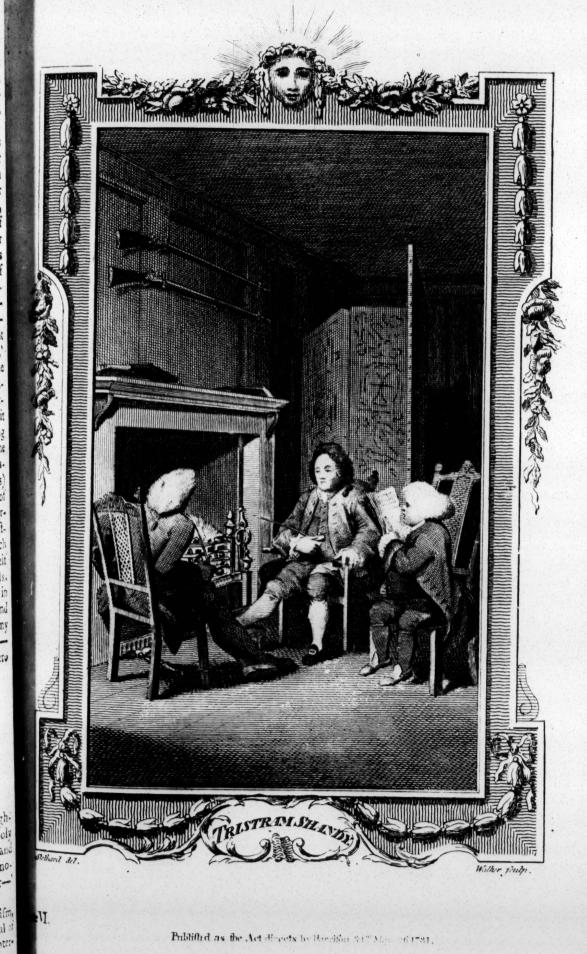
EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, et sanctorum canonum, sanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ—

CHAP. XI.

BY the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holf Ghost; and of the holy canons; and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour

^{*} As the genuineness of the consultation of the Sorbonne, upon the question of baptism, was doubted by some, and denied by others—'twas thought proper to print the original of this Excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the Chapter clerk of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.



Published as the Act directs by the rifer See May 261-81.

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[' I think there is no necessity,' quoth Doctor Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addressing himself to my father-' as you have read it over, Sir, so lately, to read it aloud—and · as Captain Shandy feems to have no great inclination to hear it-I may as well read it to myfelf.'- 'That's contrary to treaty, replied my fa-ther— befides, there is fomething fo whimfical, especially in the latter part of it, I should grieve to lose the plea-' fure of a fecond reading.' Doctor Slop did not altogether like it—but my Uncle Toby offering at that instant to give over whitling, and read it himself to them-Doctor Slop thought he might as well read it under the cover of my Uncle Toby's whiftling—as fuffer my Uncle Toby to read it aloneraising up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin—he read it aloud as follows-my Uncle Toby whiftling Lillabullero, though not quite fo loud as before. 7

-atque omnium cœlestium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, potestatuum, cherubin ac seraphin, et sanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, et omnium apostolorum et evangelistarum, et sanctorum innocentum, qui in conspectu Agni foli digni inventi funt canticum cantare novum, et sanctorum martyrum, et sanctorum confessorum, et fanctarum virginum, atque omnium fimul fanctorum et electorum Dei-Excommunicamus, et anathematizavelos ? 9 vel os mus hunc furem, vel hunc malefacto-

rem, N. N. et a liminibus sanctæ Dei, ecclesiæ sequestramus et æternis supplivel i n

ciis excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, 'Recede à nobis, 'fcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus:' et ficut aquâ ignis extinguitur, fic ex-

wel eorum tinguatur lucerna ejus in fecula feculon

rum nist respuerit, et ad satisfactionem

n

Venerit. Amen.

By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celeftial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubins and feraphins, and of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, who in the fight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to fing the new fong of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the faints together with the holy and elect of God—May he'—(Obadiah)—be damned,' for tying these knots. We excommunicate, and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed and delivered over, with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord God, " Depart from us, we desire none of " thy ways." And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out for ever more, unless it shall repent him,' (Obadiah) of the knots which he has tied-' and make fatif-' faction'-(for them)-' Amen.'

L

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hoos
minem creavit. Maledicat illum Dei
Filius qui pro homine passus est. Ma-

ledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in

baptismo effusus est. Maledicat illum fancta crux, quam Christus pro nostra falute hostem triumphans, ascendit.

Maledicat illum fancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat os illum Sanctus Michael, animarum fus-

ceptor facrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus, et potestates, omnisque militia cœlestis.

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum laudabilis numerus. Male-

dicat illum Sanctus Johannes, Præcurfor et Baptista Christi, et Sanctus Petrus, et Sanctus Paulus, atque Sanctus
Andreas, omnesque Christi apostoli,
simul et cæteri discipuli, quatuor quoque evangelistæ, qui sua prædicatione
mundum universum converterunt. Ma-

ledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confessorum morificus, qui Dei bonis operibus placitus inventus est.

Maledicant illum facrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana causa honoris Christi respuenda contempserunt. Male-

dicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio mundi usque in finem seculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia sancta in eis manentia.

i n n Maledictus fit ubicunque fuerit, sive in domo, sive in agro, sive in viâ, sive in semirâ, sive in silva, sive in aquâ, sive in ecclesâ.

i n Maledictus sit vivendo, moriendoMay the Father who created man, curse him—May the Son who suffered for us, curse him.—May the Holy Ghost, who was given to us in baptism, curse him—(Obadiah)
— May the holy cross, which Christ for our salvation triumphing over his enemies ascended, curse him.

May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him.—
May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him.'—['Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,' cried my Uncle Toby—'but nothing to this.—'For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse my dog so.']

'May St. John the Præcursor and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other Christ's apostles, together curse him. And may the rest of his disciples, and four evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world—and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty—curse him,'—(Obadiah.)

'May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for the honour of Christ have despised the things of the world, damn him.—May all the saints, who from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him.—May the heavens and earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him,—(Obadian)—'or her,'—(or whoever else had a hand in tying these knots.)

'May he,'—(Obadiah)—'be damn'd wherever he be—whether in the house or the stables, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church.—May he be cursed in living, in dying—'[Here my Uncle Toby, taking

manducando, bibendo, esuriendo, sitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, stando, sedendo, jacendo, operando, quiescendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

i n Maledictus fit in totis viribus corporis.

i n Maledictus fit intus et exterius.

Maledictus sit in capillis; maledictus n i n sit in cerebro. Maledictus sit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in superciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris sive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus, stomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in semore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum, a vertice capitis, usque ad plantam pedis—non sit in eo sanitas.

Maledicat illum Christus Filius Dei vivi toto suæ majestatis imperio-

taking the advantage of a minim in the fecond bar of his tune, kept whistling one continual note to the end of the sentence.—Doctor Slop, with his division of curses moving under him, like a running bass all the way.]—' May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, in pisses, in shitting, and in blood-letting!

- 'May he,'—(Obadiah)—' be curfed in the faculties of his body.
- 'May he be curfed inwardly and outwardly—May he be curfed in the hair of his head!—May he be curfed in his brains, and in his vertex,'—['That is a fad curfe,' quoth my father.]—'in his temples, in his fore-head, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his fhoulders, in his wrifts, in his arms, in his hands, in his fingers!

May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breaft, in his heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach!

- 'May he be cursed in his reins, and in his groin—' ['God in heaven forbid!' quoth my Uncle Toby.]—' in his thighs, in his genitals,'—(my father shook his head)—' in his hips, and in his knees, his legs and feet, and toe-nails!
- 'May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his members, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot! May there be no soundness in him.
- 'May the Son of the living God,
 'with all the glory of his Majesty—'
 [Here my Uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monstrous long, loud 'Whew—w—w!' fomething betwixt the interjectional whistle of 'Hey-day!' and the word itself.—

By the golden beard of Jupiter—and of Juno (if her majetty wore one) and by the beards of the rest of your heathen worships—which, by the bye, was no small number—since what with the beards of your celestral gods, and gods aerial and aquatick—to say no-

et infurgat adverfus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad damnandum eum, nifi penituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

thing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddeffes your whores and concubines—(that is, in case they wore them) -all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thou. fand effective beards upon the Pagan establishment; every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being flroked and fworn by-by all these beards together, then-I vow and protest—that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his-only to have stood by, and heard my Uncle Toby's accompanyment.

- curse him!'-continued Doc. tor Slop-' and may Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rike up against him, curse and damn him, -(Obadiah)- unless he repent, and ' make satisfaction! Amen .- So beit · -So be it .- Amen.'

' I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, my heart would not let me curfe the devil himself with so much bitterness.' - He is the father of curses,' replied Doctor Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle.—'But he is curfed and damned already to all eternity,' replied Doctor Slop.

' I am forry for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop drew up his mouthand was just beginning to return my Uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu-u-u-or interjectional whistle -when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one-put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

OW don't let us give ourselves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and because we have the spirit to swear them-imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoisseur-though I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing-asl would do to a connoisseur in painting, &c. &c. the whole set of 'em are h hung round and befetished with the bobs and trinkets of criticism—or, to drop my metaphor, which, by the bye, is a pity-for I have fetched it as far as from the coast of Guinea—their heads, Si, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have that eternal propenfity to apply them upon all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than stand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

- And how did Garrick speak

the foliloquy last night?'—' Oh, against all rule, my lord—most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should

agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus-top-

ping, as if the point wanted fettling-and betwixt the nominative

case, which your lordship knows ' should govern the verb, he suspended

' his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three feconds and three fifths, by a

' stop-watch, my lord, each time. · Admirable grammarian !- But in fu-

fpending.

fpending his voice—was the fense sufpended likewise?—Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasin?—Was the eye filent?—Did you narrowly look?'—'I looked only at the stop watch, my lord.'—'Ex-

cellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world make fuch a rout about?'—'Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing!—
not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compaffes, &c. my lord, in my pocket.'—'Excellent critick!'

And for the epick poem your lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of it's dimensions.'—'Admirable connoisseur!'

- And did you step in to take a · look at the grand picture in your way back?'-' It is a melancholy daub! ' my lord; not one principle of the py-' ramid in any one group! ---- and what · a price !- for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Reubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino-the corregi-' escity of Corregio-the learning of Pouffin-the airs of Guido-the tafte of the Carrachi's—or the grand con-' tour of Angelo.'-Grant me patience, just Heaven!-Of all the cants which are canted in this canting worldthough the cant of hypocrites may be the worlt—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, (for I have not a horse worth riding on) to kis the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares

not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour—give me—I ask no more—but one stroke of native humour, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it—and send Mercury, with the rules and compasses, if he can be spared, with my compliments, to—no matter.

Now to any one else, I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world for these two hundred and fifty years last past as originals—except St. Paul's thumb—God's

flesh, and God's fish-which were oaths monarchial-and, confidering who made them, not much amis: and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fish or flesh-else, I say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse amongst them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thoufand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely short of the force and spirit of the original !—It is thought to be no bad oath—and by itself passes very well—' G—d damn you.'—Set it before Ernulphus's- God Almighty ' the Father damn you-God the Son ' damn you-God the Holy Ghost damn ' you;' you fee 'tis nothing. - There is an orientality in his we cannot rife up to: besides, he is more copious in his invention-possessed more of the excellencies of a swearer-had such a thorough knowledge of the human frame, it's membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulationsthat when Ernulphus curfed-no part escaped him. 'Tis true there is something of a bardness in his manner-and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of grace -but then there is fuch a greatness of gusto !-

My father, who generally looked upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He confidered rather Ernulphus's anathema, as an institute of swearing, in which, as he suspected, upon the decline of swearing in some milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the fucceeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it—for the same reason that Justinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digeftleft, through the rust of time-and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition—they should be lost to the

world for ever.

For this reason my father would ofttimes affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror—'By the splen-'dour of God!' down to the lowest oath of a scavenger—'Damn your eyes!' which was not to be found in Ernulphus—'In short,' he would add, 'I 'defy a man to swear out of it.'

The hypothesis is, like most of my father's,

father's, fingular and ingenious toonor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

LESS my foul!—my poor 'mistressis ready to faint—
'and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurse has cut her arm—' 'And I my thumb!' cried Doctor Slop—'and the child is where it was,' continued Susannah—' and the midwise has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruised her hip as black as your hat.'—' I'll look at it,' quoth Doctor Slop. There's no need of that,' replied Susannah—' you had better look at my mistress—but the midwise would gladly first give you an account how things are, so desires you would go up stairs and speak to her this moment.'

Human nature is the same in all professions.

The midwife had just before been put over Doctor Slop's head-he had not digested it- 'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.'-· I like fubordination,' quoth my Uncle Toby-' and, but for it, after the reduction of Lisle, I know not what · might have become of the garrison of · Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year ten.'- Nor,' replied Doctor Slop, (parodying my Uncle Toby's hobby-horfical reflection, though full as hobby-horfically himfelf)- ' do I . know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garrison above flairs, in the mutiny and confusion I find all things are in at present, but for the subordination of fingers and thumbs to ***** the application of which, Sir, under this accident of · mine, comes in so a propos, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family

CHAP. XIV.

as long as the Shandy family had a

aname.

ET us go back to the ******—in the last chapter.

It is a singular stroke of eloquence

(at least it was so when eloquence flow. rished at Athens and Rome, and would be fo now did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you in petto, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pinked doublet, a rufty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-ashes in an urn or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot-but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred, Though if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's fecond Philippick-it must certainly have beshit the orator's mantle.—And then, again, if too old-it must have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action-fo as to make him lofe by his child almost a much as he could gain by it .- Other. wife, when a state orator has hit the precise age to a minute—hid his BAM-BINO in his mantle fo cunningly that no mortal could finell it-and produced it so critically, that no soul could say it came in by head and shoulders-Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders.-It has opened the fluices, and turned the brains, and shook the principles, and unhinged the politicks, of half a nation.

These feats, however, are not to be done, except in those states and times, I fay, where orators wore mantlesand pretty large ones too, my brethren, with some twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, superfine, marketable cloth in them-with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great style of defign.—All which plainly shews, may it please your worships, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good service it does at present, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing else in the world but short coats, and the disuse of trunk hose .- We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth shewing.

CHAP. XV.

DOCTOR Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my Uncle Toby—'twas as good as the best mantle in the world to him: for which purpose, when he foresaw the sentence would end in his new-invented forceps,

e thrust his hand into the bag in order o have them ready to clap in, where your everences took so much notice of the ****: which had he managed-my Incle Toby had certainly been overhrown; the fentence and the argument n that case jumping closely in one point, o like the two lines which form the faent angle of a ravelin-Doctor Slop would never have given them up-and ny Uncle Toby would as foon thought of flying, as taking them by force. But Doctor Slop fumbled so vilely in pullng them out, it took off the whole ffect, and what was a ten times worse vil, (for they feldom come alone in his life) in pulling out his forceps, his erceps unfortunately drew out the fquirt long with it.

When a proposition can be taken in wo senses—'tis a law in disputation, hat the respondent may reply to which of the two he pleases, or finds most convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my Uncle Toby's side.—'Good God!' ried my Uncle Toby, 'are children brought into the world with a squirt?'

CHAP. XVI.

PON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of skin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps,' cried my Uncle Toby—' and you have crushed all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly.'-' It is your own fault,' aid Doctor Slop-' you should have clenched your two fifts together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and fat firm.'- ' I did fo,' anwered my Uncle Toby,- 'Then the points of my forceps have not been sufficiently armed, or the rivet wants closing-or else the cut on my thumb has made me a little aukward-or possibly-- 'It is well,' quoth my ather, interrupting the detail of polbilities- that the experiment was not first made upon my child's neadpiece.'- 'It would not have been a cherry-stone the worse,' answered Octor Slop .- 'I maintain it,' faid my Incle Toby, 'it would have broke the cerebellum, (unless, indeed, the skull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect posset.'-Phaw!' replied Doctor Slop; ' a

'child's head is naturally as foft as the pap of an apple—the futures give way—and, befides, I could have extracted by the feet after.'—'Not you,' faid she.—'I rather wish you would begin that way,' quoth my father.

' Pray do,' added my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

—What the possibility was, Doctor Slop whispered very low to my facther, and then to my Uncle Toby— 'There is no such danger,' continued he, 'with the head.'—'No, in truth,' quoth my father—'but when your pos-'sibility has taken place at the hip— 'you may as well take off the head 'too.'

It is morally impossible the reader should understand this—'tis enough Doctor Slop understood it—so taking the green baize bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripped pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across the room to the door—and from the door was shewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartment.

CHÁP. XVIII.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes,
—and no more, cried my father, looking at his watch, fince Doctor Slop and Obadiah arrived—and I
know not how it happens, brother
Toby—but to my imagination it
feems almost an age.

Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap—nay, take the bell along with

it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your fer-

vice; and I freely make you a present of 'em, on condition you give me all

your attention to this chapter.

Though my father faid, he knew not bow it happened-yet he knew very well how it happened-and at the instant he spoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my Uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphyfical differtation upon the subject of duration and it's simple modes, in order to shew my Uncle Toby by what mechanism and mensurations in the brain it came to pais, that the rapid fuccession of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of discourse from one thing to another, fince Doctor Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out fo fhort a period to fo inconceivable an extent .-I know not how it happens,' cried my father, ' but it feems an age."

Uncle Toby, 'to the fuccession of our

· ideas.

My father, who had an itch in common with all philosophers, of reasoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too-proposed infinite pleasure to himself in this, of the succession of ideas, and had not the least apprehension of having it snatched out of his hands by my Uncle Toby, who (honest man) generally took every thing as it happened—and who, of all men in the world, troubled his brain the least with abstruse thinking—the ideas of time and space-or how we came by those ideas—or of what stuff they were made -or whether they were born with usor we picked them up afterwards as we went along-or whether we did it in frocks-or not till we had got into breeches-with a thousand other inquiries and disputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSI-TY, and so forth, upon whose desperate and unconquerable theories fo many fine heads have been turned and cracked-never did my Uncle Toby's the least injury at all: my father knew it-and was no less surprized, than he was disappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous folution.

'Do you understand the theory of that affair?' replied my father.

' Not I,' quoth my uncle.

But you have some ideas,' said my father, 'of what you talk about?'-

' No more than my horse,' replied

my Uncle Toby.

Gracious Heaven!' cried my father, looking upwards, and clasping his two hands together—' there is a worth in thy honest ignorance, brother Toby; '—'twere almost a pity to exchange it for a knowledge—But I'll tell thee.

' To understand what time is aright, without which we never can compre. hend infinity, infomuch as one is a portion of the other-we ought fe. riously to fit down and consider what idea it is we have of duration, fo as to give a fatisfactory account how we came by it.'- What is that to any body?' quoth my Uncle Toby, * For if you will turn your eyes in wards upon your mind,' continued my father, ' and observe attentively, son will perceive, brother, that whill you and I are talking together, and thinking, and smoaking our pipes; or whilst we receive successively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exist, and so we estimate the existence, or the continuation of the existence of our. selves, or any thing else, commensurate to the succession of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourselves, or any fuch other thing co-existing with our thinking—and so according to that preconceived- ' You puzzle me to death!' cried my Unch Toby.

my father, 'that in our computations' of time, we are so used to minutes, 'hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks, (I wish there was not a clock in the kingdom) to measure out that 'feveral portions to us, and to those who belong to us—that 'twill be well if, in time to come, the succession of our ideas be of any use or service to we

'at all.
'Now, whether we observe it or no, continued my father, 'in every sound 'man's head, there is a regular suo 'cession of ideas of one fort or other, 'which follow each other in train just 'like-' 'A train of artillery,' said my Uncle Toby.—'A train of a fiddle 'stick!'—quoth my father—'which 'follow and succeed one another in our 'minds at certain distances, just like 'the images in the inside of a lanthon 'turned round by the heat of a candle

I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, mine are more like a smoak-jack.'—
Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to say to you upon that subject,' faid my father.

CHAP. XIX.

WHAT a conjuncture was here lost! --- My father in one of his best explanatory moods-in eager pursuit of a metaphysick point into the very regions where clouds and thick darkness would foon have encompassed it about-my Uncle Toby in one of the finest dispositions for it in the world-his head like a fmoak jackthe funnel unswept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuscated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!-By the tomb-stone of Lucian-if it is in being-if not, why then by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes !-my father and my Uncle Toby's discourse upon TIME and ETERNITY -was a discourse devoutly to be wished for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a stop to it as he did, was a robbery of the Ontologick Treasury of such a jewel, as no coalition of great occasions and great men are ever likely to restore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

HOUGH my father perfifted in not going on with the discourseyet he could not get my Uncle Toby's smoak jack out of his head-piqued as he was at first with it—there was something in the comparison, at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpose, resting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right fide of his head upon the palm of his hand—but looking first stedfastly in the fire-he began to commune with himself, and philosophize about it: but his spirits being wore out with the fatigues of investigating new tracts, and the constant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of subjects which had taken their turn in the discourse—the idea of the smoak-jack soon turned all his ideas upfide down-so that he fell asleep almost before he knew what he was about.

As for my Uncle Toby, his smoak jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell asleep also.—Peace be with them both!—Doctor Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother above stairs.—Trim is busy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the siege of Messina next summer—and is this instant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.—All my heroes are off my hands—'tis the first time I have had a moment to spare—and I'll make use of it, and write my Preface.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

O, I'll not fay a word about it—
here it is—in publishing it—I
have appealed to the world—and to the
world I leave it—it must speak for itfelf.

All I know of the matter is—when I fat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my understanding would hold out—a wise, aye, and a discreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or less) which the great Author and Bestower of them had thought fit originally to give me—fo that, as your worships see—'tis just as God pleases.

Now, Agalastes (speaking dispraisingly) fayeth, that there may be fome wit in it, for aught he knows-but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, ask, how is it possible there should: for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inafmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as east is from west. So, says Locke; - So are farting and hickuping, fay I. But in answer to this, Didius the great church lawyer, in his code Defartandi et illustrandi fallaciis, doth maintain and make fully appear, that an illustration is no argument --- nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking glass clean to be a fyllogifm-but you all, may it please your worships, see the better for it: -fo that the main good thefe things do, is only to clarify the understanding, previous to the application of the argument itself, in order to free it from any

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little

little motes, or specks of opacular matter, which, if left swimming therein, might hinder a conception, and spoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able criticks, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this preface)—and to you, most subtle statesmen and discreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wisdom—Monopolos, my politician—Didius, my counsel—Kysarcius, my friend—Phutatorius, my guide—Gastripheres, the preserver of my life—Somnolentius, the balm and repose of it—not forgetting all others, as well sleeping as waking, ecclesiastical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no resentment to you, I lump all together.—Believe me,

right worthy-

My most zealous wish and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in case the thing is not done already for us-is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which usually goes along with them-fuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without stint or measure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it-fcum and sediment and all, (for I would not have a drop loft) into the several receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and spare places of our brainsin fuch fort, that they might continue to be injected and tunned into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wish, until every vessel of them, both great and small, be so replenished, saturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it fave a man's life, could possibly be got either in or out.

Bless us!—what noble work we should make!—how should I tickle it off!—and what spirits should I find my-self in, to be writing away for such readers!—and you, just Heaven!—with what raptures would you sit and read—But, oh!—'tis too much—I am sick—I faint away deliciously at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am stone blind—I am dying—I am gone.
—Heip! Help! Help!—But hold—I grow something better again, for I am beginning to foresee, when this is over, that as we shall all of us continue

to be great wits—we should neverage amongst ourselves, one day to an end-there would be so much satire and sacasim—scoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it—thrusting and parrying in one corner or another—then would be nothing but mischief among us.—Chaste stars! what biting and scratching, and what a racket and a clatter we should make! what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckle, and hitting of sore places—there would be no such thing as living for us.

But then again, as we should all we us be men of great judgment, we should make up matters as fast as ever they went wrong; and though we should bominate each other ten times work than so many devils or devilesses, we should nevertheless, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindness—milk and honey—'twould be a second land of promise—a paradise upon earth, if there was such a thing to be had—so that upon the whole we should have done well

enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what most distresses my invention at present, is how to bring the point itself to bear; for as your worthips well know, that of these heavenly emanations of wit and judgment, which I have so bountifully wished both for your worships and my. felf — there is but a certain quantum stored up for us all, for the use and hehoof of the whole race of mankind; and fuch small modicums of 'em are only fent forth into this wide world, circu fating here and there in one bye-corner or another—and in fuch narrow freams, and at fuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be sufficient for the wants and emergencies of so many great states, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be confidered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all those cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lit more directly under the artick and antatick circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compass of his cave—where the spirits are compressed almost to nothing—and where the passions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itself—there the least quantity of judgment imaginable dose

the business-and of wit-there is a total and an absolute saving-for as not one fpark is wanted-fo not one spark is given. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! what a dismal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with fo plentiful a lack of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's fake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as fast as we can fouthwards into Norway-croffing over Swedeland, if you please, through the small triangular province of Angermania to the Lake of Bothnia; coasting along it through east and west Bothnia, down to Carelia, and fo on, through all those states and provinces which border upon the far fide of the Gulph of Finland, and the north-east of the Baltick, up to Petersbourg, and just stepping into Ingria; then stretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Russian empire-leaving Siberia a little upon the left hand, till we get into the very heart of Ruffian and Afiatick Tartary.

Now throughout this long tour which I have led you, you observe the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have just left:—for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive some small glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable provision of good plain houshold judgment; which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good shift with—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would destroy the proper balance betwixt them, and I am satisfied moreover they would want

occasions to put them to use.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant island, where you perceive the spring-tide of our blood and humours runs high—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreson passions upon our hands to govern and subject to reason—the height of our wit, and the depth of our judgment, you see, are exactly proportioned to the length and breadth of our necessities—and accordingly we have them sent down amongst us in such a flowing kind of decent and creditable

plenty, that no one thinks he has any cause to complain.

It must however be confessed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and settled way—so that sometimes for near half a century together, there shall be very little wit or judgment either to be seen or heard of amongst us—the small channels of them shall seem quite dried up—then all of a sudden the sluices shall break out, and take a fit of running again like sury—you would think they would never stop—and then it is, that in writing and sighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by these observations, and a wary reasoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative process, which Suidas calls dialectick induction—that I draw and set up this position as most true and veritable.

That of these two luminaries, so much of their irradiations are suffered from time to time to shine down upon us; as He, whose infinite wisdom which dispenses every thing in exact weight and measure, knows will just serve to light us on our way in this night of our obfcurity; fo that your reverences and worships now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, that the fervent wish in your behalf with which I fet out, was no more than the first infinuating How d'ye of a careffing prefacer, stifling his reader, as a lover sometimes does a coy mistres, into filence. For, alas! could this effufion of light have been as eafily procured, as the exordium wished it-I tremble to think how many thousands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned sciences at least) must have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives-running their heads against posts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journies end-fome falling with their noses perpendicularlyintostinks-others horizontally with their tails into ken-Here one half of a learned profession tilting full butt against the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs - Here the brethren of another profession, who should have run in opposition to each other, flying on the M 2

contrary like a flock of wild geese, all in a row, the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears!—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart—instead of measuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a statesman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—against the stream of corruption—by

Heaven !- instead of with it.

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse—feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's—a brother of the faculty in the back-ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveness—offering a

fee-instead of taking one.

In that spacious hall, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damned, dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way-kicking it out of the great doors, instead of in-and with fuch fury in their looks, and fuch a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and prefervation of mankind—perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still-a litigated point fairly hung up: -for instance, whether John O'Nokes his nose could stand in Tom O'Stiles his face, without a trespass, or notrafily determined by them in five and twenty minutes; which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in fo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months-and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an action should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein - such as feints-forced marches-furprizesambuscades - mask batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which confift in catching at all advantages on both fides—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the clergy—No—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot!—I have no defire—and besides, if I had—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject—with such weak nerves and

spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with fo fad and melancholy an account -and therefore 'tis fafer to draw a cur. tain across, and hasten from it, as fast at I can, to the main and principal point! have undertaken to clear up-and that is, how it comes to pass, that your menof least wit are reported to be men of most judgment .- But mark-I fay, reported to be-for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report; and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon truft, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observations already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith

make appear.

I hate fet differtations-and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the fillieft things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception; when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about you, you might have feen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—' for what ' hindrance, hurt, or harm, doth the · laudable defire of knowledge bring to any man, if even from a fot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldfmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old ' flipper, or a cane chair-' I am this moment fitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it-they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to fay in fo clear a light, as to let you fee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of fun beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

Here stands Wit—and there stands Judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I am speaking of upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of it's frameas wit and judgment are of ours—and

like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we fay in all fuch cases of duplicated embellishments-to answer one another.

Now, for the fake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter-let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on-nay, don't laugh at it-but did you ever fee in the whole course of your lives such a ridiculous bufiness as this has made of it?-Why, 'tis as miserable a fight as a fow with one ear; and there is just as much fense and fymmetry in the one, as in the other --- do--pray, get off your feats only to take a view of it. Now, would any man who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in fuch a condition? --- Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether this one single knob, which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?-and let me farther ask, in case the chair was your own, if you would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at

Now these two knobs-or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I faid, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most prized—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at-for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us, so destitute of a love of good fame or feeding—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein-who does not wish and stedfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least, master of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing feems any way feafible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one-unless they laid hold of the other -pray what do you think would be-come of them?—Why, Sirs, in spite of all their gravities, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their infides naked—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon-fo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been fatisfied with what little they could have fnatched up and fecreted under their cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not raifed a hue and cry at the fame time

against the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done with fo much cunning and artifice—that the great Locke, who was feldom outwitted by false soundswas nevertheless bubbled here. cry, it feems, was fo deep and folemn a one, and that with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered fo general a one against the poor wits in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it-it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors—but this was not of the number: fo that instead of fitting down coolly, as fuch a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophized upon it-on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This has been made the Magna Charta of stupidity ever fince-but your reverences plainly fee, it has been obtained in fuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat-which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave folks

have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind too freely-I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly faid to their difpraise or prejudice, by one general de-claration—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detelt and abjure either great wigs or long heards, any farther than when I fee they are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this felf-fame imposture—for any purpose peace be with them- mark only-I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

VERY day for at least ten years together did my father resolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet no family but ours would have borne with with it an hour—and what is most astonishing, there was not a subject in the world upon which my father was so eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges.— And yet, at the same time, he was certainly one of the greatest bubbles to them, I think, that history can produce a his rhetorick and conduct were at perpetual handy-custs.—Never did the parlour-door open—but his philosophy or his principles fell a victim to it!—three drops of oil with a feather, and a smart stroke of a hammer, had saved his honour for ever.

-Inconfistent soul that man is!languishing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!-his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge !-his reason, that precious gift of God to him (instead of pouring in oil) serving only to sharpen his fensibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneafy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he flould do fo! -Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enough, but he must add vo-Juntary ones to his flock of forrow; struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and fubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall—the parlourdoor hinge shall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above measure; knowing what a pleasure it would be to his master to see them, he was not able to resist the desire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now to the next moral lesson I had in view in mentioning the affair of hinges, I had a speculative consideration arising

out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour-door opened and turned upon it's hinges, as a door should

Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon it's hinges—(that is, in case things have all along gone well with your worship—

otherwise I give up my simile)-in this case, I say, there had been no danger either to master or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in; the moment he had beheld my father and my Uncle Toby fait asleep—the respectfulness of his carriage was fuch, he would have re. tired as filent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally speaking, so very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was suffered to be out of order, and amongst the hourly grievances my father fubmitted to upon it's account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the first perfon who should open the door, was al. ways uppermost in his imagination, and so inceffantly stepped in betwixt him and the first balmy presage of his repose, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole sweets of it.

When things move upon bad hingu, an' please your lordships, how can it be

otherwise?

' Pray, what's the matter? there?' cried my father, wak Whois cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak .- 'I wish the smith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.'- 'It is nothing, an' please your honour,' said Trim, ' but two mortars I am bring-Trim, ' ing in.'- 'They shan't make a clatter with them here,' cried my father, haltily .- ' If Doctor Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen. - May it please your honour,' cried Trim, they are two mortar-pieces for a fiege next fummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jackboots, which Obadiah told me your 'honour had left off wearing.'- By Heaven!' cried my father, springing out of his chair, as he swore- I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I fet so much store by, as I do by these jack-boots-they were our great-grandfather's, brother Tobythey were hereditary.'- Then I fear, quoth my Uncle Toby, 'Trim has cut off the entail.'- 'I have only cut off the tops, an' please your ho-' nour,' cried Trim .- ' I hate perpetuities as much as any man alive, cried my father, ' -but these jackboots,' continued he, (smiling, though very angry at the same time) ' have been in the family, brother, ever fince the civil wars-Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marston-Moor. -I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.'- 'I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleasure, and puting his hand into his breeches pocket as he viewed them- 'I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and foul.'-

Brother Toby,' replied my father, altering his tone, 'you care not what money you diffipate and throw away, provided,' continued he, ' it is but upon a siege.'- 'Have I not a hundred and twenty pounds a year, befides my half-pay?' cried my Uncle Toby. 'What is that,' replied my father hastily, ' to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?-twelve guineas for your pontoons?—half as much for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to fay nothing of the train of little brais artillery you bespoke last week, with twenty other preparations for the siege of Messina. Believe me, dear brother Toby,' continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand, ' these military operations of yours are above your itrength—you mean well, brother-but they carry you into greater expences than you were at first aware of; -and take my word, dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.' What fignifies it if they do, brother,' replied my Uncle Toby, ' fo long as we know it is for the good of ' the nation.'-

My father could not help finiling, for his foul-his anger, at the worst, was never more than a spark—and the zeal and simplicity of Trim, and the generous (though hobby-horfical) gallantry of my Uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good-humour with them in an instant.

Generous fouls !- God profper you both, and your mortar-pieces too!' quoth my father to himfelf.

CHAP. XXIII.

ALL is quiet and hush,' cried my father, 'at least above stairs; I hear not one foot stirring.

Pr'ythee, Trim, who's in the kitch-en?'-' There is no one foul in the kitchen,' answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, ' except Doctor Slop.'- 'Confusion!' cried my father, (getting up upon his legs a fecond time) - not one fingle thing has gone right ' this day! had I faith in astrology, ' brother,' (which, by the bye, my fa-ther had) ' I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over ' this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of it's place.-Why, I thought Doctor Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and fo faid you .-What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?'- 'He is bufy, 'an' please your honour,' replied Trim, in making a bridge.'—' It is very obliging in him, quoth my Uncle Toby.— Pray, give my humble service to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell him

I thank him heartily."

You must know, my Uncle Toby mistook the bridge—as widely as my -but to father miltook the mortarsunderstand how my Uncle Toby could mistake the bridge-I fear I must give you an exact account of the road which led to it-or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothing more dishonest in an historian than the use of one) in order to conceive the probability of this error in my Uncle Toby aright, I must give you some account of an adventure Trim's, though much against my will—I fay much against my will, only because the story, in one sense, is certainly out of it's place here; for by right it should come in, either amongst the anecdotes of my Uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor—or else in the middle of his and my Uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-greenfor it will do very well in either placebut then if I reserve it for either of those parts of my story—I ruin the story I am upon-and if I tell it here-I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

-What would your worships have

me to do in this case?

- Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all ' means.'- 'You are a fool, Triftram, · if you do.'

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too) -which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing-that kindly shew him where he is to begin it, and where he is to end itwhat he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out-how much of it he is to cast into shade-and whereabouts he is to throw his light!-Ye, who prefide over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, and fee how many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly fall into-will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you, (in case you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it so falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, as they have done just here—that at least you set up a guide-post in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

C H A P. XXIV.

HOUGH the shock my Uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a resolution never more to think of the fex-or of aught which belonged to it-yet Corporal Trim had made no fuch bargain with himfelf .- Indeed, in my Uncle Toby's case there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances which insensibly drew him in to lay fiege to that fair and strong citadel .- In Trim's case there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen; though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his mafter was fuch, and fo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my Uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points-I am perfuaded the honest corporal would have laid down his arms and followed his example with pleafure. When, therefore, my Uncle Toby fat down before the mistress-Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have fo much cause to esteem and honour-(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it escape your penetration—I defy it-that so many play-wrights and opificers of chit-chat, have ever fince been working upon Trim's and my Uncle Toby's pattern. I care not what Aristotle, or Pacuvius, or Bossu, or

Ricaboni say-(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater diffe. rence between a fingle-horse chair and Madam Pompadour's vis à-vis; than betwixt a fingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand dra, ma-Sir, a fimple, fingle, filly affair of that kind-is quite lost in five actsbut that is neither here or there.

After a series of attacks and repulles in a course of nine months on my Uncle Toby's quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in it's proper place, my Uncle Toby, honest man! found it necessary to draw off his forces and raile the fiege

somewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I said, had made no fuch bargain either with himfelf-or with any one else—the fidelity, however, of his heart, not fuffering him to go into a house which his master had forsaken with difgust—he contented himself with turning his part of the fiege into 1 blockade—that is, he kept others offfor though he never after went to the house, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod, or wink, or smile, or look kindly at heror (as circumstances directed) he would shake her by the hand—or ask her lovingly how the did-or would give her a ribband—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a

Precisely in this situation did these things stand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year 13, to the latter end of my Uncle Toby's campaign in the year 18, which was about fix or feven weeks before the time I am speaking of --- when Trim, as his cultom was, after he had put my Uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-shiny night to see that every thing was right at his fortifications-in the lane separated from the bowling-green with flowering shrubs and holly-he espied his Bridget.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world fo well worth fhewing as the glorious works which he and my Uncle Toby had made, Trim courteoully and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done to privately, but that the foul-mouthed trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's,

with this untoward circumstance along with it, that my Uncle Toby's curious draw bridge, constructed and painted after the Dutch fashion, and which went quite across the ditch—was broke down, and some how or other crushed all to

pieces that very night.

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my Uncle Toby's hobby-horse-he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and, indeed, unless my Uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without smiling at it: -fo that it never could get lame or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meafure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him. - Well-but dear Toby!' my father would fay, ' do tell us feriously how ' this affair of the bridge happened.'-' How can you teaze me so much about 'it?' my Uncle Toby would reply .-'I have told it you twenty times, word 'for word as Trim told it me.'-'Pr'ythee, how was it then, corporal?' my father would cry, turning to Trim. - 'It was a mere misfortune, an' please 'your honour-I was shewing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the folse, I 'unfortunately flipp'd in.'--- 'Very ' well, Trim !' my father would cry-(smiling mysteriously, and giving a nod -but without interrupting him)-' and being link'd fast, an' please your ho-' nour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, 'I dragged her after me, by means of which the fell backwards fofs against ' the bridge-' 'And Trim's foot,' (my Uncle Toby would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) 'getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too .- It was a thousand to my Uncle Toby would add, that the poor fellow did not break his 'leg.'- 'Ay, truly,' my father would fay- a limb is foon broke, brother 'Toby, in fuch encounters.' -- 'And ' so, an' please your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very flight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.

At other times, but especially when my Uncle Toby was so unfortunate as

to fay a fyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards-my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyrick upon the battering-rams of the ancients-the vinea which Alexander made use of at the fiege of Tyre.—He would tell my Uncle Toby of the catapulta of the Syrians, which threw fuch monstrous stones fo many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundation.—He would go on and describe the wonderful mechanism of the ballista which Marcellinus makes fo much rout about—the terrible effects of the pyraboli, which casts fire—the danger of the terebra and scorpio, which cast javelins .- ' But what are thefe,' he would fay, ' to the destructive machinery of Corporal Trim?-Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or bastion, or fally-port, that ever was constructed in this world, can hold out against

fuch artillery.

My Uncle Toby would never attempt any defence against the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of smoaking his pipe; in do-ing which, he raised so dense a vapour one night after supper, that it fet my father, who was a little phthisical, into a suffocating fit of violent coughing. My Uncle Toby leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin-and, with infinite pity, stood beside his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket .-The affectionate and endearing manner in which my Uncle Toby did these little offices—cut my my father through his reins, for the pain he had just been giva ing him .- 'May my brains be knock'd out with a battering ram or a cata-' pulta, I care not which,' quoth my father to himself-'if ever I insult this worthy foul more!

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to fet about another—but not upon the same model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being dis-N covered, covered, and my Uncle Toby rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the enfuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily—he deter-mined upon an Italian bridge—(my Uncle Toby, by the-bye, was not far out in his conjectures)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my Uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my Uncle To-by took it of him in the field—convinced him, that if the King of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears, that England, and France, and Holland, must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lifts too- And if so,' he would fay, ' the combatants, brother Toby, as fure as we are alive,

will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon · the old prize-fighting stage of Flanders-then what will you do with

· your Italian bridge?'

"We will go on with it then, upon the old model,' cried my Uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half finished it in that style-my Uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly confidered be-It turned, it feems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle; one half of which turned to one fide of the fossé, and the other to the other: the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my Uncle Toby to raise it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand; which, as his garrison was weak, was as much as he could well spare—but the disadvantages of fuch a construction were insurmountable—' For by this means,' he would fay, ' I leave one half of my bridge in 'my enemy's possession—and pray of " what use is the other?"

The natural remedy for this—was, no doubt, to have his bridge fast only at one end with hinges, so that the whole might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright—but that was rejected for the

reason given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular construction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paffage; and to thrust forwards again

to gain a paffage-of which forts vout worships might have seen three famous ones at Spires before it's destructionand one now at Brifack, if I mistake not-but my father adviting my Uncle Toby, with great earnest ness, to have no. thing more to do with thrutting bridges -and my uncle forefeeing moreoverthat it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal's misfortune-he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d'Hôpital's invention, which the young. er Bernouilli has fo well and learnedly described, as your worships may see-Act. Erud. Lipf. ann. 1695-to thefea lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inafmuch as the conttruction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid-if not a cycloid itself.

My Uncle Toby understood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England-but was not quite fuch a mafter of the cycloid—he talked how. ever about it every day—the bridge went not forwards .- 'We'll alk some ' body about it,' cried my Uncle Toby

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in and told my father, that Doctor Slop was in the kitchen, and bufy in making a bridge - my Uncle Toby - the affair of the jack-boots having just then raised a train of military ideas in his braintook it instantly for granted that Dodor Slop was making a model of the Marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.- It is very obliging in him, quoth my Uncle Toby:— pray give my humble service to Doctor Stop, Trim, and tell him · I thank him heartily.

Had my Uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it-it could not have given him a more diffind conception of the operations in my Uncle Toby's imagination, than what he had; so notwithstanding the catapulta, and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was just be-

ginning to triumph.

When Trim's answer, in an instant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twisted it to pieces. CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

THIS unfortunate drawunoth my father—'God bless your honour,' cried Trim, 'it is a bridge for
master's nose.—In bringing him into
the world with his vile instruments, he
has crushed his nose,' Susannah says,
as slat as a pancake to his face, and he
is making a false bridge with a piece of
cotton and a thin piece of whalebone
out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.'
—Lead me, Brother Toby,' cried
my father, 'to my room this instant!'

CHAP. XXVIII.

ROM the first moment I sat down to write my Life for the amusement of the world, and my Opinions for it's instruction, has a cloud insensibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and distresses has been setting in against him.—Not one thing, as he observed himself, has gone right: and now is the storm thickened, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my story in the most pensive and melancholy frame of mind that ever sympathetick breast was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it—Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickness of my pulse, and of that careless alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to fay and write a thousand things I should not-And this moment that I last dipped my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of fad composure and solempity there appeared in my manner of doing it. Lord! how different from the rash jerks and hair-brained squirts thou art wont, Triffram, to transact it with in other humours-dropping thy pen-spurting thy ink about thy table and thy books as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture, cost thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

Won't go about to argue the point with you—'tis fo—and I am persuaded of it, Madam, as much

as can be, that both man and woman bear pain or forrow (and, for aught I know, pleasure too) best in a horizontal

polition.

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himself prostrate across his bed in the wildest disorder imaginable, but at the same time in the most lamentable attitude of a man borne down with forrows, that ever the eye of pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of his right-hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greatest part of both his eyes, gently funk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his nose touched the quilt - his left-arm hung insensible over the side of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peeped out beyond the valance-his right-leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the fide of the bed, the edge of it pressing upon his shin bone-He felt it not. A fixed inflexible forrow took possession of every line of his face.—He fighed once—heaved his breast often-but uttered not a word.

An old fet-stitched chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worsted bobs, stood at the bed's head, opposite to the side where my father's head reclined—My Uncle Toby sat him

down in it.

Before an affliction is digested—confolation ever comes too soon—and after it is digested—it comes too late: so that you see, Madam, there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. My Uncle Toby was always either on this side, or on that of it; and would often say, he believed in his heart, he could as soon hit the longitude: for this reason, when he sat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's service, —he pulled out a cambrick handkerchief—gave a low sigh—but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

A LL is not gain that is got into the purse.'—So that, notwithstanding my father had the happiness of reading the oddest books in the universe, and had moreover, in himself, the oddest way of thinking that ever

man in it was bleffed with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all—that it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses; of which this particular one, which he sunk under at present, is as strong an example as

can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however scientifically applied—would vex any man in the world who was at so much pains in begetting a child as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to it.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my good Uncle Toby in his old fringed

chair fitting beside him.

CHAP. XXXI.

Think it a very unreasonable demand,' cried my great-grandsather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.—' By this account, Madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more—and you insist upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.'—

year jointure for it.'--'Because,' replied my greatgrandmother, 'you have little or no

nofe, Sir.'-

Now, before I venture to make use of the word nose a second time-to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it, in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amifs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that it is owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution, and to nothing elfe-that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon a Will o' the Wifp, or any other found part of philosophy, and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you fet out, unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment—but to give the world a good de-finition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion forchanging it, Sir, as you would a guines, into small coin?—which done—let the father of confusion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of strict morality and close reasoning, such as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcusable; and Heaven is witness, how the world has revenged itself upon me for leaving so many openings to equivocal strictures and for depending so much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanliness

of my reader's imaginations.

"Here are two senses," cried Eugenius, as he walked along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right-hand to the word crevice, in the forty-eight page of the second volume of this book of books—'here are two senses,' quoth he.—'And here are two roads,' replied I, turning short upon him; 'a dirty and 'a clean one—which shall we take?'—'The clean, by all means,' replied Eugenius.—'Eugenius,' said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast—'to define—is to distrust.'—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.—It is my confort, however, I am not an obstinate one; therefore—

I define a nose, as follows—intreating only before-hand, and beseeching my readers, both male and semale, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the devil, and suffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.—For by the word nose, throughout all this long chapter of noses, and in every other part of my work, where the word nose a nose, and nothing more or less.

CHAP. XXXII.

BECAUSE, quoth my greate grandmother, repeating the words again—' you have little or no 'nofe, Sir.'—

'S'death!' cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose; it is not so small as that comes to ther's.' Now, my great grandfather's nose was for all the world like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children, whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the island of Ennasin.—By the way, if you would know the strange way of getting a kin amongst so flatnosed a people—you must read the book—find it out yourself you never ean.—

___ Twas shaped, Sir, like an ace

of clubs.

____ 'It is a full inch,' continued my great gandfather, pressing up the ridge of his nose with his singer and thumb, and repeating his affertion; 'it is sull an 'inch longer, Madam, than my father's.'—'You must mean your un'cle's,' replied my great-grandmother.

-My great-grandfather was convinced-He untwifted the paper, and

figned the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HAT an unconscionable 'jointure, my dear, do 'we pay out of this small estate of 'ours!' quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

'My father,' replied my grandfather, had no more nose, my dear, saving the mark, than there is upon the back

of my hand.

Now, you must know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grand-father twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and sifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-day)—during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father. And as far as the hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, which generous fouls, and generous fouls only, are able to fling down money-but as foon as ever he entered upon the odd fifty-he generally gave a loud bem! rubbed the fide of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his fore-finger-inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig-looked at both fides of every guinea as he parted with it—and fildom could get to the end of the fifty

pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us!

—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long de-

rived from ancestors!

For three generations, at least, this tenet in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family.

—Tradition was all along on it's side, and interest was every half-year stepping in to strengthen it—so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions.—For in a great measure he might be said to have sucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however. If education planted the mistake, (in case it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted fuccession of fix or feven fhort nofes .- And for the contrary reason, he would generally add, that it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly nofes, following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoift it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom.-He would often boaft that the Shandy family ranked very high in King Harry the VIIIth's time, but owed it's rife to no state-engine-he would fay-but to that only ;-but that. like other families, he would add-it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my greatgrandfather's nofe-' It was an ace of clubs indeed,' he would cry, shaking his head, 'and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turned up ' trumps.'

where is thy fancy carrying thee?—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face—and which painters say, in good jolly noses and well-proportioned saces, should comprehend a full third—that is, mea-

luring

furing downwards from the fetting on of the hair .-

-What a life of it has an author, at this pais!

CHAP. XXXIV.

T is a fingular bleffing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and renitency against conviction, which is obferved in old dogs-' of not learning new tricks."

What a huttle-cock of a fellow would the greatest philosopher that ever existed be whisked into at once, did he read fuch books, and observe such facts, and think fuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change fides !

Now, my father, as I told you last year, detelted all this .- He picked up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own-and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give

it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civihan, will contest this point; and cry out against me, ' Whence comes this man's right to this apple ?-ex confesso, he will fay—' things, were in a state of a nature.—The apple, as much Frank's apple as John's. Pray, Mr. Shandy, what patent has he to shew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he fet his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roasted it? or when he e peeled, or when he brought it home? or when he digested? or when he--For 'tis plain, Sir, if the first picking up of the apple made it not his-that no subsequent act could.

Brother Didius,' Tribonius will anfwer-(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard-I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, fo I give myfelf no farther trouble about the answer.) - Brother Didius,' Tribonius will fay, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogenes's codes, and in all the codes from Justinian's down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux-that the liveat of a man's brows, and the exfudations of a man's brains, are as

much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backfide; -which faid exfudations, &c. being dropped up. on the faid apple by the labour of find. ing it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiffolubly wasted, and as in. diffolubly annexed by the picker-up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roal. ed, peeled, eaten, digested, and so on; -it is evident that the gatherer of the apple, in so doing, has mixed up some, thing which was his own, with the ap. ple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a propertyor, in other words, the apple is John's

apple.

By the fame learned chain of reason. ing my father stood up for all his opinions: he had spared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title.-No mortal claimed them; they had cost him moreover as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above; so that they might well and truly be faid to be his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held fatt by 'em, both by teeth and claws-would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on-and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breast-works, as my Uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this—the scarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercifed their parts in writing books upon the fubject of great nofes: by the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding when I am, confidering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been wasted upon worse subjects-and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half so much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he fet the greater store by; and though my father would oft-times sport with my Uncle Toby's library—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough-yet at the very fame time he did it, he collected every book and treatife which had been lyltematically wrote upon nofes, with as much care as my honest Uncle Toby

had done those upon military architecture.—It is true, a much less table would have held them—but that was not thy

transgression, my dear uncle .-

Here-but why here-rather than in any other part of my ftory-I am not able to tell-but here it is-my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear Uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness .- Here let me thrust my chair afide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest fentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom. - ' Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou envied'st no man's comforts—insulted st no man's opi-· nions:- Thou blackened'ft no man's character - devoured'st no man's bread ! gently, with faithful Trim be-' hind thee, did'st thou amble round the · little circle of thy pleafures, jostling no · creature in thy way——for each one's fervice, thou had'st a tear-for each ' man's need, thou had'ft a shilling.

'Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortincations, my dear Uncle Toby, shall

never be demolished!'

CHAP. XXXV.

Y father's collection was not M great; but, to make amends, it was curious—and consequently he was some time in making it; he had the great good fortune, however, to set off well, in getting Bruscambille's prologue upon long nofes, almost for nothing-for he gave no more for Brufcambille than three half crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy which the stall man faw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it .-There are not three Bruscambilles in ' Christendom,' said the stall-man, 'except what are chained up in the libra-' ries of the curious.' My father flung down the money as quick as lightning took Bruscambille into his bosomhied home from Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking

his hand once off from Bruscambille all

the way.

To those who do not yet know of which gender Bruscambille is-inasmuch as a prologue upon long nofes might eafily be done by either—'twill be no objection against the simile-to fay, that when my father got home, he folaced himself with Bruscambille after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worship solaced yourself with your first mistress—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful foever it may prove to the inamorato-is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers .- Take notice, I go no farther with the simile; -my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowhe cooled-his affections beledgecame divided-he got hold of Prignitz, -purchased Scioderus-Andrea Paræus -Bouchet's Evening Conferences and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I shall have much to fay by and by-I will fay nothing now.

CHAP. XXXVI.

F all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and study in support of his hypothesis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment at first, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaste pen of the great and venerable Erasmus, upon the various uses and seasonable applications of long nofes-Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one spot of risingground to get aftride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or, if he is so nimble as to slip on-let me beg of you, like an unbacked fillyto frisk it, to squirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks, and short kicks—till like Tickletoby's mare, you break a strap or a crupper, and throw his worship into the dirt .- You need not kill him.

And pray who was Tickletoby's mare?'—'tis just as discreditable and unscholar-like a question, Sir, as to have asked what year (ab urb. con.) the second Punick war broke out.—Who was Tickletoby's mare!—Read, read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read, —or by the knowledge of the great St. Paraleipomenon—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without much reading, by which your reverence knows I mean much knowledge, you will no

more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motley emblem of my work!) than the world with all it's fagacity has been able to unrave the many opinions, transactions, and truths, which still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

CHAR

CHAP. XXXVII.

NIHIL me pænitet hujus nasi,'
quoth Pamphagus—that is,
my nose has been the making of me.'
Nec est cur pæniteat,' replies Cooles;
that is, 'how the deuce should such a

nofe fail!

The doctrine, you fee, was laid down by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was, in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtilty or ambi-dexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had bestowed upon man on purpose to investigate truth, and fight for her on all fides. -My father pift'd and pugh'd at first most terribly- Tis worth comething to have a good name. - As the dialogue was of Erasimus, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it, through and through, in it's most strict and literal interpretation—he could still make nothing of it, that way. ' Mayhaps there is more meant, than is faid in it, quoth my father .- Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long nofes for nothing -'I'll study the mystick and the allegorick sense—here is some room to turn aman's felf in, brother.'

My father read on.—
Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by Erasinus, the dialogist assirmeth, that a long nose is not without it's domestick conveniences also; for that in a case of distress—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, ad excitandum forum,

(to stir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge—so that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.— I've got within a single selection, brother Toby, cried my father, of Erasmus his mystick meaning.— You are near enough, bro-

ther,' replied my uncle, 'in all conficience.'—'Pshaw!' cried my father, foratching on—'I might as well be feven miles off.—I've done it!' faid my father, snapping his singers.—'See, 'my dear brother Toby, how I have mended the sense.'—'But you have marred a word,' replied my Uncle Toby.—My father put on his spectacles—bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a passion.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Slawkenbergins! thou faithful analyzer of my Disgráziasthou sad foreteller of so many of the whips and short turns which in one stage or other of my life have come slap upon me from the shortness of my nose, and no other cause, that I am conscious of .- Tell me, Slawkenbergius! what fecret impulse was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it found in thy ears?—art thou fure thou heard'it it? which first cried out to thee, ' Go-go, Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours / of thy life-neglect thy pastimes-call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature-macerate thyfelf in the fervice of mankind, and write a grand folio for them, upon the subject of their nofes.'

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's fenforium—
fo that Slawkenbergius should know whose finger touch'd the key—and whose hand it was that blew the bellows—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourscore and ten years—we can only raise conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was played upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitfield's disciples—that is, with such a distinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two masters it was that had been practising upon his instrument—as to make all

reasoning upon it needless.

For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occasions for writing, and spending so many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prologomena—which, by the bye, should have come first; but the book-binder has most injudiciously placed it betwixt the analytical

analytical contents of the book, and the book itself—he informs his reader, that ever fince he had arrived at the age of difcernment, and was able to fit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man, and diftinguish the main end and defign of his being :- or -to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage;

- Ever fince I understood, quoth
Slawkenbergius, 'any thing-or rather what was what—and could perceive that the point of long nofes had been too loofely handled by all who had gone before-have I (Slawkenbergius) felt a strong impulse, with a mighty

and an unrefistible call within me, to

gird up myself to this undertaking." And to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the lift with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him-ind, indeed, in many respects deserves to be en-nich'd as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at least, to model their books by-for he has taken in, Sir, the whole subject-examined every part of it dialectically—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike-or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had impowered him to cast upon it collating, collecting, and compilingbegging, borrowing, and stealing—as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned: fo that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be confidered, not only as a modelbut as a thorough-stitched DIGEST and regular institute of nofes, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to fpeak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatifes of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon nofes -or collaterally touching them-fuch, for instance, as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me; who, with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different skulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in Silefia, which he had rummaged-has informed us, that the mensuration and - configuration of the offeous or boney

parts of human nofes, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crushed down by the thumb, so that no judgment can be formed upon them-are much nearer alike, than the world imagines ;-the difference amongst them being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of - but that the fize and jollity of every individual nofe, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartila. ginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and finuses the blood and animal spirits being impelled and driven by the warmth and force of the imagi. nation, which is but a step from it-(bating the case of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turky, supposes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)-it fo happens, and ever must, says Prignitz, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason, that is, because it is all comprehended in Slaw. kenbergius, that I say nothing likewise of Scroderus (Andrea;) who, all the world knows, fet himself to opugn Prignitz with great violence-proving it in his own way, first logically, and then by a series of stubborn facts, that so far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the note -that, on the contrary-the nose begat the fancy.

-The learned suspected Scroderus of an indecent fophism in this-and Prignitz cried out aloud in the dispute, that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him-but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thefis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two fides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Paræus decided it in a moment; and by overthrowing the systems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both fides of the controversy at once.

Be witness -

I do not acquaint the learned reader -in faying it, I mention it only to hew the learned, I know the fact my.

That this Ambrose Paræus was chief furgeon and nofe-mender to Francis the Ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or succeed.

ng kings-(I know not which)-and hat, except in the flip he made in his tory of Taliacotius's nofes, and his manner of fetting them on-was efseemed by the whole college of physinatters of noses, than any one who had

ever taken them in hand.

Now Ambrose Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged fo much the atention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts-was neiher this nor that-but that the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in he nurse's breast-as the flatness and hortness of puisse noses was to the firmness and elastick repulsion of the ame organ of nutrition in the hale and ively - which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, nasmuch as his nose was so snubbed, o rebuffed, fo rebated, and fo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive ad nensuram suam legitimam—but that n case of the flaccidity and softness of he nurse or mother's breast-by finking nto it, quoth Paræus, as into so much outter, the nose was comforted, nou-ished, plumped up, refreshed, refocilated, and fet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to observe of Parzous; first, that he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and decorum of expression - for which

may his soul for ever rest in peace! And, secondly, that besides the systems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambrose Paræus his hypothesis effectually overthrew — it overthrew at the same time the system of peace and haranses of the state of the same time. nony of our family; and for three days logether, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turned likewise the whole house and Toby, quite upfide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a dispute between a man and his wife, never urely, in any age or country, got vent brough the key-hole of a street-door.

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My mother, you must know-but have fifty things more necessary to let ou know first-I have a hundred difsculties which I have promised to clear P, and a thousand distresses and domestick misadventures crouding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another .- A cow broke in (tomorrow morning) to my Uncle Toby's fortification, and eat up two ratios and a half of dried grass, tearing up the fods with it, which faced his hornwork and covered way. - Trim infifts upon being tried by a court-martialthe cow to be shot-Slop to be crucifixed-myself to be tristramed, and at my very baptism made a martyr of-poor unhappy devils that we all are! - I want swaddling-but there is no time to be lost in exclamations-I have left my father lying across his bed, and my Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, fitting beside him, and promised I would go back to them in half an hour; and five and thirty minutes are lapfed already.—Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever feen in—this certainly is the greatest-for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, Sir, to finish dialogue between my father and my Uncle Toby, upon the folution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambrose Paræus, Ponocrates, and Grangousier, to relate; -a tale out of Slawkenbergius to tranflate—and all this in five minutes less than no time at all--fuch a head!would to Heaven my enemies only faw the infide of it!

C H A P. XXXIX.

HERE was not any one scene more entertaining in our familyand to do it justice in this point-and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more folemn—that I believe in my foul, (unless my love and partiality to my understanding blinds me) the hand of the supreme Maker and first Designer of all things never made or put a family together-(in that period at least of it which I have fat down to write the story of)—where the characters of it were cast or contrasted with so dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted with fo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I fay, in this whimfical theatre of ours—than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long notes—especially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would serve him but to heat my Uncle Toby's too.

My Uncle Toby would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would fit smoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilst my father was practifing upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solutions into it.

Scroderus's folutions into it.

Whether they were above my Uncle Toby's reason—or contrary to it—or that his brain was like wet tinder, and no spark could possibly take hold—or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds, curtins, and such military disqualifications to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines—I say not—let schoolmen—scullions, anatomists, and engineers, fight for it a-

mongst themselves-

It was some missortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my Uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great mafter, his translation was not always of the pureft—and generally least fo, where it was most wanted .- This naturally opened a door to a fecond misfortune - that in the warmer paroxyfms of his zeal to open my Uncle Toby's eyes-my father's ideas ran on as much fatter than the translation, as the translation outmoved my Uncle Toby's—neither one or the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making fyllogifms—I mean, in man—for in superior classes of beings, such as angels and spirits—it is all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by intuition; and beings inferior, as your worships all know—syllogize by their noses: though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at it's ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make

very well out too-but that's neither

The gift of doing it as it should be amongst us, or—the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the medius terminus) just as a man, as Locke well observe, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pinalleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by juxta position.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my Uncle Toby's deportment—what great attention he gave to every word-and as oft ash took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful feriousness he contemplated the length of it-furveying it transversely as he held it betwixthis finger and his thumb-then fore-rightthen this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and fore shorteningshe would have concluded my Unch Toby had got hold of the medius to. minus, and was syllogizing and meafuring with it the truth of each hypothefis of long nofes, in order as my father This, by the laid them before him. bye, was more than my father wanted -his aim in all the pains he was at it these philosophick lectures - was to enable my Uncle Toby not to discuss but comprehend - to hold the grain and scruples of learning, not to were them -My Uncle Toby, as you wi read in the next chapter, did neithe the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

winter's night, after a three hour painful translation of Sławkenbergiusit is a pity,' cried my father, putin my mother's thread-paper into the boo for a mark, as he spoke—' that trust brother Toby, should shut herself in such impregnable fastnesses, and fo obstinate as not to surrender herse sometimes up upon the closest siege.'

Now it happened then, as indeed had often done before, that my Und Toby's fancy, during the time of m father's explanation of Prignitz to his havi

-having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowlinggreen-his body might as well have taken a turn there too-fo that with all the semblance of a deep school-man intent upon the medius terminus-iny Uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all it's pro's and con's, as if my father had been translating Hafen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word fiege, like a talifmanick power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my Uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he opened his ears—and my father observing that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a defire to profit-my father with great pleasure began his sentence again, -changing only the plan, and drop-ping the metaphor of the siege of it, to keep clear of some dangers my father apprehended from it.

'It is a pity,' faid my father, 'that' truth can only be on one fide, brother 'Toby—confidering what ingenuity 'these learned men have all shewn in 'their solutions of noses.'—'Can noses 'be dissolved?' replied my Uncle Toby.

-My father thrust back his chairrole up-put on his hat-took four long strides to the door-jerked it openthrust his head half way out-shut the door again-took no notice of the bad hinge—returned to the table—plucked my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book-went hastily to his bureau-walked flowly back-twifted my mother's thread paper about his thumb-unbuttoned his waiftcoatthrew my mother's thread-paper into the fire-bit her fattin pin-cushion in two-filled his mouth with bran-confounded it—But mark!—the oath of confusion was levelled at my Uncle-Toby's brain-which was e'en confused enough already—the curie came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it please your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't: and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations of human nature, that nothing should prove my father's mettle so much, or make his passions go off so like gun-

powder, as the unexpected strokes his science met with from the quaint simplicity of my Uncle Toby's questions.— Had ten dozen of hornets stung him behind in so many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in sewer seconds—or started half so much, as with one single quare of three words unseafonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horsical career.

'Twas all one to my Uncle Toby—
he smoaked his pipe on with unvaried
composure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head
could seldom find out where the sting
of it lay—he always gave my father
the credit of cooling by himself.—He
was five minutes and thirty-five seconds

about it in the present case.

'By all that's good !' faid my father, swearing, as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digest of curses-(though, to do my father justice, it was a fault, as he told Doctor Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as feldom committed as any man upon earth.)- By all that's good and great! brother Toby,' faid my father, ' if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do-you would put a man befide all temper.—Why, by the folution of nofes, of which I was telling you, I meant as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the causes of short and long nofes.'- There is no cause but one,' replied my Uncle Tobywhy one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it fo.'- 'That is Grangousier's folution,' faid my father .- 'It is He,' continued my Uncle Tohy, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in fuch forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wifdom.'-' It is a pious account,' cried my father, 'but not philosophical—there is more religion in it than found science. It was no inconfistent part of my Uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.—So, the moment my father finished his remark

-my Uncle Toby fell a whiftling Lillabullero, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual.

What is become of my wife's

thread-paper?"

CHAP. XLII.

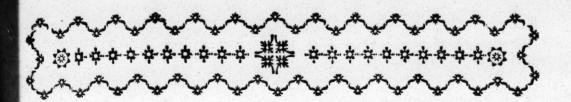
O matter—as an appendage to feamstressy, the thread-paper might be of some consequence to my motherof none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treasury of inexhaustible knowledge to my father -he could not open him amis; and he would often fay, in clofing the book, that if all the arts and sciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were lost-should the wisdom and policies of governments, he would fay, through difuse, ever happen to be forgot, and all that statesmen had wrote, or caused to be written, upon the strong or the weak fides of courts and kingdoms, should they be forgot also-and Slawkenbergius only left-there would be enough in him, in all conscience, he would fay, to fet the world a-going again. A treasure therefore was he indeed! an institute of all that was necesfary to be known of nofes, and every thing else-at matin, noon, and vespers, was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands-you would have fworn, Sir,

it had been a canon's prayer-book—fo worn, fo glazed, fo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all it's parts—from one end even unto the other.

I am not such a bigot to Slawken. bergius as my father—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but, in my opinion, the best, I don't fay the most profitable, but the most amusing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his tales—and, con. fidering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy-these take up his fecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are com. prehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales—Philosophy is not built upon tales; and therefore it was certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius te fend them into the world by that name! -there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own feem rather playful and sportive, than speculative-but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of so many independent facts, all of them turning round fome how or other upon the main hinges of his fubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as fo many illustrations upon the doctrines of

As we have leifure enough upon our hands—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

SLAWKENBERGII

FABELLA*.

(V)

ESPERA quâdam frigidula, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis cal-

ceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repletà Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, se apud Nasorum Promontorium fuisse, Francosurtum Proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem fuspexit— Di boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: loculo manum inferuit: et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut TALE.

SLAWKENBERGIUS's

T was one cool refreshing evening, a 'at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-sattin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

- He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that
 he had been at the Promontory of
 Noses—was going on to Franckfort—
 and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to
 the borders of Crim Tartary.
- 'The centinel looked up into the firanger's face—never faw fuch a nose in his life!'
- —" I have made a very good ven" ture of it," quoth the stranger—so
 flipping his wrist out of the loop of a
 black ribband, to which a short scymetar was hung; he put his hand into
- As Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader, to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no effection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philophick—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci: neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.—Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens—seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, refpondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamena factitius est.

Prout Christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

Mehercule, sanguinem imisit! respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo titigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, desceptabatur ibidem tubicine ex uxore sua. qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias. ' his pocket, and with great courter touching the fore-part of his cap with

his left hand as he extended his right
—he put a florin into the centinel's

hand, and paffed on.

"It grieves me," faid the centine, fpeaking to a little dwarfish bandy. legged drummer, "that so cour.

" teous a foul should have lost his scab.

bard—he cannot travel without one

to his scymetar, and will not be able

" to get a scabbard to fit it in all Stras."
" burg."—" I never had one," replied
the stranger, looking back to the cen.

tinel, and putting his hand up to his

cap as he fpoke—" I carry it," continued he, "thus"—holding up his

" naked fcymetar, his mule moving on flowly all the time—" on purpose to

" defend my nose."

"It is well worth it, gentle franger," replied the centinel.

faid the bandy-legged drummerit is a nose of parchment."

"As I am a true Catholick—except that it is fix times as big—'tis is nose," faid the centinel, "like my

"I heard it crackle," faid the

" By dunder," faid the centinel, "I

"What a pity," cried the band, legged drummer, "we did not both touch it!"

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and trumpeter's wife, who were just the coming up, and had stopped to be the stranger pass by.

"Benedicity!—What a nose! 'is'
"long," faid the trumpeter's wife
"as a trumpet."

"And of the same metal," saidt trumpeter, "as you hear by it seek for the fame metal," saidt Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod sstulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus eft, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod zeneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini, gradulento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympanistam, verum etjam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille, respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus— Ad quid agendam? ait uxor burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit—votum saciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo sacto, sinum dextram inserens, e qua negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: qua aperta et coccineis sericis semoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato sessivadi, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

dt

11

" It is as foft as a flute," faid the.

peter. 'Tis brass," said the trum-

'Yis a pudding's end!" faid

"I tell thee again," faid the trumpeter, "it is a brazen nose."

"I'll know the bottom of it," faid the trumpeter's wife; "for I will touch it with my finger before I fleep."

The stranger's mule moved on at fo slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute, not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

"No!" faid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaft, the one over the other, in a faint-like position, (his mule going on easily all the time)—"No!" faid he, looking up—"I am not such a debtor to the world—" slandered and disappointed as I have been—as to give it that conviction I ment of the position o

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife—he was making a vow to St. Nicolas; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left-hand, and putting his right-hand into his bosom, with his scymetar hanging loosely to the wrist of it—he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another through the principal streets of Strasburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place overagainst the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-sattin breeches, with a silver fringe—(appendage to

ertail and blue

11.7 1 101 34

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum slectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhine hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum, (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.—Enim vero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum Promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de seipso reddit, nospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur.—Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis, in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mi, ait hospesnasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille; terebin-

them, which I dare not translate).
he put his breeches, with his fringed
cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his

fhort scymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oper posite side of it—so turning short, in pain less his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn—

fon-fattin breeches, &c. in his cloakbag, and called for his mule.

"I am going forwards," faid the ftranger, "for Franckfort—and fhall be back at Strafburg this day month."

"I hope," continued the stranger, ftroking down the face of his mule with his left-hand as he was going to mount, "that you have been kindto this faithful slave of mine——it has carried me and my cloak-bag," continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues."

"It is a long journey, Sir!" replied the master of the inn—" unless a man has great business."—" Tut! tut!" faid the stranger, "I have been at the Promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot."

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose.—"By St. Radagunda," said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, "there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all Strassiburg!—is it not," said she, whispering her husband in his ear—" is it not a noble nose?"

"It is an imposture, my dear," said the master of the inn-" it is a sale nose."

" It is a true nofe," faid his wife.

It is made of fir-tree," faid he

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

Vivus est, ait illa-et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad—— Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam—— Quam horam? ait illa. Nullum! respondit peregrinus, donec perveneo, ad—— Quem locum, obsecto? ait illa.—Peregrinus nil respondens mulo conscenso discessit.

"There's a pimple on it," faid fhe.

"It is a dead nose," replied the inn-

"It is a live nose; and if I am alive myself," said the inn-keeper's wife, "I will touch it."

"I have made a vow to St. Nicolas this day," faid the stranger, "that my nose shall not be touched till—"Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up. "Till when?" faid she, hastily.

"It never shall be touched," said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, "till that hour—" "What hour?" cried the inn-keeper's wife.—" Never!—ne"ver!" said the stranger; "never till
"I am got——" "For Heaven's sake,
"into what place?" said she.—The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Franckfort before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nofe. The Compline bells were just tinkling to call the Strasburghers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:-no foul in all Strafburg heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees-men, women and children, (the Compline bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there-in at one door, out at another—this way and that way-long ways and cross ways-up one street, down another freet-in at this alley, out of that-Did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it? Who faw it? Who did fee it? For mercy's fake, who faw it?

"Alack o'day! I was at vespers!—
"I was washing; I was starching; I
"was scouring; I was quilting—God
"help me! I never faw it—I never
"touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legged drummer, a
"trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife!" was
the general cry and lamentation in
every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst all this confusion and dis-

order triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous tranger going on as gently upon his

mule in his way to Franckfort, as if he had had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode in broken fentences—fometimes to his

mule—sometimes to himself—some-

"O Julia, my lovely Julia!—Nay,
"I cannot stop to let thee bite that
"thistle—that ever the suspected
tongue of a rival should have robbed
"me of enjoyment when I was upon

"the point of tasting it!

"Pugh!—'tis nothing but a

thistle—never mind it—thou shalt

have a better supper at night.

Banish'd from my country—

" my friends—from thee—
"Poor devil, thou art fadly tired
with thy journey!—come—get on a
little faster—there's nothing in my

" cloak-bag but two shirts—a crimson" sattin pair of breeches, and a fringed

" — Dear Julia!
— "But why to Franckfort?—Is it

"that there is a hand unfelt, which fecretly is conducting me through these
meanders and unsuspected tracts!

P 2 " Stum-

-" Stumbling, by St. Nicolas, " every step! --- why, at this rate we " shall be all night in getting in-To happiness-or am I to be " the sport of fortune and slander !-

destined to be driven forth unconvicted - unheard - untouched! - if " fo, why did I not stay at Strasburg; " where justice--but I had fworn!

-Come, thou shalt drink-to St. " Nicolas--O Julia!--What doft "thou prick up thy ears at—'tis no-

The stranger rode on, communing in this manner with his mule and Ju-· lia-till he arrived at his inn; where, as foon as he arrived, he alightedfaw his mule, as he had promifed it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimfon-fattin breeches, &c. in it—called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed

about twelve o'clock, and in five mi-

nutes fell falt afleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in Strasburg being abated for that night—the Strasburghers had all got quietly into their beds-but onot, like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies: Queen Mab, like an elf as the was, had taken the stranger's nose; and, without reduction of it's bulk, had that night been at the pains of flitting and dividing it into as many nofes of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in Strasburg to hold them. The Abbess of Quedlingberg-who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the priorefs, the deanefs, the subchantrefs, and senior canonels, had that week come to Strafburg to confult the university upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes-was ill all the night.

' The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made fuch rouzing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, that they could not get a wink of fleep the whole night through for it—there was no keeping a limb still amongst

them-in short, they got up like to many gholfs.

The penitentiaries of the third order of St. Francis-the nuns of Mount Calvary—the Præmonstratenses—the Clunienses * - the Carthusians, and all the feverer orders of nuns who lay

that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still in a worse condition than the Abbess of Quedlingberg -- by tumbling and toffing, and toffing and tum-

bling, from one fide of their beds to the other the whole night long-the feveral fifterhoods had fcratch'd and mawl'd themselves all to death-they got out of their beds almost flea'd alive

every body thought St. Antony had visited them for probation with his fire-they had never once, in short, thut their eyes the whole night long from vespers to matins,

The nuns of St. Urfula acted the wifest-they never attempted to go to

bed at all.

' The Dean of Strafburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to confider the case of butter'd buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of St. Urfula's ex-

ample.

' In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven-there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburgthe whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion-such

cause of rettlessness and disquietude, and fuch a zealous inquiry into the

cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strafburg, fince Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turn

ed the city up-fide down.

If the flianger's nofe took this liberty of thrusting itself thus into the diffies + of religious orders, &co what a carnival did his nose make it, in those of the laity!-'tis mon than my pen, worn to the stumpa it is, has power to describe; though acknowledge' - (cries Slawkenber gius, with more gaiety of thought than

ta

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the ye 940, by Odo, Abbé de Cluny.

+ Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators—is very fensible that Slawkenbergius here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of—that, as a translator, here changed his metaphor-which he is very guilty of-that, as a translator, Shandy has all along done what he could to make him flick to it-but that here it w impdilible.

uld have expected from him) - that there is many a good fimile now fubfifting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their fakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my lifethough I own to them the fimile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to fearch for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and diferder it occasioned in the Strafburghers fantalies was fo generalfuch an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the Strafburghers minds - fo many strange things, with equal confidence on all fides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ftream of all discourse and wonder towards it-every foul, good and bad -rich and poor-learned and unlearned-doctor and student-mistress and maid-gentle and fimple-nun's flesh, and woman's flesh-in Strasburg-spent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in Strafburg languished to see it—every finger, every thumb in Strasburg, burned to touch it.

' Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a defire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the mafter of the inn's wite, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their tellimonies and description of the tranger's nose—they all agreed together in two points-namely, that he was gone to Franckfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false - that the tranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty-the finest made man-the most genteel - the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage—that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg! -that, as he rode, with his scymetar flung loosely to his wrist, through the threets-and walked with his crimon-fattin breeches across the parade 'twas with so sweet an air of careks modesty, and so manly withalas would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast

her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited to justify the Abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

drummer!—nothing on this fide of old Athens could equal them!—they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor

in their porticos.

The master of the inn, with his oftler on his left-hand, read his also in the same style—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard—his wise, her's more privately in a back-room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshalled them—in a word, each Strasburgher came crouding for intelligence—and every Strasburgher had the intelligence he wanted.

It is worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the Abbess of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in publick, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade-fhe incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of Strasburg for her auditory .- But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, through these conduits of intelligence, were all bufied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themselves not with sacts—they reasoned.

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of wens and cedematous swellings—they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and fouls—the stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or cedematous swellings.

It was demonstrated, however, very fatisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was in utera, without destroying the statical balance of the sectus, and throwing it plump upon it's head nine months before the time.

before the time.—

'The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

'And if a suitable provision of veins,

arteries, &c." said they, "was not

laid in, for the due nourishment of

fuch a nose, in the very first stamina

and rudiments of it's formation, be
fore it came into the world, (bating

the case of wens) it could not regular
ly grow and be sustained afterwards."

This was all answered by a differ-

This was all answered by a differtation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable.—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why

a nose might not grow to the fize of the man himself.

'The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them fo long as a man had but one fromach and one pair of lungs .- For the stomach, faid they, being the only organ deffined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs, the only engine of fanguification-it · could pollibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought in: or, admitting the possibility of a man's over-· loading his thomach, nature had fet · bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined fize and ftrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time-that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one fingle man, and no more; fo that, if there was as much nose as man-they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

"these emergencies," cried the opponents—"else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man,

when both his legs have been unfor-

"He dies of a plethora," faid they or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consump. "tion."

the opponents.

" It ought not," faid they.

The more curious and intimate in quirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical articles and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that Nature, though she sported, she sported within a certain circle, and they could

one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the comthey begin and the controversy had been fettled at once.

"A nose," argued the logician,
cannot bleed without blood—and
not only blood—but blood circulating in it to supply the phænomenon
with a succession of drops—(a stream being but a quicker succession of
drops, that is included, faid he.)—
Now death, continued the logician,
being nothing but the stagnation of
the blood—"

"I deny the definition—Death is the feparation of the foul from the body," faid his antagonist.—"Then we don't agree about our weapon," faid the logician.—"Then there is an end of the dispute," replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concife: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree-than a dif-

"Such a monstrous nose," said they, " had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil fociety-and if falle-to impose upon fociety with fuch false figns and tokens, was a still greater violation of it's rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it."

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true

nor faile.

This left room for the controverly to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclefiaftick court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, fince the stranger ex mero motu had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Nofes, and had got one of the goodlieft, &c. &c. To ble there should be such a place as the Promontory of Nofes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. commissary of the Bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocates-explained this matter in a treatife upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the Promontory of Nofes was a mere allegorick expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nole-in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the under-written authorities*, which had decided the point incontestibly, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

· It happened—I must not say, unluckily for truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so

doing; that the two universities of

Strafburg-the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius,

counsellor of the senate-and the Popish, founded by Leopold, Arch-

duke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth'

of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the Abbels of Quedling-

berg's placket-holes required-) in determining the point of Martin Lu-

ther's damnation.

' The Popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate à priori, that from the ' necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483—when the moon was in the ' twelfth house, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third, the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury, all got together in the fourth -that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damned man-and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary,

must be damned doctrines too. By inspection into this horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpiot,'-[In reading this my father would always shake his head.]- in the ninth house, which the Arabians allotted to religion—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one fliver about the matter-and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of Mars-they made ' it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming-with the blast of. which his foul (being steeped in guilt) ' failed before the wind, in the lake of

hell-fire.

'The little objection of the Lutheran

Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formula utun. Quinimo & Logista & monifiz-Vid. Parce Bar e Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. vol. 4. titul. 1. n. 7. quà etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec. non J. Scrudr. cap. S. refut. ff. per totum. cum his conf. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum mment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinsheven Folio Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus d. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure Gent. & Civil de protib. tha feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. cap. 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

Hac mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nona reticum, christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi direcad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos naviga-ab Alecto, Tisiphone & Magera slagellis igneis cruciata pereniter.

- Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu aftrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidenus per genituras examinatis.

doctor's to this was, that it must cer-

born October 22, 83, which was forced to fail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from

the register of Islahen, in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not

born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of

Martinmas day, from whence he had

the name of Martin.

for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the Abbess of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my Uncle Toby, but with triumph—not over my Uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it—but over the whole world.

he would say, looking up, 'that Christian names are not such indifferent' things—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eter-

'nity.—Not that I look upon Martin,' he would add, 'as a good name—far' from it—'tis something better than a

neutral, and but a little—yet little as it is, you fee it was of some service to

· him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis as well as the best logician could thew him-yet fo fbrange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's decads full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight-it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together his Names and his Nofes. - I will be bold to fay, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two fuch nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as

the Popish doctors had pretended;

failing full in the teeth of it—the were going to settle, in case he had failed, how many points he was of whether Martin had doubled the case or had fallen upon a lee-shore; as no doubt, as it was an enquiry of mode edification, at least to those whom derstood this fort of NAVIGATION they had gone on with it in spite of the

and as every one knew there was

they had gone on with it in spite of fize of the stranger's noie, had not fize of the stranger's noie drawns

the attention of the world from what they were about—it was their build

to follow.

her four dignitaries was no stop; in the enormity of the stranger's no running full as much in their fance as their case of conscience—the affice of their placket-holes kept cold—in word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types—all controls seed to distribute their types—all controls seed to distribute their types—all controls seed to pp'd.

It was a square cap with a file tassel upon the crown of it—to and shell—to have guessed on which so of the nose the two universities was

fplit.

"It is above reason," cried the do

"It is below reason," cried to

" It is faith," cried the one."

"It is a fiddle-flick," faid the one."
"It is possible," cried the one."

"God's power is infinite," crieda Nofarians; "he can do any thing."

"He can do nothing," replied to
Antinofarians, "which implies on
tradictions."

"He can make matter think," to

" As certainly as you can make velvet cap out of a fow's car," plied the Antinofarians.

"He cannot make two and two five replied the Popish doctors.-" It

"fa!se," said their opponents.
"Infinite power, is infinite power,
faid the doctors who maintained a reality of the nose.—" It extens
only to all possible things," replace the Lutheraus.

"Popish doctors, "he can make and if he thinks fit, as big as the he of Strasburg!"

. Now the steeple of Strasburg be

the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of five hundred and seventy five geometrical seet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-sized man.—The Popish doctors swore it could—The Lutheran doctors said, No; it could not.

'This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.—That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas

Aquinas to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of school-divinity—and then they all sailed before the wind.

' Heat is in proportion to the want

of true knowledge.

The controverfy about the attributes, &c. instead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the Strasburghers imaginations to a most inordinate degree.—The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were lest in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied—saw their doctors, the Parchmentarians, the Brassarians, the Parchmentarians, on one side—the Popish doctors on the other—like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of sight.

The poor Strasburghers left upon the beach!—What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increased—every one in disorder—the

city gates fet open.

'Unfortunate Strasburghers! was there in the store-house of naturewas there in the lumber-rooms of learning-was there in the great arfenal of chance, one fingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiolities, and stretch your defires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fare to play upon your hearts?-I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the furrender of yourselves - 'tis to write your panegyrick. Shew me a city fo macerated with expectation-who neither eat, or drank, or flept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for feven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

franger had promifed to return to

Strafburg.

Seven thousand coaches,'-[Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters]- ' 7000 coaches-15,000 finglehorfe chairs-20,000 waggons, grouded as full as they could all hold with fenators, counfellors, fyndicks-beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches. The Abbefs of Quedlingberg, with the priorefs, the deanefs, and fubchantrefs, leading the procession in one coach, and the Dean of Strafburg, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left-hand -the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; fome on horsebackfome on foot-tome led-fome driven -fome down the Rhine-fome this way-some that-all set out at funrife to meet the courteous stranger on the foad.

'Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale—I say, catastrophe, (cries Slawkenbergius;) inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly
disposed, not only rejoiceth (gaudet)
in the catastrophe and peripettia of a
DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in
all the essential and integrant parts
of it—it has its protasis, epitasis,
catastasis, it's catastrophe or peripeitia, growing one out of the other
in it, in the order Aristorle first planted them—without which a tale had
better never be told at all, (says Slawkenbergius) but be kept to a man's
stelf.

felf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decade, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the

stranger and his nofe.

'From his first parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of Strafburg, after pulling off his crimsonfattin pair of breeches, is the protasis
or first entrance—where the characters of the persone-dramatis are just
touched in, and the subject slightly
begun.

The epitasis, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at it's state or height called the catastasis, and which usually takes up the second and which act, is included within that buty

Q period

period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the disputeto the doctors finally failing away, and e leaving the Strasburghers upon the beach in distress, is the catastasis or the ripening of the incidents and paffions for their burfting forth in the · fifth act.

This commences with the fetting out of the Strafburghers in the Franckfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as · Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This (fays Hafen Slawkenbergius) constitutes the catastrophe or peripeif tia of my tale-and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep-he now enters upon the

flage.

"What dost thou prick up thy " ears at-'tis nothing but a man upon " a horse!" - was the last word the ftranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master's word for it; and without any more ifs or ands, · let the traveller and his horse pass by. 'The traveller was hastening with ' night .- " What a fool am I,

all diligence to get to Strasburg that the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, "to think " of getting into Strafburg this night! -Strasburg! - the great Straf-" burg !- Strafburg, the capital of all " Alfatia! Strafburg, an imperial city! Strafburg, a fovereign state! Straf-" burg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world! -Alas! if I was at the gates of " Strafburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat-" naya ducat and half -- 'tis too much beiter go back to the last inn I " have passed-than lie I know not

" where-or give I know not what." The traveller, as he made the'e reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about; and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the fame inn.

"We have bacon in the house," ' laid the hoft, " and bread-and till

" eleven o'clock this night had the eggs in it-but a stranger, who at

" rived an hour ago, has had then " dreffed into an omelet, and we have nothing.

" Alas!" faid the traveller, "hat. ce raffed as I am, I want nothing but " a bed."-" I have one as foft as i

" in Alfatia," faid the hoft. -" The stranger," continued he " should have slept in it, for 'tis m " best bed, but upon the score of hi " nose."-" Has he got a defluxion!" faid the traveller .- " Not that ! " know," cried the host .- " But'h " a camp-bed-and Jacinta," faidh looking towards the maid, "ima e gined there was not room in it to tun " his nose in."-" Why fo?" crid the traveller, starting back .- " Ith " fo long a nose," replied the host. The traveller fixed his eyes upon]. cinta, then upon the ground-kneeld upon his right-knee-had just gothi hand laid upon his breast-" Tite " not with my anxiety," said he, rifig up again .- " It is no trifle," sat Jacinta, "it is the most gloriou nose!"—The traveller fell upon his knee again-laid his hand upon his breast "Then," faid he, look ing up to heaven, "thou hast con-" ducted me to the end of my pilgib

" mage-'Tis Diego!' The traveller was the brother of the Julia so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from Strate burg upon his mule; and was come on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his lifter from Valladolid across the Pyrenean Mountains through France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in purfuit of him through the many mean ders and abrupt turnings of a lover

thorny tracks. - Julia had funk under it-and had not been able to go a step farther than to Lyons; where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of-but few feel-the fickened-but had just strength to walk a letter to Diego; and having conjured her brother never to fee her fact

till he had found him out and pl the letter into his hands, Julia took

to her bed.

Fernandez-(for that was her bro ther's name) -though the camp-bed was as foft as any one in Alface, Je

he could not shut his eyes in it .- As foon as it was day he rose, and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his fister's commission.

· The letter was as follows.

" SEIG. DIEGO,

WHETHER my fuspicions of VV " your nose were justly excited or not—'tis not now to enquire—it is enough I have not had firmness to

put them to farther trial.

" How could I know fo little of myfelf, when I fent my duenna to forbid your coming more under my lattice? or how could I know so little of you, Diego, as to imagine you would not have staid one day in Valladolid to have given eafe to my doubts? Was I to be abandoned, Diego, because I was deceived? or was it kind to take me at my word, whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and forrow?

" In what manner Julia has resented this-my brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, will tell you: he will tell you in how few moments the repented of the rash message she had fent you-in what frantick hafte the flew to her lattice, and how many days and nights together she leaned immoveably upon her elbow, looking through it towards the way which

Diego was wont to come.

" He will tell you, when she heard of your departure-how her spirits deferted her-how her heart fickenedhow piteously she mourned—how low she hung her head. O Diego! how many weary steps has my brother's pity led me by the hand languishing to trace out yours; how far has defire carried me beyond strength-and how oft have I fainted by the way, and funk into his arms, with only power to cry out-" O my Diego!" " If the gentleness of your carriage has not belyed your heart, you will fly tome almost as fast as you fled from me.—Haste as you will, you will arrive but to fee me expire-'tis a bitter draught, Diego; but, oh! 'tis embittered still more by dying un-."

She could proceed no farther. Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was unconvinced; but her Arength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter-he ordered his mule forthwith and Fernandez's horse to be saddled; and as no vent in profe is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts - chance. which as often directs us to remedies as to difeases, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window-Diego availed himself of it; and whilst the offler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows:

" ODE.

" Harfh and untuneful are the notes of love,

"Unless my Julia strikes the key; Her hand alone can touch the part,

Whose dulcet move-

" ment charms the heart,

" And governs all the man With fympathetick fway.

" 2d.

" O Julia!-

The lines were very natural-for they were nothing at all to the purpole, (fays Slawkenbergius) and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seignior Diege was flow in composing verses—or the oftler quick in saddling mules—is not averred: certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horsewere ready at the door of the inn, before Diego was ready for his fecond stanza; for without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the Rhine, traversed Alface, shaped their course towards Lyons, and before the Strafburghers and the Abbels of Quedlingberg had fet out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, croffed the Pyrenean Mountains, and got fafe to Valladolid.

It is needless to inform the geographical reader, that when Diego was in Spain, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the Franckfort road; it is enough to fay, that of all reftless defires, curiofity being the strongest—the Strasburghers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were toffed to and fro in the Franckfort road, with the tempeltuous fury of this paf-

fion, before they could submit to re-

turn home.-When, alas! an event

was prepared for them, of all others

the most grievous that could befal a

free people.

As this revolution of the Strafburghers affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, (says Slawkenbergius) give the

world an explanation of it, and with

it put an end to my tale.

'Every body knows of the grand fystem of universal monarchy, wrote by order of Monsieur Colbert, and put in manuscript into the hands of Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

It is as well known, that one branch out of many of that fystem, was the getting possession of Strasburg to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to disturb the quiet of Germany—and that, in consequence of this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell.

at length into their hands.

• It is the lot of few to trace out the true springs of this and such like re• volutions.—The vulgar look too high
• for them—Statesmen look too low—
• Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

"What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city!" cries one historian—"The Strasburghers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison—and so

" fell a prey to a French one."
" The fate." favs another, " of the

"The fate," fays another, "of the "Strasburghers, may be a warning to all free people to fave their money.—

"They anticipated their revenuesbrought themselves under taxes, ex-

" hausted their strength, and in the

" had not strength to keep their gates flut, and so the French pushed them

" open."

Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)

it was not the French—'twas CU
RIOSITY pushed them open.—The

French, indeed, who are ever upon

the catch, when they saw the Strasburghers, men, women, and children,

all marched out to follow the stranger's

nose—each man followed his own,

' and marched in.

'Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever fince—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for

it is owing to this only, that Nofes have ever so run in their heads, that

the Strasburghers could not follow their business.

'Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)

making an exclamation—it is not the first—and, I fear, will not be the last

fortress, that has been either won-or

· lost-by Noses."

END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE,

CHAP. I.

with all this learning upon noises running perpetually in my father's fancy—with so many family prejudices—and ten decads of such tales running on for ever, along with them-how was it possible with such exquisite— 'Was it a true nose?'—that a man with such exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs—or, indeed, above stairs, in any other posture, but the very posture I have described?

Throw yourself down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glass first in a chair on one side of it, before you do it—' But ' was the stranger's nose a true nose—

or was it a false one?

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian world; and that is, the tenth of the tenth decad, which

immediately follows this.

fomewhat exultingly, has been referred by me for the concluding tale of my

whole work; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it through-

would be high time for both of us to

finut up the book; inasmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go

down after it.'

Tis a tale indeed!

This fets out with the first interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernander left the courteous stranger and his fister Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten—

THE INTRICACIES OF DIEGO AND

Heaven! thou art a ftrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimfical view of the involutions of the heart of woman halt thou opened how this can ever be translated—and





Plate II.

yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisitiveness of his moral should please the world-translated shall a couple of volumes be.-Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no fort of conception. -There feems in some passages to want a fixth fense to do it rightly .- What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of flow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone-which you know, Madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings, about the region of the heart-the brain made no acknowledgment .- There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it—unless, may it please your worships, the voice in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within fix inches of each other -but to look into the pupils.-Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided-for, to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet-and to look down into each other's laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference-I mean, to the sentimental part of it .- What is left, Madani, is not worth stooping for.

CHAP. II.

Y father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-fide; my Uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter tor it.—In a few moments, his lefthand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to it's feeling-he thrust it a little more within the valance drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom-gave a hem!-My good Uncle Toby, with infinite plealure, answered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I faid, that way, and learing moreover that he might fet out with fomething which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now whether the compression shortened my Uncle Toby's face into a more
pleasureable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother
beginning to emerge out of the sea of
his afflictions, had braced up his muscles—so that the compression upon his
chin only doubled the benignity which
was there before, is not hard to decide.

My father, in turning his eyes, was
struck with such a gleam of sunshine in
his face, as melted down the sullenness
of his grief in a moment.

He broke filence as follows.

CHAP. III.

DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raifing himself up upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my Uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch—' did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby, cried my father, ' receive so many lashes—' The most I ever saw given,' quoth my Uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment.'

Had my Uncle Toby shot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me!' faid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

AS it in Mackay's regiment, quoth my Uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges about the ducats?'—'O Christ! he was innocent!' cried Trim with a very deep sigh—'and he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.'—
'I thank thee, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'I never think of his,' continued Trim, 'and my poor brother Tom's

Tom's misfortunes, (for we were all three school-fellows) but I cry like a coward. Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim-I drop them ofttimes myself,' cried my Uncle Toby. - 'I know your honour does,' replied Trim, 'and so am not ashamed of it " myfelf .- But to think, may it please your honour,' continued Trim, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke-' to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people,

going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into fuch evils !- Poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who fold faufages—honest Dick Johnson's foul to be scourged out of his body, for the

ducats another man put into his knapfack !- O !- thefe are misfortunes!' cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief-' these are misfortunes, may it · please your honour, worth lying down

and crying over!'

-My father could not help blush-

"It would be a pity, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby, 'thou should'st ever seel forrow of thy own—thou

· feelest it so tenderly for others.'-· Alack-o'-day,' replied the corporal, brightening up his face-' your honour

knows I have neither wife or child-I can have no forrows in this world.'

-My father could not help smiling .-As few as any man, Trim, replied my Uncle Toby; 'nor can I fee how a · fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the dittress of poverty in thy

old age—when thou art passed all ser-vices, Trim—and hast out-lived thy friends—' An' please your honour, never fear !' replied Trim, chearily.

- But I would have thee never fear, Trim,' replied my uncle; 'and there-fore,' continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting

up upon his legs as he uttered the word therefore- ' in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such

· proofs of-whillt thy master is worth a skilling-thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny.'-Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby-

but had not power-tears trickled down his cheeks falter than he could wipe them off-He laid his hands upon his

breast-made a bow to the groundand thut the door.

- I have left Trim my bowling. green, cried my Uncle Toby.-M₁ father smiled.— I have left him more. over a pension, continued my Uncle Toby.-My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

S this a fit time,' said my father to himself, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I faid, fell down with his not flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my Uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapfed with his nose into the same precife attitude in which he lay first defcribed; fo that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himfelf disposed to rise off the bed-he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. -Attitudes are nothing, Madam-'118 the transition from one attitude to another-like the preparation and refolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe up on the floor-pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valancegave a hem-raifed himfelf up upon his elbow-and was just beginning to address himself to my Uncle Toby-when, recollecting the unfuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short be-fore my Uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my Uncle

Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

THEN I reflect, brother Toby, ' upon MAN; and take a view of that dark fide of him which represents his life as open to so many

causes of trouble-when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—' 'I was born to nothing,' quoth my Uncle Toby, inerrupting my father-' but my commission.'- 'Zooks!' faid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?'- 'What could I have done without it?' replied ny Uncle Toby .- ' That's another concern,' faid my father testily.— But I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and forrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, it is wonderful by what hidden refources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.' It is by the affistance of Almighty God,' cried my Uncle Toby, lookng up, and preffing the palms of his ands close together; ' it is not from our own strength, brother Shandy-a centinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty menare upheld by the grace and affiftance of the best of Beings.'

"That is cutting the knot," faid my father, ' instead of untying it. - But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into this myf-

'With all my heart,' replied my

Uncle Toby.

My father instantly exchanged the atitude he was in, for that in which Sorates is so finely painted by Raffael in his School of Athens; which your connotifieurship knows is so exquisitely magined, that even the particular manher of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it—for he holds the foreinger of his left-hand between the foreinger and the thumb of his right, and eems as if he was faying to the liberine he is reclaiming-' You grant me this-and this: and this, and this, I don't ask of you—they follow of them-selves in course.'

So flood my father, holding fast his ore-finger betwixt his finger and his humb, and reasoning with my Uncle Toby as he fat in his old fringed chair, alanced around with party-coloured vorsted bobs. - O Garrick! what a rich

scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write fuch another to avail myfelf of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.

CHAP. VIII.

HOUGH man is of all others ' the most curious vehicle,' faid my father, ' yet at the same time 'tis of so slight a frame, and so totteringly put together, that the fudden jerks and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overfet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a fecret spring within us.'- Which spring,' said my Uncle Toby, ' I take to be religion." " Will that fet my child's nose on?" cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other. - It makes every thing straight for us, answered my Uncle Toby .- Figura-' tively speaking, dear Toby, it may, ' for aught I know,' faid my father; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastick power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a fecret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock-at least it imposes upon our sense of it.

' Now, my dear brother,' said my father, replacing his fore finger, as he was coming closer to the point- ' had my child arrived fafe into the world, ' unmartyred in that precious part of ' him-fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of christian names, and of that magick bias which good or bad names irrefiftibly impress upon our characters and conducts-Heaven is witness! that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.

But, alas!' continued my father,

as the greatest evil has befallen him-I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened Trismegistus,

'I wish'it may answer!'-replied my Uncle Toby, rifing up,

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

faid my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my Uncle Toby were going down stairs, what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us!—
Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly—
I know no more of calculation than this balluster, said my Uncle Toby—
(striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone)— It was a hundred to one— cried my Uncle Toby—
(rubbing his shin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby—
by— It was a mere chance, said my Uncle Toby—
Toby— Then it adds one
to the chapter, replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once.-It was well it so fell out-(chancel again)-or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation-to guess it, there was no chance. - What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has faved me the trouble of writing one express; and, in truth, I have enough already upon my hands without it .--Have I not promifed the would a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?-a chapter of noses?-(No, I have done that) - a chapter of my Uncle Toby's modelty?—to fay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep .- By my greatgrandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of them through this year!

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, faid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps

- fhould have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part,
- which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.'

'It might have been worse,' replied my Uncle Toby.

— 'I don't comprehend,' faid my father.—' Suppose the hip had presented,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as Doctor 'Slop foreboded.'

My father reflected half a minute-

looked down—touched the middle of his forehead flightly with his finger—
True, faid he.

CHAP. X.

Is it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got me farther yet than to the first landing, and there are sisteen more steps down to the bottom: and, for aught I know, asmy father and my Uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps—let that be as will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny—a sudden impulse come across me—Drop the curtain, Shandy—I drop it—Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram—I strike it—and hey for a new chapter!

it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have!
to govern myself by in this affair—and
if I had one—as I do all things out of
all rule—I would twist it and tear it into
pieces, and throw it into the fire when
I had done!——Am I warm?—I am,
and the cause demands it——a pretty
story!—is a man to follow rules—of
rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to eale my consciend entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to fet out dogmatically with a fententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse that chapters relieve the mind-that they affilt-or impose upon the imagi-nation-and that, in a work of this dramatick cast, they are as necessary at the shifting of scenes-with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roafted him. — O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple—you must read Longinus-Read away-if you and not a jot the wifer by reading him the first time over-never sear-read his again-Avicenna and Licetus rea Aristotle's metaphysicks forty time through a-piece, and never underfloor ingle word. But mark the confe quence—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing-for he wrote books de omni scribih-and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world

world knows he was born a foctus*, of no more than five inches and a half in ength, yet he grew to that astonishing eight in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself—the earned know, I mean his Gonopsychan-bropologia, upon the origin of the hunan soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapers, which I hold to be the best chaper in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well mployed as in picking straws.

CHAP. XI.

WE shall bring all things to 'rights,' said my father, seting his foot upon the first step from he landing.—'This Trismegistus,' continued my father. drawing his leg ack, and turning to my Uncle Toby—
was the greatest—(Toby)—of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king—the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher—and the greatest priest—''—And engineer!'—said ny Uncle Toby.

- 'In course,' said my father.

CHAP. XII.

A ND how does your mistrefs?' A cried my father, taking the

fame step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pincushion in her hand—' how ' does your mistress?'—' As well,' said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, ' as can be expected.'—' What a fool am I!' said my father—drawing his leg back again—' let things ' be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis' ever the precise answer.—And how ' is the child, pray?'—No answer.—' And where is Doctor Slop?' added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballusters.—Susannah was out of hearing.

'Of all the riddles of a married life,' faid my father, croffing the landing in order to fet his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my Uncle Toby- of all the puzzling riddles, faid he, 'in a marriage-state-of which, you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more affes loads than all Joh's stock of asses could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themfelves more airs upon that tingle inch, ' than all their other inches put together.'

'I think, rather,' replied my'Uncle Toby, 'that 'tis we who fink an inch

· lower,

* Ce Fætus n'etoit pas plus grand que la paûme de la main; mais son pere l'ayant raminé en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque chose de plus qu'un îmbryon, le sit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le sit voir à Jerôme Bardí & d'autres medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rein d'essentiel à la vie; son pere, pour faire voir un essai de son expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de a Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'ensant avec le même artistice que celui dont nse sert pour saire éclorre les Poulers en Egypte. It instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce u'elle avoit à saire, & ayant sait mettre son sil dans un sour proprement accommode, l'euissit à l'élever & a lui saire prendre ses accroissemens necessaires, par l'unisormité une chaleur étrangére mesurée éxactement sur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 23. 488.)

On auroit toujours, été très satisfait de l'industrie d'un pere si experimenté dans l'art la generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois,

Mais quand on se represente que l'ensant à vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il composé quatre-vingts ouvrages différents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut contenir, que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la Vraisemblance n'est servoujours du coté de la Verité.

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Org ne Ani-

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corriges par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Franvile.)

R

· lower.—If I meet but a woman with · child—I do it.——'Tis a heavy tax

upon that half of our fellow-creatures,

'brother Shandy,' faid my Uncle Toby.—'It is a pitcous burden upon 'em,' continued he, shaking his head—'Yes, 'yes, 'tis a painful thing,' said my father, shaking his head too.—But certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

God bless cle Toby and my father, each to himself.

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!—
here's fixpence—do step into that
bookseller's shop, and call me a daytale critick. I am very willing to give
any one of 'em a crown to help me
with his tackling, to get my father and
my Uncle Toby off the stairs, and to

put them to bed.

Tis even high time; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst Trim was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes, since nine hours before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back-parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as bufy a day as this—and to take up—

Truce.

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until it's final destruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and fixty four days more life to write just now, than when I first set on fo that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work, with what have been doing at it on the contant I am just thrown so many volum back-was every day of my life toh as bufy a day as this - and why not!and the transactions and opinions of to take up as much description-and for what reason should they be cut thort -as, at this rate, I should just live the hundred and fixty-four times faster than I should write—it must follow, at please your worships, that the more! write, the more I shall have to writeand consequently, the more your wor. ships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worthin

eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, wa it not that my *Opinions* will be the deat of me, I perceive, I shall lead a for life of it out of this self same Life of mine—or, in other words, shall leads couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volume a year, or a volume a month, it no we alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things as Horace advises—I shall never out take myself—vaipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have my day the start of my pen—and one day enough for two volumes—and two we lumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us—as I trust it's providence will prosper every thing elect

it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geelegive myself no concern—Nature is albountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend I you have got my father and my Uncle Toby off it stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropple a curtain at the stairs-foot—I though you had no other way for it.—Here's crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

" off the chair,' faid my father to Susannan.—' There is not moments

noment's time to dress you, Sir, ed Susannah the child is as black n the face as my-' 'As your what?' faid my father—for, like all ators, he was a dear fearcher into mparisons .- 'Bless me, Sir,' faid Sunah, 'the child's in a fit.'—'And where's Mr. Yorick?'—'Neverwhere ne should be,' said Susannah; 'but his curate's in the dressing-room, with he child upon his arm, waiting for he name-and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, wheher it should not be called after him." - Were one fure,' faid my father himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might

as well compliment my brother Toby is not—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him-But

he may recover.——
'No, no!'—faid my father to Sunnah, 'I'll get up.'-' There is no ime,' cried Susannah; ' the child's us, faid my father.— But stay thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah,' ded my father; 'canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head, the length of the gallery, without scattering?'— Can I?' cried Susannah, shutting the or in' a huff.— If she can, I'll be hot!' faid my father, bouncing out bed in the dark, and groping for his eeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the

allery.

My father made all possible speed to

id his breeches.

Susannah got the start, and kept it— It is Tris—something, cried Susan-h.— There is no Christian name in the world,' faid the curate, 'begin-ning with Tris—but Tristram.' Then 'tis Triffram giffus,' quoth Su-

- There is no giftus to it, noodle!-'tis my own name,' replied the to the bason - Tristram! faid he, c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. lled, and Tristram shall I be to the

y of my death.
My father followed Sufannah with s night-gown across his arm, with othing more than his breeches on, stened, through haste, with but a fine button, and that button, through

haste, thrust only half into the button-

" She has not forgot the name?" cried my father, half opening the door. -' No, no,' faid the curate, with a tone of intelligence.- 'And the child ' is better,' cried Susannah .- ' And ' how does your mistres?'-' As well,' faid Sufannah, 'as can be expected.'-' Pish!' faid my father, the button of his breeches flipping out of the buttonhole-So that whether the interjection was levelled at Susannah, or the button-hole-whether pifb was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of chambermaids, my chapter of piftes, and my chapter of bution-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried 'Pifh!' he whifk'd himself about-and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his nightgown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, fomething flower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

Wish I could write a chapter upon

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put outand no creature's eyes are open but a fingle one-for the other has been flut thele twenty years—of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon bution holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a fingle chapter

upon this.

Button-holes !- there is fomething lively in the very idea of 'em-and trust me; when I get amongst 'em .- You gentry with great beards-look as grave as you will-I'll make marry work with my button-holes-I shall have 'em all to myself-'tis a maiden subject-I shall run foul of no man's wildom or fine fayings in it.

But for fleep-I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin-I am no

R 2

dab at your fine fayings in the first place—and in the next, I cannot for my foul fet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world-'tis the refuge of the unfortunate-the enfranchilement of the priloner-the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary and the broken-hearted—nor could I set out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the foft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleafure has wearied us-that this is the chiefest-(I know pleasures worth ten of it) - or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his foul shall be so seared within him, that which ever way the turns her eves, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her-no defireor fear-or doubt-that troubles the air; por any difficulty, past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet fecestion.

God's bleffing,' faid Sancho Panca, 'be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing called sleep! it covers a man all over like a cloak.' Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the differtations squeezed out of the head of the learned together upon the subject.

-Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—
'tis admirable in it's way—(I quote by

memory.) The world enjoys other pleasures, fays he, 'as they do that of fleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and paffes by .- We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us .- For this end I cause myself to be diffurbed in my fleep, that I may the better and more fenfibly re-· lish it .- And yet I see few,' says he again, ' who live with less sleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and fudden agitation .- I evade, of late, all violent exercises-I am never weary with walking-but from my youth,

I never liked to ride upon pavements.

· I love to lie hard and alone, and even

without my wife. This last wond may stagger the faith of the world-but remember, La Vraisemblance (a Baylet says in the affair of Lice) n'est pas toujours du cotè de last. rité. And so much for sleep.

CHAP. XVI.

F my wife will but venture himbrother Toby, Trifmegistus stales be dressed and brought down to us whilst you and I are getting our break

fasts together.

to step here.' Obadial

'She is run up stairs,' answered Oh diah, 'this very instant, sobbing and crving, and wringing her hands ass

We shall have a rare month of it!

her heart would break.'

faid my father, turning his head for Obadiah, and looking withfully in my Uncle Toby's face for some time—'m' shall have a devilish month of it, but ther Toby,' said my father, setting his arms a-kimbo, and shaking his head fire, water, women, wind—broke Toby!—'It is some missortune—queth my Uncle Toby.—'That it is cried my father—'to have so may jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of gentleman's house.—Little boots in the peace of a family, brother Toby that you and I possess ourselves, and

fuch a from is whiftling over of heads!

And what's the matter, Su fannah?'—' They have called the child Tristram—and my mistress if just got out of an hysterick fit about it.—' No!'—' It is not my fault faid Susannah—' I told him it may

'Make tea for yourself, bo
'ther Toby,' said my tather, taking
down his hat—but how different from
the sallies and agitations of voice and
members which a common reader would

For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat will the gentlest movement of limbs, the ever affliction harmonized and attust together.

Go to the bowling-green to

by, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

HE Nthe misfortune of my nose fell so heavily upon my father's head—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME—No.

The different weight, dear Sir—nay even the different package of two vexations of the same weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—

It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor's devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the

fire, inflead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room-indeed, I caught it as it fellbut there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elfe in Nature would have given fuch immediate eaie: she, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all provoking cases, determines us to a fally of this or that member-or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why-but mark, Madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteriesthe most obvious things, which come in our way, have dark fides, which the quickest fight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's works; so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which though we cannot reason upon it—yet we find the good of it, no it please your reverences and your worships—and that's enough for us.

Now my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up stairs like the other

he walks composedly out with it to

the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone-reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is fomething, Sir, in fish-ponds-but what it is, I leave to fystem-builders and fish-ponddiggers betwixt 'em to find out-but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a fober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

OUR honour,' faid Trim, flutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, ' has heard, I ' imagine, of this unlucky accident.'-O yes, Trim !' faid my Uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern. - ' I am heartily concerned too; but, I hope your honour, replied Trim, 'will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me.'- To thee, Trim !'-cried my Uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face- it was Sufannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them.'- What befiness could they have together, an' please your honour, in the garden ?'- In the gallery, thou meanest!' replied my Uncle

Trim found he was upon a wrong feent, and stopped short with a low bow—' Two misfortunes,' quoth the corporal to himself, 'are twice as many, 'at least, as are needful to be called over at one time—the mitchief the cow has done in breaking into the foreincations, may be told his honour hereafter.'—Trim's casualtry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my Uncle Toby, so he went on with what he had

to say to Trim as follows.

'For my own part, Trim,
though I can see little or no difference
betwixt my nephew's being called
Tristram or Trismegistus—yet as the
thing sits so near my brother's heart,

· Trim-

· Trim-I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.'-- A hundred pounds, an' please your honour!' re-plied Trim-' I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.'- Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my Uncle Toby; but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this · case-maintains, that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon Christian names, than what ignorant people imagine—for he fays there never was · a great or heroick action performed, fince the world began, by one called · Triftram-nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wife, or brave --' 'It is all fancy, an' please your honour-I fought just as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.'- 'And for my own part,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim-yet had my name been Alexander, I could have done ono more at Namur than my duty."

-- 'Bless your honour!' cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, 'does' a man think of his Christian name when he goes upon the attack?'—' Or when he stands in the trench, 'Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby, looking firm.—' Or when he enters a 'breach?' said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.—' Or forces the 'lines?' cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.—' Or facing a platoon?' cried Trim, presenting his stack like a firelock.—' Or when he marches up the glacis?' cried my Uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.—

CHAP. XIX.

Y father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, just as my Uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms—never was my Uncle Toby caught in riding at such a desperate rate in his life!—Alas! my Uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadst thou then, and thy poor hobby-horse too, have been insulted.

My father hung up his hat with the

fame air he took it down; and after giving a flight look at the diforder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-against my Uncle Toby, he fat down in it, and as foon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

T is in vain longer,' faid my father, addressing himself as much to Ernulphus's curfe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-pieceas to my Uncle Toby who fat under it-' it is in vain longer,' said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, 'to ftruggle as I have done against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions-I see it plainly, that either for my own fins, brother Toby, or the fins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of it's artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.'- Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, by- if it was fo. '- Unhappy Triftram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude, interruption, mistake, and discontent! What one misfortune of disaster in the book of embryotick evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou camest into the world!what evils in thy passage into it-what evils since!—Produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days-when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble-when radical heat, and radical moisture, the elements which should have tempered thine, were drying up, and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations-'tis pillful-brother Toby, at the best-and called out for all the fittle helps that care and attention on both fides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby -'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now-when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts, should have been conveyed were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil.—

· Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him -and tried an experiment at leastwhether calmness and serenity of mind in your fifter, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions-and the rest of her nonnaturals, might not, in a course of nine months gestations, have fet all things to rights .- My child was bereft of these !- What a teazing life did the lead herself, and consequently her fœtus too, with that nonfentical anxiety of her's about lying-in in town!" 1 thought my fifter fubmitted with the greatest patience,' replied my Unle Toby- I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.'- 'She fumed inwardly,' cried my father; ' and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child-and then, what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms about the midwife!' - ' There fhe gave vent, 'faid my Uncle Toby .- ' Vent!' ried my father, looking up.

'But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have faved this little casket unbroke, un-

rifled.

d

y

With all my precautions, how was my fystem turned topside-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of four hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon it's apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety per cent. insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

Fool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but a NOSE—Cripple, dwarf, driveller, goosecap—(shape him as you will)—the door of fortune stands open!—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a fœtus sive inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worst!

'Still, brother Toby, there was one

cast of the dye left for our child after all—O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!

. We will fend for Mr. Yorick,' faid

my Uncle Toby.

' You may fend for whom you will,' replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and frisking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—'I'll tread upon no one,'—quoth I to myself when I mounted—'I'll take a good rattling gallop; but'I'll not hurt the poorest jack-as upon the road.'—So off I set—up one lane, down another—through this turnpike, over that—as if the arch-jockey of jockies had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself—'He's flung—he's off—he's lost his feat—he's down—'he'll break his neck—see!—if he has not galloped full among the scaffolding of the undertaking criticks!—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physi-

cians, lawyers, logicians, players, fchoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, foldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates,

popes, and engineers.'

'Don't fear,' faid I; 'I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's highway.'—'But your horse throws dirt; see! you've splashed a bishop.'—'I hope in God, 'twas on-'ly Ernulphus!' faid I.—'But you have squirted full in the faces of Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and 'De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.'—'That was last year,' replied I.—'But you have trod this moment upon a king.'—'Kings have bad times on't,' said I, 'to be trod upon by such people as me.'

You have done it,' replied my

accuser.

'I deny it,' quoth I-and so have got off, and here am I standing with

my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my flory.—
And what is it? You shall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

S Francis the First of France was one winterly night warming himfelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of fundry things for the good of the state*- 'It would not be amifs,' faid the king, flirring up the embers with his cane, 'if this good understanding betwixt our-· felves and Switzerland was a little frengthened.'- There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, 'in giving money to these people—they would · fwallow up the treasury of France.'-· Poo! poo! answered the king-there are more ways, Monf. le Premier, of bribing states, besides that of giving money .- I'll pay Switzerland the honour of standing godfather for my next child.'- Your majesty,' faid the minister, ' in so doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back .- Switzerland, as a repub-· lick, being a female, can in no con-· struction be godfather.'- 'She may be godmother, replied Francis, haltilyfo announce my intentions by a coufrier to-morrow morning .-

I am astonished, faid Francis the First, (that day fortnight) speaking to bis minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from Swite zerland!'- 'Sire, I wait upon you this moment,' faid Monf. le Premier, ' to ' lay before you my dispatches upon that business.'—' They take it kind' ly?' faid the king.—' They do, Sire,' replied the minister, ' and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them-but the republick, as godmother, claims her right, in this

case, of naming the child. ' In 'all reason,' quoth the kinghe will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or some name that he knows will be agreeable to us.'-Your majesty is deceived,' replied the minister-' I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republick on that · point also.'- 'And what name has the

republick fixed upon for the dauphing - Shadrach, Mefech, and Abed-nego replied the minister .- By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss!' cried Francis the Firth: pulling up his breeches, and walking hattily across the floor.

'Your majesty,' replied the minister, ealmly, 'cannot bring yourfelf off.'

We'll pay them in money,' faid the king.

Sire, there are not fixty thousand crowns in the treasury,' answered the minister .- 'I'll pawn the best jewelin my crown, quoth Francis the First,

· Your honour stands pawned alra. dy in this matter, answered Monf. le

Premier.

' Then Mons. le Premier,' said the king, ' by --- we'll go to war with them.

C H A P. XXII.

LBEIT, gentle reader, I have A lusted earnestly, and endeavourd carefully (according to the measure of fuch slender skill as God has vouchfafed me, and as convenient leifure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right fore am ! ashamed now to intreat thy lenity fertoully—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his christian names-I had no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First-nor in the affair of the noteupon Francis the Ninth-nor in the character of my Uncle Toby-of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country—the wound upon his grown is a wound to every comparison of that kind—nor by Trim—that I meant the Duke of Ormond-orthan my book is wrote against predestination or free-will, or taxes. ___ If 'tis wrott against any thing-'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against the spleen!-il order, by a more frequent and a more convultive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the fuccuffations of the intercostal and abdominal muscle

laughter, to drive the gall and other tter juices from the gall-bladder, ver, and sweet-bread, of his majesty's bjects, with all the inimicitious pasons which belong to them, down into heir duodenums.

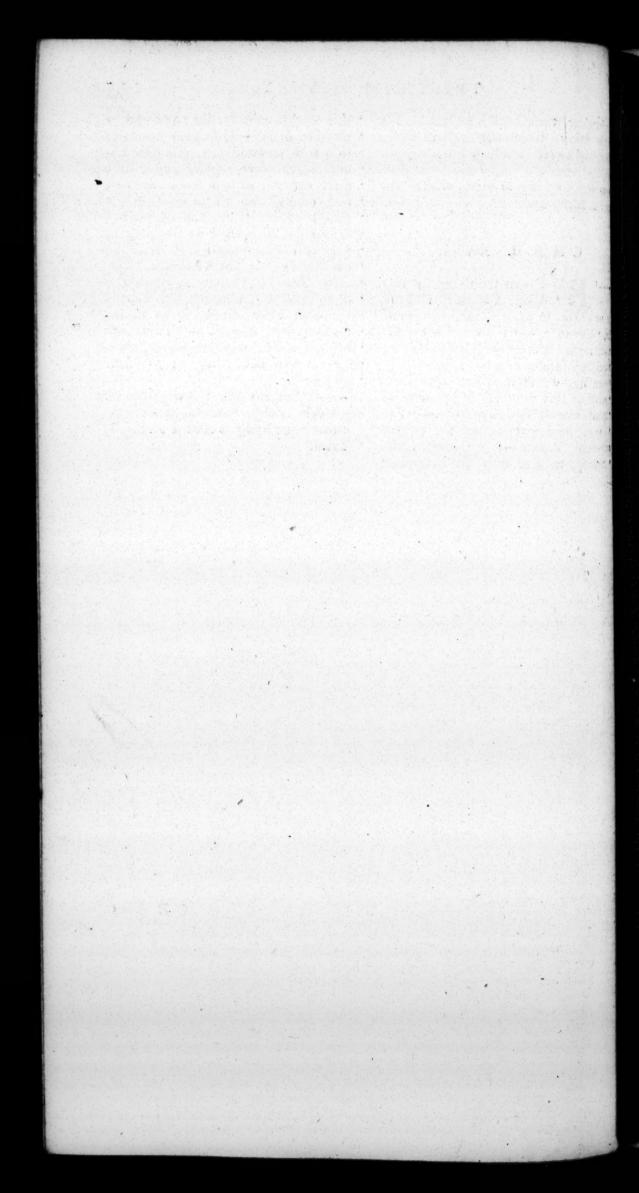
CHAP. XXIII.

BUT can the thing be unther; 'for, in my opinion,' continued
e, 'it cannot.'—'I am a vile canonift,' replied Yorick—'but of all evils,
holding fuspence to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the
worst of this matter.'—'I hate these
great dinners,' said my father.—'The
fize of the dinner is not the point,'
mswered Yorick—' we want, Mr.
Shandy, to dive into the bottom of

this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not-and as the beards of fo many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most eminent of our school-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has fo preffingly invited you—who, in your diffres, would miss such an occasion ?- All that is requisite,' continued Yorick, ' is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a conversation after dinner so as to introduce the subject.'- Then my brother Toby,' cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ' shall go with us.'

The my old tye-wig, quoth my Uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night,

Trim.



CHAP. XXV.

No doubt, Sir—there is a whole chapter wanting e-and a chasm of ten pages made the book by it-but the book-binder neither a fool, or a knave, or a pup--nor is the book a jot more imfect-(at least, upon that score)t, on the contrary, the book is more fect and compleat by wanting the apter, than having it, as I shall de-instrate to your reverences in this nner .- I question, first, by the bye, ether the same experiment might not made as fuccessfully upon fundry er chapters-but there is no end, please your reverences, in trying periments upon chapters—we have l enough of it-So there's an end that matter.

But before I begin my demonstran, let me only tell you, that the apter which I have torn out, and ich otherwise you would all have been ding just now, instead of this—was description of my father's, my Un-Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's, setg out and journeying to the visitations

We'll go in the coach,' said my far.- Pr'ythee, have the arms been ltered, Obadiah?'---It would have de my story much better, to have gun with telling you, that at the ne my mother's arms were added to Shandy's, when the coach was rented, upon my father's marriage, it fo fallen out, that the coach-painwhether by performing all his works h the left-hand, like Turpilius the man, cr Hans Holbein of Basilwhether 'twas more from the blunof his head than hand-or wher, lastly, it was from the finister n which every thing relating to our ally was apt to take—it so fell out, vever, to our reproach, that instead the bend-dexter, which fince Harry Eighth's reign was honestly our alities, had been drawn quite across a bend sinister, by some of these field of the Shandy arms. ce credible that the mind of so wise han as my father was, could be fo th incommoded with fo small a ter. The word coach—let it be ofe it would-or coach-man, or coach-

horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever fet his foot in it again, till the bend-finister was taken out-but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the destinies had set down in their books ever to be grumbled at-(and in wifer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

'Has the bend-sinister been brushed out, I say?' said my father .-There has been nothing brushed out, 'Sir,' answered Obadiah, 'but the lining.'-' We'll go on horseback,' faid my father, turning to Yorick .- ' Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of he-raldry, faid Yorick.—' No matter for that,' cried my father .- 'I should be forry to appear with a blot in my efcutcheon before them.'- 'Never mind the bend-sinister,' faid my Uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig. - ' No, indeed,' faid my father-' you may go with my Aunt Dinah to a visitation with a bend-finister, if you think fit! -My poor Uncle Toby blushed .-- My father was vexed at himself .-' my dear brother Toby,' faid my father, changing his tone- but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January, and February last winter—so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad-and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before—and leave me to take care of ' my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade,—in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses abreast, led the way as slow as a patrole—whilst my Uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations, alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

But the painting of this jour-

ney, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the ftyle and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work refults. For my own part, I am but just fet up in the bufines, so know little about it-but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a fong-be but in tune with yourself, Madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take -This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the loweft and flattest compositions pass off very well-(as Yorick told my Uncle Toby one night)—by siege.—My Uncle To-by looked brisk at the found of the word fiege, but could make neither head or tail of it.

'I'm to preach at court next Sun-' day,' faid Homenas-' run over my notes.'-So I hummed over Doctor Homenas's notes .-- 'The modu-' lation's very well-'twill do, Home-" nas, if it holds on at this rate.'-So on I hamme - and a tolerable tune. I thought it was: and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never Jound out how low, how flat, how fpiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, fo fine, fo rich, fo heavenly -it carried my foul up with it into the other world! now had I-(as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident) -had I found the declivity eafy, or the ascent accessible - certes I had been out-witted .- 'Your notes, Homenas,' I fhould have faid, 'are good notes'-but it was so perpendicular a precipice—so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I hummed I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, fo deep, fo low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own fize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

SEE if he is not cutting it them about him to light their pipe!

'them about him to light their pipe!

'It is abominable,' answered Didus.

'It should not go unnoticed,' said Doctor Kysarcius.

'He was of the Kysarcii of the Low Countries.

'Methinks,' faid Didius, half rising

from his chair, in order to removes

bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick—' you might have spared this far.' castick stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick—a at least upon a more proper occasion, to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about: if the sermons of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preathed before so learn.

ed a body; and if 'twas good enough'
to be preached before so learned;
body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good
to light their pipes with afterwards.

'I have got him fast hung up,'

quoth Didius to himself, 'upon one of the two horns of my dilemma-kat him get off as he can.'

' I have undergone fuch unspeakable torments in bringing forth this far-mon,' quoth Yorick, 'upon this or casion, that I declare, Didius, I would fuffer martyrdom-and, if it was polfible, my horse with me, a thousand ' times over, before I would fit down and make fucls another. - I was delivered of it at the wrong end of meit came from my head, instead of my heart; and it is for the pain it gant me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it in this manner .- To preach, to the the extent of our reading, or the fubtilties of our wit-to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggar accounts of a little learning, tinfelled over with a few words which glife

ter, but convey little light, and left warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands. 'Tis not preached.

ing the gospel—but ourselves.—for my own part, continued Yorick, 'I had rather direct five words point

blank to the heart-

As Yorick pronounced the word point-blank, my Uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written—must be read—illegal—uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

Phutatorius—partly to himself—and yet high enough to be heard—and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement and of one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diffinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a third or a fifth, or any other chord in musick—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itself—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no ways applicable to the subject started—so that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of mufical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to fnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemawl Yorick to some purpose—and that the desperate monofyllable 'Z-ds!' was the exordium to an oration-which, as they judged from the fample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; fo that my Uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undeigo. But feeing Phutatorius stop hort, without any attempt or defire to go on-a third party began to suppose that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oathwithout the fin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who fat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath, propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking-which faid oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and furning at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and fo was naturally, and according to the due course of . things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the stroke of surprize which fo strange a theory of preaching had ex-

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a foul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monofyllable which Phutatorius utteredwho did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiomnamely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arifing between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked first towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liftening to what was going forwards-who would not have thought the fame?—But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one fyllable of what was paffing-but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own galligafkins, and in a part of them, where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: so that notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over-against him-yet, I say, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain-but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed, then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred

ney, upon reviewing it, appears to be fo much above the ftyle and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work refults. For my own part, I am but just fet up in the business, so know little about it-but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a fong-be but in tune with yourself, Madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take -This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well-(as Yorick told my Uncle Toby one night)-by fiege.-My Uncle Toby looked brisk at the found of the word fiege, but could make neither head or tail of it.

' I'm to preach at court next Sun-' day,' faid Homenas- run over my notes.'-So I hummed over Doctor Homenas's notes .- 'The modulation's very well-'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate.'-So on I hammed—and a tolerable tune I thought it was: and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, fo fine, fo rich, fo heavenly -it carried my foul up with it into the other world! now had I-(as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident) -had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible - certes I had been out-witted .- 'Your notes, Homenas,' I should have faid, 'are good notes'-but it was fo perpendicular a precipice-fo wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I hummed I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, fo deep, fo low, and difmal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own fize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

SEE if he is not cutting it them about him to light their pipe!

'them about him to light their pipe!

'It is abominable,' answered Didus,

It should not go unnoticed,' fail Doctor Kysarcius.

He was of the Kysarcii of the Low Countries,

'Methinks,' faid Didius, half rising

from his chair, in order to remove, bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick—' you might have spared this far.' castick stroke, and have hit upon the more proper place, Mr. Yorick—a taleast upon a more proper occasion, to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about: if the sermon's of no better worth than to light pipe with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned to be preached to be pre

quoth Didius to himfelf, 'upon oned'
the two horns of my dilemma-k
him get off as he can.'

him get off as he can. · I have undergone fuch unspeakable torments in bringing forth this fa-' casion, that I declare, Didius, I would · fuffer martyrdom—and, if it was po fible, my horse with me, a thousand ' times over, before I would fit dom and make fucli another .- I was delle vered of it at the wrong end of meit came from my head, instead of my heart; and it is for the pain it gan me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of in this manner .- To preach, to fee the extent of our reading, or the fubtilties of our wit-to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggan accounts of a little learning, tinlella over with a few words which g ter, but convey little light, and de warmth-is a dishonest use of the poor fingle half-hour in a week white is put into our hands. 'Tis not preach ing the gospel-but ourselves .- In my own part, continued Yorick, had rather direct five words post

blank to the heart-

As Yorick pronounced the word point-blank, my Uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written—must be read—illegal—uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

" OUNDS!'-

m are chick the sale of the

Phutatorius—partly to himself—and yet high enough to be heard—and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement and of one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diftinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a third or a fifth, or any other chord in musick—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itself—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no ways applicable to the subject started—so that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of mufical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to fnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemawl Yorick to some purpose—and that the desperate monofyllable 'Z-ds!' was the exordium to an oration-which, as they Judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; fo that my Uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undeigo. But feeing Phutatorius stop hort, without any attempt or defire to go on—a third party began to suppose that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oathwithout the fin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who fat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath, propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking-which faid oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and furning at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of . things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the stroke of surprize which fo strange a theory of preaching had ex-

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a foul bussed in all these various reasonings upon the monofyllable which Phutatorius utteredwho did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiomnamely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked first towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liftening to what was going forwards-who would not have thought the same?—But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one fyllable of what was passing-but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own galligafkins, and in a part of them, where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: fo that notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over-against him-yet, I say, was Yoof Phutatorius's brain-but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed, then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred

or two of them might be roafted and fent in, as foon as dinner was over—Gastripheres inforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of them.

About two minutes before the time that my Uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—Gastripheres's chefnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot

in a clean damafk napkin.

Now whether it was physically im-positible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time-but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out, however, that one was actually fent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius fat straddling under-it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chafte word throughout all Johnson's Dictionary—let it suffice to fay-it was that particular aperture which, in all good focieties, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace, at least) to be univerfally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the bye, should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a

door to this accident.

-Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speakingbut in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it-and are fo to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole eventbut that the chefnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of it's own accord-and then falling with all it's heat directly into that one particular place, and no other-was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obscene treatise De Concubinis retinendis, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago-and was that identical week going to give the world a fecond edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me, as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut, and that the chesnut, some how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else, at that time.

The genial warmth which the chef. nut imparted, was not undelectable for the first twenty or five and twenty feconds-and did no more than gently folicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part—but the heat gradually increase ing, and in a few feconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain, the soul of Phuta, torius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crouded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the placein danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purfe.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him -back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the fecret of what was going forward below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it : however, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of some wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter-but the fallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that though the anguish had the fensation of glowing heat-it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a newt or an afker, or some such detelled reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth-the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phuratorius with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying diforder of the paffion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard;

he effect of which was this, that he leaped incontinently up-uttering, as he rose, that interjection of surprize so much descanted upon, with the aposippeltick break after it, marked thus, Z-ds!'-which, though not ftrict. y canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion; and which, by the bye, whether cano-nical or not, Phutatorius could no more pelp, than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more ime in the transaction, than just to alow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for Yorick orise from his chair, and pick the chef-

nut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of flight incidents over the mind-what ncredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of nen and things—that trifles, light as ir, shall wast a belief into the soul, nd plant it so immoveably within it— hat Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I said, picked up the chefout which Phuratorius's wrath had flung lown-the action was trifling-I am shamed to account for it—he did it, or no reason, but that he thought the hesnut not a jot worse for the advenure-and that he held a good chefnut worth stooping for .- But this incident, rifling as it was, wrought differently n Phutatorius's head: he confidered his act of Yorick's, in getting off his hair and picking up the chefnut, as a lain acknowledgment in him, that the hefnut was originally his-and in ourse, that it must have been the ownof the chefnut, and no one else, who ould have played him fuch a prank with what greatly confirmed him in this pinion was this, that the table being arallelogrammical, and very narrow, afforded a fair opportunity for Yo-ick, who fat directly over-against Phuatorius, of flipping the chesnut inand confequently that he did it. ok of fomething more than suspicion, hich Phutatorius cast full upon Yoick as these thoughts arose, too eviently spoke his opinion-and as Phualorius was naturally supposed to know nore of the matter than any person befides, his opinion at once became the general one and, for a reason very different from any which have been yet given-in a little time it was put out of

all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to fee what is the cause and first spring of The fearch was not long in this them. instance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatile which Phutatorius had wrote, De Concubinis retinendis, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world-and 'twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in Yorick's prankand that his chucking the cheinut hot into Phutatorius's *** - *****, was a farcastical sling at his book—the doc-trines of which, they said, had inslamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentus -made Agelastes smile—and, if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle-it threw Gastripheres's into that form-and, in short, was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch-

This, as the reader has feen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakespeare said of his ancestor—was a man of jest—but it was tempered with fomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame-but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of faying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was inca-All I blame him for-or rapable. ther, all I blame and alternately like him for, was, that fingularity of his temper, which would never fuffer him to take pains to fet a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that fort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse—he could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike so injurious to him-he could not stoop to tell his story to them -and fo trufted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroick cast produced him inconveniences in many respects-in the present it was followed by the fixed refentment of Phutatorius; who, as Yo-rick had just made an end of his chefnut, role up from his chair a fecond time, to let him know it-which, indeed, he did with a fmile; faying onlythat he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind.

-The smile was for the company. -The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A N you tell me, 'quoth Phu-I tatorius, speaking to Gastripheres, who fat next to him-for one would not apply to a furgeon in fo foolish an affair-' can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the ' fire?'-' Aik Eugenius,' faid Gaftripheres .- 'That greatly depends,' faid Eugenius, (pretending ignorance of the adventure) 'upon the nature of the part. · -If it is a tender part, and a part · which can conveniently be wrapped " up-" ' It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queftion, and lifting up his right-leg at the fame time to ease and ventilate it .- ' If that is the case,' said Eugenius, ' I would advise you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will fend to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a foft sheet of paper just come off the press-you need do nothing more than twist it round.'- The damp paper, quoth Yorick—(who fat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it-yet I presume is no more than the vehicle-and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is fo strongly impregnated, does the bufiness.'- 'Right,' faid Eugenius; 'and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, " the most anodyne and safe."

" Was it my case, faid Gastripheres,

as the main thing is the oil and lamp black, I should spread them thin upon a rag, and clap it on directly, That would make a very devild it,' replied Yorick .- ' And belides' added Eugenius, ' it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatners and elegance of the prescaption, which the faculty hold to be half in half-for confider, if the type isa very small one, (which it should be) the fanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with fuch a mathematical equality, (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.'- It falls out very luckily,' replied Phutatorius, ' that the second edition of my treatife De Concubina e retinendis is at this instant in the press.'- You may take any leaf of it,' faid Eugenius-' no matter which. - Provided, quoth Yorick, thereis ono bawdry in it.'-· They are just now, replied Phuta-

torius, ' printing off the ninth chap-' ter-which is the last chapter but on ' in the book.'- ' Pray what is the tit to that chapter?' faid Yorick, make ing a respectful bow to Phutatorius a he spoke.— 'I think,' answered Phu tatorius, 'it is that, De re concubins · ria.

For Heaven's fake keep out of the ' chapter!' quoth Yorick.

- By all means ! added Euge nius.

CHAP. XXIX.

NOW, quoth Didius, rifin up, and laying his right hand with his fingers spread upon breast- had fuch a blunder about reformation—' ['It happened day before yesterday, quoth my licle Toby to himself.]—'and when ba tism was administered in Latin-[It was all in English,' faid my cle.]- many things might have incided with it, and upon the author of fundry decreed cases, to have p nounced the baptism null, with a po er of giving the child a new name, Had a prieft, for instance, which ono uncommon thing, through ign

rance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child Tom o'Stiles. " In nomino Patria & Filia & Spiritum Sandos, the bap ifm was held null.'- I beg your pardon,' replied Kyfarcius; in that case, as the mistake was only in the terminations, the haptism was valid-and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun-and not, as in your case, upon the laft.'-

My father delighted in subtilties of is kind, and listened with infinite at-

Gastripheres, for example, con-ned Kysarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's "In gomine gatris, &c. &c." instead of "In nomine Patris, &c."- 'Is this a baptism?' No'-fay the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the fense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for gomine does not fignify a name, nor gatris a father.'- 'What do they fignify?' id my Uncle Toby .- ' Nothing at all, quoth Yorick .- ' Ergo, fuch a baptism is null,' faid Kyfarcius,-In course!' answered Yorick; in a one two parts jest and one part earnest. 'But in the case cited,' continued lysarcius, 'where patrim is put for patris, filia for filii, and so on-as it, is a fault only in the declention, and the roots of the words continue untouched, the inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any fort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.'- But then,' faid dius, ' the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically must have been proved to have gone along with it.'- 'Right,' answered Kysarus; 'and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the IIId.'- But my brother's child,' cried my Uncle loby, ' has nothing to do with the pope-'tis the plain child of a Proteftant gentleman, christen'd Tristram against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are a.kin to it.'-

' If the wills and wifnes,' faid Kyfarcius, interrupting my Uncle Toby. of those only who stand related to 'Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.' -My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe. and my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of fo strange an introduction.

' It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the best lawyers and civilians of this land,' continued Kvfarcius, ' Whether the mother be of kin to her child*? - but after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all fidesit has been adjudged for the negative -namely, that the mother is not of kin to her childt.'-My father infrantly clapp'd his hand upon my Uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whifpering in his ear—the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero; -and having a great defire to hear more of fo curious an argument-he begged my Uncle Toby, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it. ---- My Uncle Toby gave a nod-resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling Lillabullero inwardly-Kyfarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus, went on with the difcourfe as follows.

This determination, continued Kyfarcius, ' how contrary soever it may feem to run to the stream of vulgar ' ideas, yet had reason strongly on it's fide; and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's case.'—'It is cited in Brook,' faid Triptolemus.—'And taken notice of by Lord Coke,' added Didius.—'And you may find it in Swinburn on

Testaments, faid Kysarcius.
The case, Mr. Shandy, was this.
In the reign of Edward the Sixth, ' Charles Duke of Suffolk having iffue a fon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his fon, and died; after whose death the son died also-but without will, without wife, and without child-his mother, and his fifter by his father's fide (for the was born of the former ven-

^{*} Vide Swinburn on Testaments, part vii, sect. 8. T Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

ter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is encasted, that in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother,
the sister by the father's side commenced a suit before the ecclesiastical
judge, alledging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and 2dly, That
the mother was not of kin at all to the
party deceased; and therefore prayed
the court, that the administration
granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as
next of kin to the deceased, by sorce
of the said statute.

" Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon it's iffue -and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made-the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were confulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her fon, or no. -Whereunto not only the temporal · lawyers—but the church-lawyers the juris-confulti-the juris-prudentes -the civilians—the advocates—the commissaries—the judges of the confistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, that the mother was not of kin to her child*.

" And what said the Duchess of Suffolk to it?" said my Uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my Uncle Toby's question confounded Kysarcius more than the ablest advocate.—He stopped a full minute, looking in my Uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that single minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

It is a ground and principle in the law,' faid Triptolemus, 'that things' do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and seed of it's parents—that the parents, peverthe-

less, are not of the blood and seed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For so they write, "Libration funt de sanguine patris & matris, see pater & mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum."

- But this, Triptolemus, cin Didius, ' proves too much-for, from this authority cited, it would follow, onot only, what indeed is granted a all fides, that the mother is not of ki to her child-but the father likewile! "It is held,' faid Triptolemus, 'the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet they are but (una carot) one flesh; and cons quently no degree of kindred-or any method of acquiring one in nature. There you push the argument again ' too far,' cried Didius; ' for there ono prohibition in nature, thoughther is in the Levitical law-but that man may beget a child upon hi grandmother-in which case, so pofing the iffue a daughter, fhe wor stand in relation both of- 'Bu who ever thought, cried Kylarcius of lying with his grandmother!'-' The young gentleman,' replied You rick, "whom Selden speaks of-w ont only thought of it, but julide his intention to his father, by the # gument drawn from the law of retalistion .- " You laid, Sir, with my mo-"ther," faid the lad; "why may loo lay with yours?"—"It is the argmentum commune,' added Yorick. It is as good,' replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, 'as they deferve.' The company broke up.-

CHAP. XXX.

AND pray!'—faid my Unto Toby, leaning upon Yo rick, as he and my father were helping him leifurely down the stairs—(Don't be terrified, Madam; this stair case conversation is not so long as the last)——'and pray, Yorick,' said muncle Toby, 'which way is this said affair of Tristram at length settled to these learned men?'—'Very satisfate torily,' replied Yorick; 'no mortal

* Mater non num ratur inter confanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. fignific.

4 Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Administr. N. 47.

Sir, has any concern with it-for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him-and as the mother is the furest side-Mr. Shandy, in course, is still less than nothingin short, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am.

- That may well be, faid my

ther, shaking his head.

will, there must certainly, quoth my Incle Toby, ' have been some fort of confanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her fon.'

'The vulgar are of the same opinion,'

noth Yorick, ' to this hour.'

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtilties of these earned discourses—'twas still but like he anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his fildions returned upon him but fo nuch the heavier; as is ever the case, when the staff we lean on slips from uner us.—He became pensive—walked requently forth to the fish-pond—let lown one loop of his hat-fighed often forbore to fnap-and, as the hasty parks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much affift perspiration and ligettion, as Hippocrates tell us-he had certainly fallen ill with the extincion of them, had not his thoughts been rnically drawn off, and his health refued, by a fresh train of disquietudes, eft him, with a legacy of a thousand ounds, by my Aunt Dinah .-

My father had fcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, le instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the infly odd projects rook poffession of his rains by turns—he would do this, and hat, and t'other.—He would go to Kome-he would go to law-he would buy stock—he would buy John Hob-on's farm—he would new fore-front his loufe, and add a new wing to make it ven-There was a fine water-mill on his side, and he would build a windall on the other fide of the river in full new to answer it-But, above all things nthe world, he would inclose the great Ox-MOOR, and fend out my BROTHER OBBY immediately upon his travels.

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But as the fum was finite, and confequently could not do every thingand, in truth, very few of these to any purpose—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the fmall inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necesfity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before fet his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education; and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the fecond creation of actions in the Mississippi-scheme, in which he was an adventurer-yet the Ox moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately let his heart upon turning it like-

wife to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with fuch a conjuncture of things, as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims—like a wife man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: fo that, upon the difmiffion of every other project at this crifis -the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my brother, divided him again; and fo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no fmall contest in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two should be set o'going first.

People may laugh as they will-

but the case was this.

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress, into foreign parts, before marriage-not only for the fake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of fo much air-but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad-tantum valet, my father would fay, quantum for at.

Now as this was a reasonable, and in course a most Christian indulgence—to

deprive

deprive him of it without wby or wherefore-and thereby make an example of him, as the first Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad-would be using him ten times worse than a Turk.

On the other hand, the case of the

Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchasemoney, which was eight hundred pounds -it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-fuit about fificen years before-helides the Lord knows

what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in possession of the Shandy family ever fince the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above-and for all these reafons feemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family-yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on-it had all along most shamefully been over looked-and, to speak the truth of it, had fuffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled, (Obadiah said) who understood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only feen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground-nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing-he had never thought himfelf any way concerned in the affair-till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curled law-fuit mentioned above-(and which had arose about it's boundaries)-which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in it's favour; and upon fumming them all up together, he faw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it-and that now or

. I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reafons on both fides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weighed them in all humours and conditions-spent many an aux ous hour in the most profound

never was the time.

and abstrac ed meditation upon what was best to be done-reading books of

farming one day-books of travels and other-laying alide all paffion whatever -viewing the arguments on both fides in all their lights and circumstances-Communing every day with my Uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talk ing over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah-yet nothing in all that time appeared fo strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some confideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For, to be fure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, though the Ox-moor would have undoubted. ly made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay-yet every it. tle of this was true, with regard to my Brother Bobby-let Obadiah fay what

he would.-

In point of interest—the contest, I own, at first fight, did not appear to undecifive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and fet about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fercing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.-with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out so prodigioufly in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he should reap 1 hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last the very first year-besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following -and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred-but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty-if not two hundred quarters of peafe and beans -besides potatoes without end-But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them-knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense-that as he often declared to my Uncle Tohy, -he knew no more than his heels what

Nobody, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn afunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinate ly pulling in a contrary direction at the fame time: for, to fay nothing of the havock, which by a certain confequence is unavoidably made by it all over the fiper system of the nerves, which you

know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on—it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, waiting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly funk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME, had he not been rescued out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil the misfortune of my Brother Bobby's

death.

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What is the life of man! Is it not to thift from fide to fide?—from forrow to forrow?—to button up one cause of vexation—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment, I am to be considered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family-and it is from this point properly, that the story of my LIFE and my OPINIONS fets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raise the building-and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed, fince Adam. In less than five minutes I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the hottom of my ink horn, after it .- I have but half a score things to do in the time-I have a thing to name-a thing to lament-a thing to hope—a thing to promite—and a thing to threaten-I have a thing to suppole—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal-a thing to chuse-a thing to pray for .- This chapter, therefore, I name the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some fort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is—that things have crouded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with so much tarnest desire; and that is, the camtaigns, but especially the amours of my Uncle Toby, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervan-

tick a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain, which the occurrences themselves excite in my own—I will answer for it the book shall make it's way in the world much better than it's master has done before it.—Oh, Tristram! Tristram! can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feast upon the one—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!

No wonder I itch so much as I do. to get at these amours-They are the choicelt morfel of my whole flory! and when I do get at 'em-affure yourselves, good folks-(nor do I value whose fqueamish stomach takes offence at it)-I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words! - and that's the thing I have to declare. __ I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I fearand the thing I hope, is that your worthips and reverences are not offendedif you are, depend upon't I'll give you fomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at-that's my dear Jenny's way—but who my Jenny is— and which is the right and which is the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be concealed-it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of BUTTON-HOLES—and not one chapter

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes—the thing I have to ask—is, how you feel your heads—my own aches dismally!—as for your healths, I know, they are much better.—True Shandeisin, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all those affections which partake of it's nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through it's channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuse my kingdom, it should not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: and, as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating desorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those

passions,

passions, and subject them to reason—
I should add to my prayer—that God
would give my subjects grace to be as
wise as they were MERRY; and then
should I be the happiest monarch, and
they the happiest people, under heaven!
And so, with this moral for the pre-

fent, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month; when (unless this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at you beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.



Dedication to a Great Man.

HAVING, à priori, intended to dedicate The Amours of my Uncle Toby to Mr. *** —, I see more reasons, à posteriori, for doing it to Lord *******.

I should lament from my soul, if this expose me to the jealousy of their reverences; because, à posteriori, in court Latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment—or any thing else—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worse than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The same good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at present, as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly amusement as a total change of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those of ministers and innocent lovers: for which reason, when I come to talk of statesmen and patriots, and set such marks upon them as will prevent confusion and mistakes concerning them for the future—I purpose to dedicate that volume to some gentle shepherd,

Whose thoughts proud science never taught to stray, Far as the statesman's walk or patriot-way; Yet simple Nature to his hopes had given, Out of a cloud-capp'd head, a humbler heaven: Some untam'd world in depth of woods embrac'd——Some happier island in the wat'ry waste——And where, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dogs should bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set of objects to his imagination, I shall unavoidably give a diversion to his passionate and love-sick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER

MY LORD.

Humbly beg leave to offer you these two volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce: had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join LADY SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of Le Fevre to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

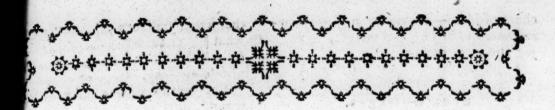
I am, my Lord,

your Lordship's

most devoted, and

most humble fervant,

LAUR. STERNE.



THE

AND OPINIONS LIFE

OF

SHANDY, GENT. TRISTRAM

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAP. I.

F it had not been for those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered

my head. He flew like lightning-there was a slope of three miles and a halfwe scarce touched the ground—the motion was most rapid-most impetuoustwas communicated to my brain-my heart partook of it- By the great god of day, faid I, looking towards the fun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, 'I will lock up my studydoor the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the furface of the earth, into the drawwell at the back of my house!

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, fcarce progressive, dragg'ddragg'd up by eight heavy beafts- by main strength ! -quoth I, noddingbut your betters draw the fame wayand fomething of every body's !-O

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the bulk-so little to the stock?

Shall we for ever make new books,

as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twifting and untwitting the fame rope? for ever in the fame track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their faints-without working one-one

fingle miracle-with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment-that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the worldthe miracle of nature, as Zoroaster in his book Heel Divine Presence, as Chrysoftom-the image of God, as Mofes—the ray of divinity, as Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle—to go fneaking on at this pitiful-pimpingpettifogging rate?

I fcorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion—but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farciful house large enough to hold—aye, and fublimate them-shag-rag and bob-tail, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of whiskers-but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in mortmain to prudes and tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm forry I made it—'twas as inconfiderate a promite as ever entered a man's
head—A chapter upon Whiskers! alas!
the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world—but I knew not of what
mettle it was made—nor had I ever feen
the underwritten fragment; otherwise,
as furely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still, (let the world
fay what it will to the contrary) so surely would I have steered clear of this
dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

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* *- You are half assep, my good 'lady,' faid the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word whilkers—'fhall we change 'the subject?'—' By no means!' replied the old lady—'I like your action of these matters!' so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—'I desire,' continued she, 'you will go on.'

The old gentleman went on as follows.—" Whitkers!" cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knottingball, as La Foiseuse uttered the word. Whitkers, Madam;" said La Foiseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a curtley as she

repeated it.
La Fosseuse's voice was naturally fost and low—yet 'twas an articulate voice—and every letter of the word whiskers tell distinctly upon the Queen o. Mayarre's ear.—"Whiskers!" cried, the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrated her ears.—"Whiskers!" replied La Fosteuse, repeating the word a third time—"there is not a cavatilier, Madam, of his age in Navarre," continued the maid of honour, press.

ing the page's interest upon the queen,

"that has so gallant a pair "" " " what?" cried Margaret, smiling. "Of whiskers;" said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

The word whifters still stood it ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Na. varre, notwithstanding the indiscret use which La Fosseuse had made of it The wruth was, La Fosseuse had pro. nounced the word not only before the queen, but upon fundry other occafions at court, with an accent which always implied fomething of a myfle. ' ry-and as the court of Margarer, a all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotionand whifkers being as applicableto the one, as the other, the word name rally stood it's ground—it gained full as much as it loft; that is, the clergy were for it—the laity were against it -and for the women-they were di-· vided .-' The excellency of the figure and

mien of the young Sieur de Croix, was at that time beginning to draw

the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palacegate, where guard was mounted. The Lady de Baussiere fell deeply in lore with him-La Battarelle did the fame -it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in Navarre.-La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur De Croix also.—La Rebours and La Fosfeuse knew better-De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himfelf to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable. The Queen of Navarre was fitting with her ladies in the painted bowwindow, facing the gate of the second court, as De Croix passed through it Baussiere. " He has a good mien, faid La Battarelle .- " He is finely " shaped," faid La Guyol .- "I nevel " faw an officer of the horse guards in " my life," faid La Maronette, "with two fuch legs-" " Or who flood " fo well upon them," faid La Sabatiere. - "But he has no whilkers, cried La Fosseuse. - Not a pile, said La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her order tory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the sub-

ject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy-" Ave Maria + what can La Fosseuse mean?" faid fhe, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers .- " Whilkers !" faid all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the in-

The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unfufpected, under her farthingal-from St. Anthony, down to St. Urfula inclufive, not a faint paffed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Bafil, St. Bridget, had all whikers.

' The Lady Bauffiere had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse's text .- She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her-the Hoft paffed by. The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

"One denier," cried the Order of Mercy-" one fingle denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards Heaven and you

for their redemption!"

"The Lady Bauffiere rode on. "Pity the unhappy," faid a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands-" I beg for the unfortunate-good, my lady, 'tis for a prison-for an hospital-'tis for an old man-a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretiship, by fire-1 call God and his angels to witnesstis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the fick and the broken-hearted!"

"The Lady Bauffiere rode on. A decayed kinfman bowed himfelt

to the ground.

The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one fide of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, confanguinity, &c .- " Couin, aunt, fifter, mother-for virtue's lake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me-pity

'The Lady Baussiere rode on. "Take hold of my whitkers," faid the Lady Bauffiere.

'The page took hold of her palfrey. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

· There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eyebrows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which ferves but to make these etchings the stronger

-we see, spell, and put them together

without a dictionary.
"Ha, ha! hee, hee!" cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints.—" Ho, ho!" cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the fame.

" Whift!" cried one-" ft!"-faid a fecond -- " Hufh!" quoth a third. Poo, poo!" replied a fourth. Gra-mercy!" cried the Lady Carnavallette!-" it " was she who be-whiskered St. Brid-

" get."

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one fide of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's hand.—La Rebours shook her head. The Lady Bauffiere coughed thrice into the infide of her muff.-La Guyol

fmiled. "Fye," faid the Lady Bauf-The Queen of Navarre touched fiere. her eye with the tip of her fore-finger

-as much as to fay, " I understand

" you all."

It was plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles-It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whifkers—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under fuch combinations .- The curate d'Estella wrote a book against them, fetting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Nava-

rois against them.

"Does not all the world know," faid the Curate d'Estella, at the conclusion of his work, " that no fes ran " the same fate some centuries ago in " most parts of Europe, which whifkers have now done in the kingdom " of Navarre. - The evil, indeed, spread " no farther then-but have not beds " and bolfters, and night-caps and "cham"chamber-pots, stood upon the brink
of destruction ever fince? Are not
trouse, and placket-holes, and pumphandles—and spigots and faucets, in

danger still, from the same association?—Chastity, by nature, the gentlest of all affections—give it but it's head—'tis like a ramping and a

" roaring lion."

The drift of the Curate d'Estella's argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—
And when the extremes of DELICA-CY, and the beginnings of CONCU-

FISCENCE, hold the next provincial chapter together, they may decree that

bawdy alfo.'

CHAP. II.

HEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my Brother Bobby's death, he was bufy calculating the expence of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeaft-and to ask whether he might not take the great coach horse early in the morning and ride in fearch of some .- With all my heart, Oba-" diah!" faid my father-(purfuing his journey)- take the coach-horse, and " welcome!'- But he wants a shoe, poor creature!' faid Obadiah.- Poor creature!' faid my Uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a ftring in unison. 'Then ride the Scotch horse,' quoth my father haitily. 'He cannot bear a faddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, ' for the whole world.' - The devil's in that horse! - Then ' take Patriot,' cried my father; ' and " that the door.'- Patriot is fold," faid Obadiah .- 'Here's for you!' cried my father, making a paute, and looking in my Uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact .-· Your worthip ordered me to fell nim · last April,' said Obadiah .- ' Then ogo on foot for your pains!' cried my father .- ' I had much rather walk than " ride,' faid Obadiah, thutting the door.

What plagues!' cried my father going on with his calculation.— But the wa'ers are out,' faid Obadian-

opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanfon's, and a bookd the post-roads before him, had kept in hand upon the head of his compally with one foot of them fixed upon No vers, the last stage he had paid for purpofing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as foona Obadiah quitted the room-but the fecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole county under water, was too much-helet g his compasses—or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, a threw them upon the table; and the there was nothing for him to do, but return back to Calais-(like many others) -as wife as he had let out.

When the letter was brought intothe parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had go forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers .- ' By you ' leave, Monf. Sanfon,' cried my h ther, striking the point of his compalle through Nevers into the table-at nodding to my Uncle Toby, to fee with was in the letter-' twice of one nights ' too much for an English gentlema and his fon (Monf. Sanfon) to be turned back from fo loufy a town a "Nevers .- What think'st thou, To by?' added my father in a spright tone. - Unleis it be a garrison town faid my Uncle Toby; 'for thenfmiling to himfelf, 'as long as I lived So giving a fecond nod-and keep his compasses still upon Nevers without hand, and holding his book of the poll roads in the other—half calculating to half listening, he leaned forwards u the table with both elbows, as my Us cle Toby hummed over the letter.

he's gone
faid my Uncle Toby.—' Wherel' Who?'—cried my father.—' M
' nephew,' faid my Uncle Toby.
' What!—without leave—without mo
' ney—without governor?' cried m
father in amazement. ' No—he is deat
' my dear brother!' quoth my Unc

Toby.- Without being ill?' cried my ather again.- I dare fay not,' faid ny Uncle Toby, in a low voice, and etching a deep ligh from the bottom of his heart; he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him-for he

is dead!'

When Agrippina was told of her fon's death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work .- My father fluck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.-What contrarities! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself .-

CHAP. III.

· And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too-

look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian-or some one perhaps of later date-either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella-or poffibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard-who affirm that it is an irrefistable and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children-and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that fuch griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel .-And accordingly we find, that David wept for his fon Absalom-Adrian for his Antinous-Niobe for her childrenand that Apollodorus and Crito both fhed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction Otherwise; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and Romans-or slept it off, as the Laplanders or hanged it, as the Englishordrowned it, as the Germans-nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it-

-He got rid of it, however.

Will your worthips give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two Pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart-he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it .- ' O ' my Tullia! my daughter! my child!' Still, ftill, ftill-'twas, 'O my Tullia!my Tullia! Methinks I fee my Tullia! I talk with my Tullia.'-But as foon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be faid upon the occasion—' Nobody upon 'earth can conceive,' says the great orator, 'how happy, how joyful it made me.'

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life—and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary, at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength, for he was by nature eloquent -and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it-and provided an occasion in life would permit him to shew his talents, or fay either a wife thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematick misfortune)—he had all he wanted. - A bleffing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which fet it loofe with a good grace, were pretty equal: fometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two-for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as 10, and the pain of the misfortune but as 5,my father gained half in half, and confequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwife would feem very inconfistent in my father's domestick character; and it is this, that in the provocations arifing from the neglects and blunders of fervants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all

conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had configned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was fanguine in all his projects; fo talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared-broke-and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaft of the kind as ever was

produced.

My mother and my Uncle Toby expested my father would be the death of Obadiah-and that there never would be an end of the difaster .- ' See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, 'what you have done!'

- It was not me, 'faid Obadiah.-" How do I know that?" replied my father.

Triumph fwam in my father's eyes, at the repartee-the Attick falt brought water into them-and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's

Philosophy has a fine faying for every thing .- For death it has an entire let; the mifery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a confistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.

It is an inevitable chance—the first · statute in Magna Charta-it is an

everlasting act of parliament, my dear

brother. - All must die!

If my fon could not have died, it · had been matter of wonder—not that he is dead.

· Monarchs and princes dance in the

fame ring with us.

- To die, is the great debt and f tribute due unto nature: tombs and · monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them ail, which wealth and science have erected, has loft it's apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon.' -(My father found he got great ease, and went on.)- Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their feveral evolutions, they fall back.'- Brother Shandy,' faid my Uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolutions- ' Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father- by Heaven! I meant ree volutions, brother Toby-evolutions s is nonsense.'- It is not nonsense, faid my Uncle Toby. But is it not

nonsense to break the thread of such a

discourse, upon such an occasion?

cried my father - do not dear Toby continued he, taking him by the hand do not-do not, I beseech thee, inter rupt me at this crisis.' My Und Toby put his pipe into his mouth,

Where is Troy and Mycenz, a ' Thebes and Delos, and Persepole and Agrigentum?' continued my fa ther, taking up his book of post-road which he had laid down .- Whatish come, brother Toby, of Ninevehan Babylon, of Cizicum and Mityleng -The fairest towns that ever the in rose upon, are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong fpelt) ar falling themselves by piece-meals a decay, and in length of time will forgotten, and involved with even

thing in a perpetual night: the work itself, brother Toby, must-mel come to an end. " Returning out of Afia, when Ifiled from Ægina towards Megara," -['When can this have been?' though

my Uncle Toby]-" I began to we "the country round about. Agin was behind me. Megara was being " Pyræus on the right hand, Corintha

" the left .- What flourishing town " now proftrate upon the earth! "Alas " alas!' faid I to myfelf, " that man

" should disturb his soul for the loss of " a child, when fo much as this le " awfully buried in his presence!-Re-

" member," faid I to myfelf again-

"Remember thou art a man."

Now my Uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's confolatory letter Tully .- He had as little skill, hone man, in the fragments, as he had the whole pieces of antiquity.-And my father, whilft he was concerned the Turky trade, had been three four different times in the Levant, one of which he had flaid a whole yes and a half at Zant, my Uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in fome one of these periods, he had taken a m acrois the Archipelago into Afia; and that all this failing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Py reeus on the right-hand, &c. &c. wa nothing more than the true course my father's voyage and reflections. Two certainly in his manner, many an undertaking critick would have built two ftories higher upon wol foundations .- And pray, brother, oth my Uncle Toby, laying the end his pipe upon my father's hand in a dly way of interruption-but waittill he finished the account- what ear of our Lord was this?'- 'It was to year of our Lord,' replied my far.—'That's impossible!' cried my cle Toby. 'Simpleton!' faid my her- It was forty years before Christ was born.

My Uncle Toby had but two things it; either to suppose his brother to the wandering Jew, or that his mis-May the Lord God of heaven and arth protect him and restore him!' d my Uncle Toby, praying silently my father, and with tears in his

-My father placed the tears to a oper account, and went on with his

rangue with great spirit.
There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, is the world imagines; -(this way letting off, hy the bye, was not liketo cure my Uncle Toby's suspicions) labour, forrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of ife.'—' Much good may do them!'

d my Uncle Toby to himself.
'My son is dead! so much the bet-

er—'tis a shame in such a tempest
to have but one anchor.

But he is gone for ever from us!

Be it so. He is got from under he hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited-from a ban-

net before he had got drunken.
The Thracians wept when a child vas born—' (' And we were very lear it,' quoth my Uncle Toby) nd feasted and made merry when a nan went out of the world; and with tason.—Death opens the gate of ame, and shuts the gate of envy fter it-it unlooses the chain of the aptive, and puts the bondiman's talk

Shew me the man, who knows that life is, who dreads it, and I'll hew thee a prisoner who dreads his

trip and

vina

Py-was e of and ould work

her,

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby-(for mark-our appetites are out diseases)—is it not better not to sunger at all, than to eat?—not to hirth, than to take physick to cure it?

It it not better to be freed from Is it not better to be freed from

lancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life-than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh? ' There is no terror, brother Toby, in it's looks, but what it borrows from groans and convultions—and the blowing of nofes, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains ' in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these, what is it— ' (' It is better in battle than in bed,' faid my Uncle these, what is it-Toby.)- 'Take away it's hearfes, it's ' mutes, and it's mourning-it's plumes, fcutcheons, and other mechanick aids -What is it ?- Better in battle! continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my Brother Bobby - it is terrible no way—for confider, brother Toby—when we are—death is not—and when death is—we are

cares and agues, from love and me-

his pipe to confider the proposition: my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man-away it went-and hurried my Uncle Toby's ideas along with ' For this reason,' continued my father, ' it is worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made. - Vefpafian died in a jest upon his close-stool

My Uncle Toby laid down

-Galba with a fentence-Septimus Severus in a dispatch—Tiberius in diffimulation-and Cafar Augustus

in a compliment.'- I hope 'twas a fincere one !'-quoth my Uncle Toby. - 'It was to his wife,' faid my

father.

" not.

CHAP. IV.

A anecdotes which history ND laftly-for all the choice can produce of this matter,' continued my father- this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabrick-crowns

It is of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor-which, I dare fay, brother Toby, you have read. '- I dare fay I have ' not,' replied my uncle.—' He died, faid my father, ' as * * * * *

- And if it was with his wife, faid my Uncle Toby, ' there could be no hurt in it '-' That's more than I know,' replied my father.

CHAP.

CHAP.

MY mother was going very ginger-ly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my Uncle Toby pronounced the word wife.— 'Tis a shrill, penetrating found of itself, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herfelf the subject of the conversation: so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips-holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twift of her neck-(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers.—The listening slave, with the goddess of silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does those of the church) to the same

period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be faid for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of ftrange principles and impulses—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantage of a complex one-and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the infide of a Dutch filk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or differtation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel

along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour-or a discourse suspended till a servant went out-or the lines of discontent were observed to

hang upon the brows of my father or mother-or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liftening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abfolutely shut, but fomewhat a-jar-as it stands just nowwhich, under covert of the bad hinge, (and that, possibly, might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide a the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to fare my father the trouble of governing his house-my mother, at this momen, stands profiting by it.-Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; fothat before my father had well got over his furprize, and entered upon his harange -had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his fentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Jobs flock—though, by the bye, your curous observers are seldom worth a groat -would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators fo contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the

fame bier.

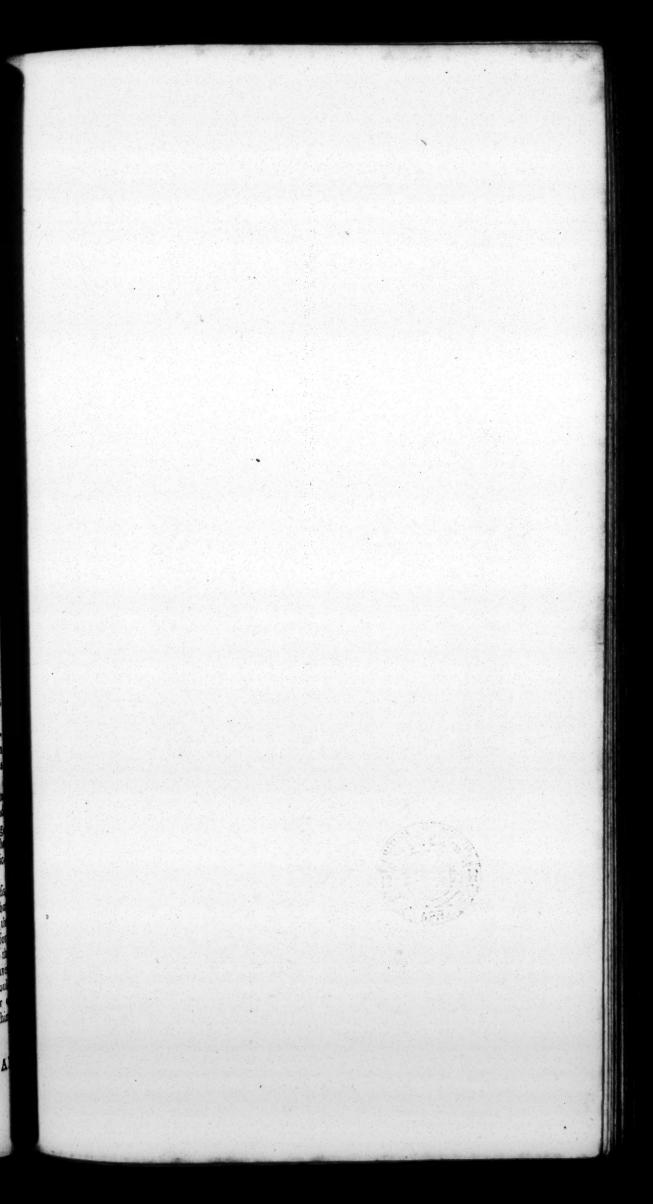
My father a man of deep readingprompt memory - with Cato and St. neca, and Epictetus, at his finger

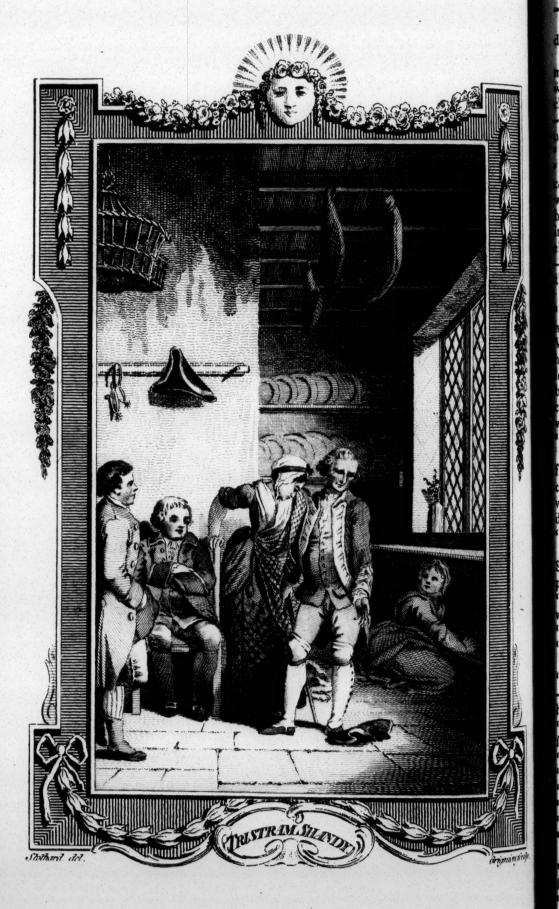
The corporal—with nothing to the member-of no deeper reading that his muster-roll-or greater names at a finger's end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period period, by metaphor and allufion, a ftriking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with entertainment and pleafantry of his pleasantry

tures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheli point, or turn, this way, or that; leaving the images on one fide, and pictures on the other, going fraight for wards, as nature could lead him, tot heart .- O Trim! would to Hear thou hadst a better historian!-wou thy historian had a better pair breeches !- O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?





CHAP. VII.

Y young master in Lon-'don is dead!' faid Oba-

diah. -A green fattin night-gown of my nother's, which had been twice fcoured, vas the first idea which Obadiah's exlamation brought into Sufannah's head. -Well might Locke write a chapter pon the imperfections of words.— Then, quoth Susannal, we must all go into mourning.'-But note a feond time; the word mourning, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it perfelf-failed also of doing it's office; excited not one fingle idea, tinged ither with grev or black -all was green. -The green fattin night-gown hung here still.

- O'twill be the death of my poor mistress!' cried Sufannah. -- My nother's whole wardrobe followed.-What a procession! her red damask er orange-tawny—her white and yelow lutestrings - her brown taffata - her one-lace caps-her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petricoats—not a rag was left behind. -- 'No - the will never look up again !' faid Sufannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion-My ather, I think, kept her for her simpliin,-he had been all autumn struggling with a dropfy.—' He is dead!' faid Obadiah—' he is certainly dead!'—' So am not I,' faid the foolish scullion.

- 'Here is fad news, Trim!' cried Susannah, wiping her'eyes as Trim steped into the kitchen; 'Master Bobby is dead and buried!'—the funeral -the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah'swe shall have all to go into mourn-

ing!' faid Sufannah.
'I hope not!' faid Trim.-' You hope not!' cried Sufannah earnettly. The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Sufannah's .-I hope,' faid Trim, explaining himelf-' I hope in God the news is not true!'- I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.'-Oh, he's dead !' faid Sufannah .- ' As fure,' faid the scullion, 'as I am alive.' 'I lament for him from my heart and my foul,' faid Trim, fetching a igh.- Poor creature!-poor boy!poor gentleman!

- He was alive last Whitfun-' tile,' faid the coachman .- ' Whit-· funtide! - Alas!' cried Trim, extending his right-arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the fermon-' What is Whitfuntide, 'Jonathan,' (for that was the coach-man's name) 'or Shrovetide, or any tide or time palt to this? Are we not here now,' continued the corporal, (Ariking the end of his Rick perpendicularly upon the floor, fo as to give an idea of health and thability)- and are ' we not'-(dropping his hat upon the ground)-' gone! in a moment!'-(It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.)-We are not flocks and flones! - Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all meltedthe foolish fat scuilion herself, who was fcouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rouzed with it .- The whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and flate-and possibly the prefervation of the whole world-or, what is the fame thing-the distribution and balance of it's property and power—may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's elequence-I do demand your attention-your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at

your eafe.

I faid, we were not flocks and stones -'tis very well -- I should have added, nor are we angels-I wish we were -but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations-and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, hetwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it soffice to affirm, that of all the fenies, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickett commerce with the foul-gives a imarter firoke, and leaves fomething more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey-or sometimes get rid of.

-I've gone a little about-no matter, 'tis for health-let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat .--- 'Are we not here now, -and gone in a moment?'--- There was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

Are we not here now?'—continued the corporal; 'and are we not,'—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and paufing before he pronounced the word)—'gone! in a mo'ment?'—The deicent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore runner, like it—his hand seemed to vanish from under it—it fell dead—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse—and Susannah burst into a slood of tears.

Now-ten thousand, and ten thoufand times ten thousand, (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect .--Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven-or in the best direction that could be given to it-had he dropped it like a goofe-like a puppy-like an ass-or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool-like a ninny-like a nincompoop-it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been loft.

Ye who govern this mighty world, and it's mighty concerns, with the engines of eloquence—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it—and then harden it again to your purpose—

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass; and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly! who drive—and why not, ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout;—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, i'i 's hat!

CHAP. VIII.

STAY—I have a small account to settle with the reader, before Tim can go on with his harangue.—
R mall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time. I own myself a debtor to the world for two items—a chapter upon chamber. maids and button holes, which in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me—and that they we haccept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, and please your reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green-go-was, and ell-bats.

— Trim took his off the ground —put it upon his head—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

CHAP. IX.

ous, Jonathan, who know not what want or care " not what want or care is-who live here in the fervice of two of the best of masters-(bating, in my own cafe, his Majetty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)-I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas-'tis not long—'tis like nothing—
but to those, Jonathan, who know
what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age .- O Jonathan! 'twould make a good natured man's heart bleed, to confider,' continued the corporal, (standing perpendicularly) 'how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid fince that time!'-· And trust me, Sufy,' added the corporal, turning to Sufannah, whose eyes were swimming in water- before that time comes round again—many 1 bright eye will be dim!'—Sufannah placed it to the right fide of the pagethe wept-but the curtied too .- ' Are we not,' continued Trim, looking fill at Susannah- are we not like a flower of the field!'-- a tear of pride flok in betwixt every two tears of humiliation-elle no tongue could have deferibed Sufannah's affliction- is not all flesh grass?—'Tis clay—'tis dart.'—They all looked directly at the scullion—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle—it was not fair.

what is the finest face that ever man looked at!'— 'I could hear Trim talk so for ever,' cried Sufannah.— 'What is it——' (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)— but corruption?'—Susannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and its this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can fay of the matter is—that he has either a pumkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart—and whenever he is diffected, 'twill be found to.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Susannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder—(by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reslections—

Or whether the corporal began to be fuspicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself——

Or whether - - - or whether—(for in all fuch cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions)—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body, determine—'tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thus with his

ar ngue.

'For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all! -not this . .!' added the corpoal, fnapping his fingers—but with an ir which no one but the corporal could live given to the fentiment- In battle, Value Death not this . . .! and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun. -What is he? A pull of a trigger -1 push of a bayonet an inch this way or that makes the difference .-Look along the line-to the rightfee! Jack's down! Well, 'tis worth a regiment of horse to him. Noit is Dick. Then Jack's no worte. Never mind which—we pais on ;

-in hot pursuit the wound isfelf which brings him is not fell—the best way is to stand up to him—the man who flies is in ten times more danger, than the man who marches up into his ' jaws .- I've look'd him,' added the corporal, an hundred times in the ' face, and know what he is .- He's ' nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field!' - But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah .- 'I never mind it myfelf,' faid Jonathan, ' upon a coachbox.'- It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed,' replied Sufannah .-- 'And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapfack, I would do it there,' faid Trim-' but that is nature.

- Nature is nature,' faid Jonathan .- ' And that is the reason,' cried Susannah, ' I so much pity my mistres.—She will never get the better of it!— 'Now, I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim .- Madam will get eafe of heart in weeping-the squire in talking about it—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself .- I shall hear him sign in his bed for a whole month together, as he ' did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. "An' " please your honour, do not figh so pireously," I would say to him as I ' laid beside him .- "I cannot help it, " Trim!" my master would say-" it " is so melancholy an accident-I can-" not get it off my heart."-" Your honour fears not death yourself-" " I hope, 'Trim, I fear nothing," he " would fay, " but the doing a wrong thing.—Well!" he would add, " whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy!"—And with that, · like a quieting draught, his honour would fall affeep.

'I like to hear Trim's stories about the captain,' said Susannah.—' He is a kindly-hearted gentleman,' said Obadiah, 'as ever lived!'—' Aye—' and as brave a one too,' said the corporal, 'as ever stept before a platoon.'—There never was a better officer in the king's army—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch hole—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other X2 'people.

people. - He would not hurt a chicken. '- I would fooner,' quoth Jonathan, ' drive such a gentleman for feven pounds a year—than some for eight.'—'Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings—as much, Jona-' than,' faid the corporal, shaking him by the hand, 'as if thou hadit put the · money into my own pocket .- I would ferve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me-and could I be fure my poor brother Tom was dead,'-continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,- was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain!'-- Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was af-fected.—' Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant,' faid Sufannah .--With all my heart, answered the corporal.

Sufannah, the cook, Jonathan, Ohadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and, as foon as the scullion had shut the kitchen-door,

the corporal begun.

CHAP. XI.

I Am a Turk, if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaistered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the River Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam. I've cost you a great deal of trouble—I wish it may answer—but you have lest a crack in my back—and here's a great piece fallen off here before—and what must I do with this foot? I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hard, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and

can neither of us do well without—I'll go to the world's end with him—but I hate disputes—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch so ciety) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one—but I cannot bear suffocation—and bad smells world of all—so which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, that if ever the army of mattyrs was to be augmented—or a new one raised—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

My Uncle Toby's opinion,
Madam, 'that there could be no harm
'in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman pra'tor's lying with his wife;'—or rather
the last word of that opinion, (for it
was all my mother heard of it) caught
hold of her by the weak part of the
whole fex—you shall not mistake me
—I mean, her curiosity—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the
conversation, and with that prepossession
upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said was
accommodated either to herself or her
family concerns.

Pray, Madam, in what first does the lady live who would not have

done the fame?

From the Mange mode of Cornelius death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my Uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges- 'twas irrefifible not the oration of Socrates-but my 12 ther's temptation to it .- He had wrote the Life of Socrates*, himself, the year before he left off trade; which, I test, was the means of hastening him out of it; fo that no one was able to let ou with fo full a fail, and in fo fwelling tide of heroick leftiness upon the occa fion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which closed will a shorter word than transmigration, annihilation - or a worse thought in the middle of it than to be-or not to be-

* This book my father would never confent to publish; 'tis in manufaipt, will fome other tracts of his, in the family, all or most of which will be printed in time.

the entering upon a new and untried state of things-or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful fleep, without dreams, without diffurbance-that we and our children avere born to die-but neither of us born to be flaves .- No-there I millake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Jutaic.)-Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had over-run Perna, amongst the many things he stole -fole that fentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself, (for we all know he died at Babylon) at least by some of his maroders, into Greece-from Greece it got to Rome-from Rome to France-and from France to England .- So things come round !-

By land-carriage, I can conceive no

other way.

By water, the fentiment might eafily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and, following the course of trade, (the way from India by the Cape of Good-Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Makka, or elfe to Tor or Sues, towns at the bottom of the gulph; and from thence by karrawans to Coptos, but three days journey distant, to down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTI-MENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair case of the Alexandrian library—and from that store-house it would be fetched. - Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAP. XIII.

Now my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man—if not,

there's an end of the matter.)

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived—whether for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to yote, therefore, that he never fived at all is a little cruel—tis not doing as they would be done by—happen that as it may—my father, I say, had a way,

when things went extremely wrong with him, e pecially upon the first fally of his impatience-of wondering why he was begot - wishing himself-dead fometimes worfe-and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers-Sir, you scarce could have distinguished from Socrates himf. If .- Every word would breathe the fentiments of a foul disdaining life, and careless about all it's iffues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my Uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her. - She liftened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done fo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a fecurity to be fo won by working upon the passions of his judges .- 'I have friends-I have relations-I have three defolate children !'-fays Socrates.

'Then,' cried my mother, opening the door,—' you have one more, 'Mr. Shandy, than I know of.'

By Heaven, I have one less ! — faid my father, getting up and walking out of the room,

CHAP. XIV.

THEY are Socrates's chil-'dren!' faid my Uncle Toby. 'He has been dead a hundred 'years ago,' replied my mother.

My Uncle Toby was no chronologer—fo not caring to advance a step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the ecclaircussement himself.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce—which, unless every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished

finished the first act of it, and then this

chapter must have set off thus.

· Ptr..r..ing - twing - twang prut-trut-'tis a cursed bad fiddle. -Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?-trut .. prut .. - They · should be fifths-'Tis wickedly strung -tr... a e. i. o. u. -twang. bridge is a mile too high, and the · found-post absolutely down-elsetrut..prut-hark! 'tis not fo bad a tone .- Diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle; dum. There is nothing in playing before good judgesbut there's a man there-no-not him with the bundle under his arm-· the grave man in black --- S'death! ont the gentleman with the fword on! Sir, I had rather play a capri-chio to Calliope herself, than draw my · bow across my fiddle before that very ' man; and yet, I'll stake my Cremo-' na to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were · laid, that I will this moment stop three · hundred and fifty leagues out of tune · upon my fiddle, without punishing one fingle nerve that belongs to him Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle— * twiddle diddle - twoddle diddle twuddle diddle - prut-trut-krish-krash-krush-I've undone you, · Sir-but you fee he is no worse-' and was Apollo to take his fiddle after " me, he can make him no hetter.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love musick—and God has made you all with good ears—and some of you play delightfully yourselves—trut-

prut-prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could fit and hear whole days—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir, which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare—or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and Susan-

nah had got possession of my mother's green fattin night-gown-was to fit down coolly, after the example of Xe. nophon, and write a TRISTRA pedia, or fystem of education for me; colled. ing, first, for that purpose, his own fcattered thoughts, counfels, and no. tions; and binding them together, fo as to form an INSTITUTE for the govern. ment of my childhood and adolescence, I was my father's last stake-he had lost my Brother Bobby entirely; he had loft, by his own computation, full three. fourths of me-that is, he had been un. fortunate in his three first great casts for me-my geniture, nofe, and name-there was but this one left: and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my Uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectils. The difference between them was, that my Uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectils from Nicholas Tartaglia-my father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain -or so reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's hustive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say—' Come, I'll write a duodecimo.'

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumfpection (though I cannot fay upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casa, the Lord Archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galateo; in which his Grace of Benevento spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the fize or the thickness of a Rider's Almanack .- How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whifkers, or playing at primero with his chaplain-would pole any mortal not let into the true fecretand therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement

ragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed-as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Cafa, the Archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (no withstanding his Galateo) I retain the highest veneration-had he been, Sir, a slender clerk-of dull witflow parts-coffive head, and fo forthhe and his Galateo might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me-the phænomenon had not been

worth a parenthefis.

But the reverse of this was the truth: John de la Cafa was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all thefe great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his Galateo, he lay under an impuissance at the fame time of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole fummer's day: this disability in his grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with, which opinion was thisviz. that whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, bor â fide, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one. This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author -he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand — all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him .— 'Twas term-time with them-every thought, first and last, was captious—how specious and good foever-'twas all one-in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em leveiled at him, and was to be fenced off. - So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of composition, as a state of warfare; and his probation in it, precifely that of any other man militant upon earthboth depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not tramped him a little in his creed) I beleve would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate, to have been the broacher of it .- How far my father aftually believed in the devil, will be

feen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to fay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine-he took up with the allegory of it-and would often fay, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casa's parabolical representationas was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or mystick record of antiquity. - Prejudice of education, he would fay, ' is the devil-and the multitudes of them which we fuck in with our mother's milk-are the devil and all. -We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and refearches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him-what would his book be ?-Nothing,' he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeancenothing but a farrage of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both fexes) throughout the

kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined-to give of the flow progress my father made in his Triftra-pædia; at which (as I faid) he was three years and fomething more, indefatigably at work, and at last, had scarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent most of his pains, was rendered entirely uselessevery day a page or two became of no consequence.

-Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wifdom, that the wifest of us all should thus out-wit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate

act of purfuing them.

In thort, my father was fo long in all his acts of refiltance-or in other words -he advanced fo very flow with his work, and I began to live and get forward at fuch a rate, that if an event had not happened-which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader-I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a

fun-dial for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

WAS nothing-I did not lose two drops of blood by it—'twas not worth calling in a fur-geon, had he lived next door to us thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occafron: some men rise by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires—and I am this day (August the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation .- O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world! The chamber-maid had left no ******* under the bed .- ' Cannot you contrive, master,' quoth Sufannah, litting up the fath with one hand, as the spoke, and helping me up into the window feat with the other-' cannot you manage, my dear, for a fingle time, to **** *** ** ******

I was five years old .- Sufannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family-fo flap came the fash down like lightning upon us- Nothing is left !'-cried Sufannah-' nothing is left-for me, but to run my

My Uncle Toby's house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so Susannah fled

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN Sufannah told the corporal the misadventure of the fath, with all the circumstances which attended the murder of me-(as the called it) -the blood for fook his cheeks -all accessaries in murder being principals-Trim's confcience told him he was as much to blame as Sufannahand if the doctrine had been true, my Uncle Toby had as much of the bloodmed to answer for to Heaven, as either of 'em-fo that neither reason or inflindt, separate or together, could posfibly have guided Sufannah's steps to fo proper an afylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination-to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cud-

gel his brains fore-and to do it without he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him .- Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? - Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

CHAP. XIX.

I T is a pity, Trim,' faid my Un-cle Toby, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood furveying their works-- that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt-'twould fecure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that fide quite compleat-get me : couple cast, Trim.'

Your honour shall have them, replied Trim, 'before to-morrow morn-

It was the joy of Trim's heart-nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my Uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a paderero to have prevented a fingle with in his The corporal had alreadymaiter. what with cutting off the ends of my Uncle Toby's spouts-hacking and chisseling up the sides of his leaden gutters-melting down his pewter shavingbason-and going at last, like Lewisth Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c .- he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field; my Uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had fet the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery-window: and as the fash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had difmantled every fash-window in my Uncle Toby's house long before, in the very fame way-though not always in the same order: for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead-so then he began with the pullies -and the pullies being picked out then the lead became useles and foth -A great

lead went to pot too.

A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this; but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Susannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she couldtrue courage is not content with coming off fo .- The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train-'twas no matter-had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, at least in Susannab's bands --- How would your -He deterhonours have behaved?mined, at once, not to take shelter behind Sufannah-but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole manœuvre before my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steenkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and

proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families fo pat to the purpose of what is going to follow—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatick writer—I

mean, of ancient days.—
Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right-angles, made a shift to tell his story so that priests and virgins might have listened to it.—And the story being told—the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

fined the corporal, as he concluded Sufannah's ftory, 'before I would fuffer 'the woman to come to any harm— 'twas my fault, an' please your honour—not her's.'
'Corporal Trim,' replied my Uncle

Toby, putting on his hat which lay upon the table—' if any thing can be faid to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame—you

obeyed your orders.' Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the fame at the battle of Steenkirk, faid Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat—' he had faved thee—' 'Saved!' cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fathionhe had faved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every foul of them! -There was Cutts's,' continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right-hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his handthere was Cutts's—Mackay's—Angus's-Graham's-and Levens's, all cut to pieces and fo had the Englift life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket-' they'll go to Heaven for it!'-added Trim.—' Trim is right,' said my Un-cle Toby, nodding to Yorick; ' he's ' perfectly right.'—' What signifies his 'marching the horse,' continued the corporal, 'where the ground was so strait, and the French had such a nation of hedges, and copfes, and dirches, and felled trees laid this way and that to cover them -- (as they always have.) - Count Solmes should have fent us-we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives. There was nothing to be done for the horse.—He had his foot that off, however, for his pains,' continued the corporal, ' the very next campaign, at Landen.'- Poor Trim got his wound there ' quoth my Uncle Toby .- 'It was owing, an' please your honour, entirely to Count Solmes. Had we drubbed them foundly at Steenkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen. - Potfibly not, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby: though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a mo-ment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, re-

" ceive

ceive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—' Ding-dong,' added Trim.—' Horse and foot,' said my Uncle Toby.—' Helter-skelter,' faid Trim.—' Right and left!' cried my Uncle Toby.—' Blood an' ounds!' shouled the corporal.—The battle raged—Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and, after a moment's pause, my Uncle Toby sinking his voice a note—resumed the discourse as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

KING William, faid my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, was so terribly provoked at · Count Solmes for disobeying his orders, that he would not fuffer him to come into his presence for many months after.'—' I fear,' answered Yorick, the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the king at the count.—But 'twould be fingu-'larly hard in this case,' continued he, · if Corporal Trim, who has behaved fo diametrically opposite to Count · Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same difgrace-too oft, in this world, do things take that train.'- I would fpring a mine,' cried my Uncle Toby, riting up-' and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would fland by and see it!'—Trim directed a flight—but a grateful bow towards his mafter-and fo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

Then Yorick,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'you and I will lead the way abreast—and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.'—'And Susannah, an' please your honour,' faid Trim, 'shall be put in the rear.'—'Twas an excellent disposition—and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched flowly from my Uncle Toby's house to Shandy-Hall.

entered the door—' instead of the samweight, I had cut off the churchfpout, as I once thought to have done.

You have cut off spouts enough?
replied Yorick.

CHAP. XXIV.

S many pictures as have been give of my father, how like him foren in different airs and attitudes-not one or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of howmy father would think, speak, or act, up. on any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing-it baffled, Sir, all calculations. -The truth was, his road lay fo very far on one fide, from that wherein most men travelled-that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it feen by the reft of mankind .- In other words, 'twass different object-and in course was differently confidered.

This is the true reason, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside—I, at her in—. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

Is a point settled—and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story—that provided be keeps along the line of his story—he may go backwards and forwards as he will—'tis still held to be no digrassion.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the act of going backwards myself.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbishop of Benevento's—I mean, of Rabelais's devils)—with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it summoned up

* Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean **** ** **** Esq. member for ***** and not the Chinese legislator.

my mother instantly into the nurserythat Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, is my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to ave told the story myself-and young nough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet Susannah, in passing y the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had eft it in short-hand with the cook—the ook had told it with a commentary to onathan, and Jonathan to Obadiah; fo hat by the time my father had rung the ell half a dozen times, to know what vas the matter above—was Obadiah enbled to give him a particular account fit, just as it had happened—'I thought as much!' faid my father, tucking up is night-gown-and fo walked up tairs.

One would imagine from thisthough, for my own part, I somewhat uestion it)-that my father, before that me, had actually wrote that remarkable hapter in the Tristra-pædia, which to e is the most original and entertaining ne in the whole book—and that is, he chapter upon sash-windows, with a itter Philippick at the end of it, upon he forgetfulness of chamber-maids.have but two reasons for thinking

First, Had the matter been taken into onfideration, before the event happen-, my father certainly would have alled up the fash-window for good nd all-which, confidering with what thoulty he composed books—he might ave done with ten times less trouble an he could have wrote the chapter: argument, I foresee, holds good sainst his writing the chapter, even ter the event; but 'tis obviated under e second reason, which I have the hoor to offer to the world in support of y opinion, that my father did not nite the chapter upon fash-windows d chamber-pots at the time supposed and it is this-

That, in order to render the ifra pædia compleat—I wrote the apter myself.

CHAP. XXVII.

6

1

Y father put on his spectacles— looked—took them off—put them othe case—all in less than a statutable. oule; and, without opening his lips,

turned about, and walked precipitately down stairs. My mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-defk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and fo drew him a chair to the bed-fide, that he might confult upon the case at his eafe.

'If it be but right done,' faid my father, turning to the fection-De sede vel subjecto circumcisionis-for he had brought up Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus-and Maimonides, in order to confront and examine us all together.

-' If it be but right donequoth he .- ' Only tell us,' cried my mother, interrupting him, 'what herbs?' - 'For that,' replied my father, 'you ' must send for Doctor Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the fection as follows

* * * * * * -' 'Very well!' faid my father- * * * * . * * * * * * *

nience—' and so, without stopping a moment to fettle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews -he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when the evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded -he shut the book, and walked down flairs .- ' Nay,' faid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step, as he set his foot upon itif the Egyptians—the Syrians—the Phænicians—the Arabians—the Ca-

padocians — if the Colchi and Troglo-dytes did it — if Solon and Pythago-ras submitted—what is Tristram?—

Who am I, that I should fret or fume

one moment about the matter?

CHAP. XXVIII.

EAR Yorick,' faid my father, fmiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my Uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and fo had stept first into the parlour)- this Triftram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never
was the fon of Jew, Christian, Turk,
or Infidel, initiated into them in fo
oblique and flovenly a manner.'—
But he is no worse, I trust,' said
Yorick.

There has been certainly,' continued my father, 'the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptick, when this offspring of mine was formed!'—'That you are a better judge of than I,' replied Yorick.—
Astrologers,' quoth my father, 'know' better than us both—the trine and sextile aspects have jumped awry—or the opposite of their ascendents have not hit it as they should—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at bo-peep—or, something has been wrong above or below with us.'

'It is possible,' answered Yorick.—
'But is the child,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'the worse?'—'The Troglodytes
'say not,' replied my father.—'And
'your theologists, Yorick tells us——'
'Theologically?' said Yorick; 'or
's speaking after the manner of apothecaries*?—statesmen †?— or washerwomen †?'

'I am not fure,' replied my father—' but they tell us, brother Toby,
'he's the better for it.'—' Provided,'
faid Yorick, 'you travel him into Egypt.'—'Of that,' answered my father,
'he will have the advantage when he
's fees the Pyramids.'—

'Now every word of this,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is Arabick to me.'—
'I wish,' said Yorick, 'it was so—
'to half the world!'

"circumcifed his whole army one morning.' 'Not without a courtmartial?' cried my Uncle Toby.
Though the learned,' continued he, taking no notice of my Uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—' are greatly divided still who Ilus was; fome fay Saturn—fome the Supreme Being—others, no more than a bri-

gadier-general under Pharach-neco.' Let him be who he will,' faid my

Uncle Toby, I know not by what at ticle of war he could justify it.

The controvertifts,' answered my father, ' affign two-and-twenty dif. ferent reatons for it-others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the op. posite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemick divines— 'I with there was not a polemick divine, faid Yorick, ' in the kingdom-one cunce of practical divinity is worth a painted · thip-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years!'-'Pray, Mr. Yorick,' quoth my Uncle Toby, do tell me what a polemick divineis! - The best description, Captain Shan. dy, I have ever read, is a couple of them, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought fingle hands betwixt Gymnast and Captail Tripet; which I have in my pocket. - I beg I may hear it!' quoth my Uncle Toby, earneftly .- ' You shall,' faid Yorick .- " And as the corporalis waiting for me at the door-and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than he ' fupper-I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.'- With all ' my foul!' faid my father .- Tim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and, having thut the door, York took a book from his right-hand coatpocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

which words being heard by a the foldiers which were there, diver of them being inwardly terrified, die shrink back, and make room for the affailant: all this did Gymnast ver well remark and confider; and there fore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting-fide he most nimbly (with his short swort by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup and performing the stirrup leather feat, whereby, after the incline

PHIL

* Χαλεπης νόσε, καὶ δυσιάτε ἀπαλλαγή, ἡν ἄνθρακα καλεσίν.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν Φολυγονωτατα, καὶ Φολυανθρωπότατα είναι.

Τ Καθαριότητος είνεκεν.

5 Ο Ιλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα σεριτέμνεται. ταυτό σοῖησαι καὶ τὰς ᾶμ' αυτά συμμάχες και γαίμέσες.

SANCHUNIATE

ing of his body downwards, he forthwith launched nimfelf aloft into the air, and placed both his feet together upon the faddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head.—' Now," faid he, " my case goes forward." Then, suddenly, in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to the left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former polition, without missing one jot .- " Ha!" faid Tripet, " I will not do that at this time-and " not without cause."-" Well," faid ' Gymnast, " I have failed-I will un-" do this leap:"-then with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right-hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprung into the air, poifing and upholding his whole ' weight upon the muscle and nerve of the faid thumb, and so turned and ' whirled himself about three times: at the tourth, reverfing his body and over-turning it upfide down, and fore-' fide back, without touching any thing, he brought himfelf betwixt the horse's two ears, and then giving himself a ' jirking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper-

('This can't be fighting,' faid my Uncle Toby.—The corporal shook his' head at it.—' Have patience,' faid Yo-

rick.)

'Then (Tripet) passed his right-leg over his faddle, and placed himself en rout-" But," said he, "twere bet-" ter for me to get into the faddle." Then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt the bow of the faddle in a tolerable feet; then fpringing into the air, with a summerset, he turned him about like a windmill, and made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi pommades.'— Good God!' tried Tim, loting all patience- one home-thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.'- I think fo too,' replied

quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

No-I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him- I have advanced nothing in the Triffra-padia, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid .- Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scru--It has oft times been in my mind,' continued my father, ' to have read it over both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby-and I think it a little unfriendly in myfelf, in not having done it long ago-fhall we have a short chapter or two nowand a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole?'-My Uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeifance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment. laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.—The com-pany smiled. 'Trim,' quoth my sa-ther, 'has paid the sull price for staying out the entertainment.'- ' He did not feem to relish the play,' replied Yorick .- 'It was a Tom-fool battle, an' please your reverence, of a Captain Tripet's and that other officer making so many summersets as they advanced—the French come on capering now and then in that way-but not quite fo much.'

My Uncle Toby never felt the confciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment—He lighted his pipe—Yorick drew his chair closer to the table—Trim souffed the candle—My father stirred up the fire—took up the book—

coughed twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

father, turning over the leaves—
are a little dry; and as they are not
closely connected with the subject—
for the present we'll pass them by—
itis a presatory introduction,' continued my father, 'or an introductory
presace, (for I am not determined
which name to give it) upon political
or civil government; the soundation

of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for

procreation of the species—I was in-fensibly led into it.'—' It was natu-

ral, faid Yorick.
The original of fociety, continued my father, 'I'm fatisfied is, what Po-· litian tells us, i. e. merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting toe gether of one man and one womanto which, (according to Hefiod) the · philosopher adds a servant-but · fuppoling in the first beginning there were no men-fervants born-he lays the foundation of it, in a man-a woman-and a bull.'-' I believe, 'tis an ox,' quoth Yorick, quoting the passage- (oixou min wpolica, youaixa TE, BEY T' agornea;)—a bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.'- But there is a better reafon still, faid my father (dipping his pen into his ink;) for, the ox being the most patient of animals, and the · most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nonrishment-was · the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that, the creation could have affociated with them.'- And there is a stronger reafon,' added my Uncle Toby, ' than them all, for the ox.'-(My father had not power to take his pen out of his inkborn, till he had heard my Uncle Toby's reason.) 'For when the ground was tilled,' said my Uncle Toby, 'and made worth inclosing, then they began to fecure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.'-· True, true, dear Toby,' cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting

the ox in his place. My father gave Trim a nod, to fnuff the candle, and refuned his discourse.

- I enter upon this speculation, faid my father carelessly, and half shutting the book as he went on- merely to shew the foundation of the natural · relation between a father and his child;

· the right and jurisdiction over whom

he acquires these several ways-

' 1st, By marriage. . 2d, By adoption. 4 3d, By legitimation.

· And 4th, By procreation-

which I confider in their order.'

· I lay a flight stress upon one of them,' replied Yorick .- ' The act, · especially where it ends there, in my

· opinion, lays as little obligation upon

the child, as it conveys power to the father.'- You are wrong, faid my father argutely, and for this plain rea. * * * * * * * .-- I own, add. ed my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not fo under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.'- But the reason,' replied Yorick, 'equally holds good for her.'- She is under authority herself,' said my father .-And besides,' continued my father, nodding his head and laying his finger upon the fide of his nose, as he affigned his reason- she is not the principal agent, Yorick.'- ' In what?' quoth my Uncle Toby, stopping his pipe .-' Though by all means,' added my father, (not attending to my Uncle Toby) the son ought to pay her respect—as you may read, Yorick, at large, in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.' - I can read it as well, replied Yorick, 'in the Catechism.'

C H A P. XXXII.

RIM can repeat every word of Toby.—' Pugh!' faid my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's laying his catechism .- ' He can, upon 'my honour!' replied my Uncle Toby.

- 'Aik him, Mr. Yorick, any quel-' tion you please.'-

Trim?' faid Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen .- The corporal stood filent .- 'You don't ask him right,' faid my Uncle Toby, raifing his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command—'The fifth!'—cried my Uncle Toby.—'I must begin with the first, an' please your honour,' said the corporal.

-Yorick could not forbear finiling .- ' Your reverence does not confider,' faid the corporal, shouldering his flick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his polition-that 'tis exactly the fame thing as doing one's exercise in " the field.'-

· foin your right-hand to your fire-' lock!' cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion .-

· Poise your firelock!' cried the corporal, doing the duty still of both adju-

tant and private man .-

Rest your firelock! --- one motion, an' please your reverence, you see, leads into another-If his honour will begin but with the first-"

'The FIRST !'-cried my Uncle Toby, fetting his hand upon his fide-

'The SECOND!' cried my Uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his fword at the head of a regiment. The corporal went through his manual with exactness; and having bonoured his father and mother, made a low bow, and fell back to the fide of the room.

'Every thing in this world,' faid my father, 'is big with jest—and has wit 'in it, and instruction too—if we can

but find it out.

- Here is the scaffold work of 'INSTRUCTION, it's true point of folly, without the BUILDING be-' hind it .-

- Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund grinders and bear leaders, to view themselves in, in their true dimenfions .-

'Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yonick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not

how to fling away !

SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT!

Yorick thought my father in spired .-I will enter into obligations this moment, faid my father, ' to lay out all my Aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses-' (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion)—' if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated!-Pr'ythee, Trim,' quoth my father, turning round to him- What dost thou mean, by honouring thy father and mother?

'Allowing them, an' please your honour, three-halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old. - 'And didft then do that, Trim?' faid Yoick.- He did, indeed!' replied my Uncle Toby. — Then, Trim, faid Yo-ick, springing out of his chair, and aking the corporal by the hand, 'thou an the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, han if thou hadft had a hand in the Tal-

" mud itself."

CHAP. XXXIII.

Bleffed health!' cried my father. making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, ' thou art above all gold and treafure; 'tis thou who enlargest the foul -and openest all it's powers to receive instruction and torelish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish forand he that is fo wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee!

' I have concentrated all that can be ' faid upon this important head,' faid my father, ' into a very little room; ' therefore we'll read the chapter quite

' through.'

My father read as follows.

' The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for maftery betwixt the radical heat and the ' You have radical moistureproved that matter of fact, I suppose, above,' faid Yorick .- 'Sufficiently,'

replied my father.

In faying this, my father shut the book-not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter—nor pettishly, for he shut the book flowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upperfide of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower-fide of it, without the least compressive violence.

' I have demonstrated the truth of ' that point,' quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, smoft sufficiently in the

preceding chapter.'

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, fufficiently demonstratingthat the fecret of all health depended upon the due contention for maftery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture—and that he had managed the point fo well, that there was not one fingle word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moilture, throughout the whole chapter—or a fingle fyllable in it, pro or con, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œco-

O thou Eternal Maker of all be-'ingst'—he would cry, striking his

breast with his right-hand, (in case he had one) 'thou, whose power and good-

ness can enlarge the faculties of thy · creatures to this infinite degree of ex-

cellence and perfection—what have we

Mounites done?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father atchieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began was no more than a short insult upon his torrowful complaint of the Ars longa-and Vita brevis. ' Life short,' cried my father-· and the art of healing tedious !- And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves-and the stage-· loads of chymical nostrums, and pe-· ripatetick lumber-with which, in all · ages, they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it!

- 'O, my Lord Verulam l' cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his fecond ftroke at him, as the principal of noftrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest- What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam? what shal I fay to thy internal spirit—thy opium—thy falt petre-thy greafy unctions-thy

daily purges-thy nightly glitters,

and fucced meums ?"

-My father was never at a loss what to fay to any man upon any fubject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing : how he dealt with his lord hip's opinion - you shall fee-but when-I know notwe must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

HE two great causes, which ' conspire with each other to · shorten life, fays Lord Verulam, ' are firft-

The internal spirit-which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death-And secondly, the external air. that parches the body up to ashes: which two enemies attacking us on

both fides of our bodies together, at

! length destroy our organs, and ren-

der them unfit to carry on the func. tions of life.'

This being the state of the case; the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, fays his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the sub. ftance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side. and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of falt-petre every morning before you got

Still this frame of ours was left ex. posed to the inimical affaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a course of greafy unctions, which so fully faturated the pores of the fking that no spicula could enter-nor could any one get out. This put a flop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many sour, vy distempers—a course of glisters was requisite to carry off redundant his mours-and render the fyltem com-

What my father had to fay to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his falt-petre, and greafy unctions and glifters, you hall read-but not to-day-or to-morrow; time presses upon me-my reader is impatient-I must get forwards. You shall read the chapter at your leifure, (if you chuse it) as soon as ever the Triffra-pedia is published.

Sufficeth it at present to say, my father levelled the hypothelis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established bit

own.

CHAP, XXXVI.

THE whole fecret of health, faid my father, beginning the fentence again, 'depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moitture within usthe least imaginable skill had been fufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the taik, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bo dies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oll and balfamous substance; for the fit

and tallow, as also the phlegm or watry parts are cold; whereas the oily and ballamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observations of Aristotle, "Quod omne animal post coitum est triste."

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether vice versa, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural drynes—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies. So that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.'

CHAP. XXXVII.

'It was at the fiege of Limerick, an' please your honour,' replied the cor-

peral, making a how.

The poor fellow and I,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, 'were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.'—'Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby!' cried my father, mentally.—'By Heatien!' continued he, communing still with himself, 'it would puzzle an 'Oedipus to bring it in point!'

'I believe, an' please your honour,' quoth the corporal, ' that if it had not ' been for the quantity of brandy we ' set fire to every night, and the claret ' and cinnamon with which I plied ' your honour off—— ' ' And the geneva, Trim,' added my Uncle Toby, ' which did us more good than all.'

'I verily believe,' continued the corporal, 'we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.'—'The noblest grave, corporal,' cried my Uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, 'that a soldier could wish to lie down in.'—'But a pitiful death for him! an' please your honour,' replied the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my Uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.

My Uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, refumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it—and so settled the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

I T was undoubtedly, faid my Uncle Toby, a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning sever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better. My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.

continued my Uncle Toby, 'which 'put it into the corporal's head to main'tain that due contention betwixt the 'radical heat and the radical moisture, 'by reinforcing the fever, as he did all 'along, with hot wine and spices; 'whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the 'radical heat stood it's ground from the 'beginning to the end, and was a fair 'match for the moisture, terrible as it 'was — Upon my honour,' added my Uncle Toby, 'you might have 'heard the contention within our bo'dies, brother Shandy, twenty toises.'
—'If there was no firing,' faid Yorick.

dies, brother Shandy, twenty toiles."

"If there was no fiving," faid Yorick.

"Well!" faid my father, with a full aspiration, and pauling a while after the word—" was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condern fome of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy—

Yorick foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no fort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question .- 'Pr'ythee, Trim,' faid Yorick, without staying for my father's leave, 'tell us honestly-what is thy opinion concerning this felffame radical heat and radical moifure ?

With humble submission to his ho-" nour's better judgment- quoth the corporal, making a bow to my Uncle Toby .- Speak thy opinion freely, corporal! faid my Uncle Toby .- ' The poor fellow is my fervant " -not my flave; added my Uncle

Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left-arm, and with his flick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a sassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right-hand, before he opened his mouth—he delivered his notion thus.

C H A P. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was hem-J ming, to begin—in waddled Doctor Slop.— 'Tis not two-pence matter-the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.

' Well, my good doctor!' cried my father sportively; for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden- and what has this whelp of mine

to fay to the matter?'

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-doghe could not have done it in a more carelel's air: the lystem which Doctor Slop had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of fuch a mode of enquiry. He fat down.

' Pray, Sir,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go un-answered—' in what condition is the boy?'—' It will end in a phimosis,'

replied Doctor Slop.

" I am no wifer than I was !' quoth my Uncle Toby-returning his pipe into his mouth .- 'Then let the corporal ' go on,' faid my father, ' with his medical lecture. - The corporal made

a bow to his old friend, Doctor Slog and then delivered his opinion concen, ing radical hear, and radical moilure, in the following words.

CHAP. XL.

HE city of Limerick, the fign of which was begun under his majesty King William himself, the year after I went into the army-lis, an' please your honours, in the mid. dle of a devilish wet, fwampy country! " It is quite surrounded,' faid my Uncle Toby, ' with the Shannon, and

is, by it's fituation, one of the fronget fortified places in Ireland.'-I think this is a new fashion, quot Doctor Slop, ' of beginning a medical ' lecture.' It is all true,' answered Trim .- ' Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it!' faid Yo. rick .- 'It is all cut through, an' plas your reverence, faid the corporal, with drains and bogs; and beilds, ' there was fuch a quantity of rainfel during the fiege, the whole country was like a puddle—'twas that, and onothing elfe, which brought on the flux, and which had like to havekill ed both his honour and mylell-Now there was no fuch thing, all the first ten days,' continued the conporal, ' for a foldier to lie dry in hi tent, without cutting a ditch roundit to draw off the water-nor was the enough, for those who could afford it as his honour could, without fetting · fire every night to a pewter diff fall of brandy, which took off the dam of the air, and made the infide of the tent as warm as a stove.'-

And what conclusion dost the draw, Corporal Trim, cried myst ther, from all these premises?

' I infer, an' please your worthin replied Trim, 'that the radical moille is nothing in the world but did water-and that the radical heat, those who can go to the expence of it is burnt brandy—the radical heat an moisture of a private man, an' plea your honours, is nothing but ditth

water-and a dram of genevagive us but enough of it, with app

of tobacco, to give us spirits, at drive away the vapours-we know

not what it is to fear death.' · I am at a loss, Captain Shandy noth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your fervant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.'-Slop had not forot Trim's comment upon the fermon.—
'It is but an hour ago,' replied Yock, fince the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with

great honour. The radical heat and moisture, noth Doctor Slop, turning to my faer, 'you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being-as the root of a tree is the fource and principle of it's vegetation .- It is inherent in the feeds of all animals, and may be preferved fundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by consubstantials, impriments, and occludents .- Now this poor fellow,' continued Doctor Slop, pinting to the corporal, ' has had the misfortune to have heard fome superficial empirick discourse upon this nice point .- ' That he has,' faid my ther .- 'Very likely,' faid my Uncle. 'I'm fure of it,' quoth Yorick.

CHAP. XLI.

OCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had orered, it gave my father an opportunity going on with another chapter in the ritra-pædia. Come! cheer up, my ds! I'll shew you land—for, when we ave tugged through that chapter, the ook shall not be opened again this velvemonth.—' Huzza!'—

CHAP. XLII.

IVE years with a bib un-' der his chin;

Four years in travelling from Christ-

cross-row to Malachi; A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more Tuniw-

ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his probations and his megations—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble blockand nothing done but his tools sharpened to hew it out !- 'Tis a piteous delay!-Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools harpened at all?-Forty-four years old was he before

he could manage his Greek-and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ottia, as all the world knows, could not fo much as read, when he was of man's eltate .- And Baldus himfelf, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when Eudamidas, the fon of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at feventy-five disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely, if the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning

make use of it? Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a feafoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had fometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned

wisdom-what time will be have to

for them—be wary, Sir, when you

imitate him. ' I am convinced, Yorick,' continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, ' that there is a northwest passage to the intellectual world : and that the foul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it .-But, alack ! all fields have not a river. or a spring running besides themevery child, Yorick! has not a parent to point it out.

"The whole entirely depends," added my father, in a low voice, 'upon

the auxiliary verbs, Mr. Yorick. Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's fnake, he could not have looked more furprized .- 'I am surprized too,' cried my father, observing it ! ' and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republick of let. ters-that those who have been entrufted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to let the imagi. nation loofe upon them, have made fo little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done.—So that, except Raymond Lullius, and the eldest Pelegrini, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of them, with his topicks, that in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility

upon any inbject, bro and con, and

to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.'—' I should be glad,' said Yorick, interrupting my father, 'to be made to comprehend this matter.'—' You shall,' faid my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better—but, be that as it may—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end—the mind and the idea are at rest—until a se-

cond idea enters—and so on.
Now the use of the auxiliaries is,
at once to set the soul a going by herfelf upon the materials as they are
brought her: and by the versability
of this great engine, round which
they are twisted, to open new tracks
of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

'You excite my curiofity greatly,'

faid Yorick.

'For my own part,' quoth my Uncle
Toby, 'I have given it up.'—'The
'Danes, an' please your honour,' quoth
the corporal, 'who were on the left at
'the slege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.'—'And very good ones!'
said my Uncle Toby.—'But the auxi'liaries, Trim, my brother is talking
'about—I conceive to be different
'things.'—

'You do?' said my father, rising

CHAP. XLIII.

up.

Y father took a fingle turn across the room, then fat down and mailed the chapter.

The verbs a xiliary we are concerned in here, continued my fither,
are—am; was; bave; bad; do; did;
make; made; fuffer; shall; should;
will; would; can; could; owe;
ought; used; or is wont.—And
these varied with tenses—présent, past,
future, and conjugated with the verb
see—or with these questions added
to them—Lit? Was it? Will it be?

Would it be? May it be ? Might be? And these again put negatively -Is it not? Was it not? Ought it was; it ought to be. Or chrone. logically - Has it been always? Late. ly? How long ago?—Or hypothetically—If it was? If it was mit—What would follow?—If the French should beat the English? If the fun go one of the zodiack? Now, by the right use and application of these,' continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea on enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it. Did'st thou ever see a white bear?' cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who flood at the back of his chair .- 'No, an' please 'your honour,' replied the corporal-But thou could ft discourse aboutou, Trim,' faid my father, ' in cased need?' How is it possible, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby, ' if the corpa-' I want,' replied my father-'and the possibility of it is as follows. A WHITE BEAR! - Very well-' Have I ever feen one? Might I ent · have feen one? Am I ever to fee one!

· have feen one? Am I ever to be one? Or one I ever to have feen one? Or can I ever fee one?
· Would I had feen a white best

Would I had feen a white be (for how can I imagine it?)

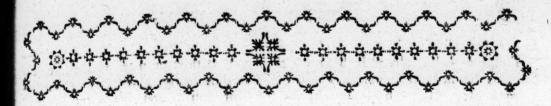
'If I should see a white bear, what 's should I say? If I should never see white bear, what then?

fee a white bear alive; have I ever feen the skin of one? Did I never fee one painted?—described? Have I not bear alive.

ver dreamed of one?
Did my father, mother, uncle, ann,
brother, or filters, ever fee a white
bear? What would they give? how
would they behave? How would the
white bear have behaved? Is he wild
tame? terrible? rough? smooth?
—— Is the white bear worth see

Is there no fin in it?—

Is it better than a BLACK ON!



THE

OPINIONS AND

OF

SHANDY, GENT. TRISTRAM

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAP.

E'LL not stop two mo-ments, my dear Sir-only, as we have got through thefe five volumes, (do, Sir, fit down upon a fet -they are better than no-

thing) let us just look back upon the country we have passed through .-

-What a wilderness has it been ! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost or devoured by wild bealts in it?

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of jackaffes?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley !- and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of fight-good God! what a braying did they all fet up together !

-Pr'ythee, shepherd, who keeps all those jack-asses? * * *

-Heaven be their comforter!-What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Braybray-bray. Bray on-the world is deeply your debtor-louder stillthat's nothing—in good lock-afs, I are ill-used—Was I a jack-afs, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-fol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

HEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and ferwards through half a dozen pages,

he closed the book for good an' alland in a kind of triumph re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the scrutoire where he found it .-'Tristram,' said he, 'shall be made to conjugate every word in the dic-' tionary, backwards and forwards the ' same way-every word, Yorick, by this means, you fee, is converted into a thefis or an hypothefis-every thefis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions—and each proposition has it's own consequences and conclufions; every one of which leads the mind on again into fresh tracks of enquiries and doubtings .- The force of this engine,' added my father, ' is incredible, in opening a child's head. - It is enough, brother Shandy,

cried my Uncle Toby, 'to burst it into

' I prefume,' faid Yorick, smilingit must be owing to this - (for let logicians fay what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments) -that the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world ' so exact a story—should be able to paste up in the publick schools at Rome, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and fixty different thefes, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology—and to defend and maintain them in fuch fort, as ponents.'- What is that ?' cried my

to cramp and dumb-found his op-

father,

father, 'to what is told us of Alphonfus Tostatus-who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them !-What shall we say of the great Piereskius? - That's the very man,' cried my Uncle Toby,
I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred · miles, reckoning from Paris to Schev-Iing, and from Schevling back again, · merely to fee Stevinus's flying chariot. my Uncle Toby; (meaning Stevinus) He was so, brother Toby, faid my father, (meaning Piereskius)—'and had multiplied his ideas fo falt, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever-at feven years of age, his father committed entirely to his · care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old-with the · fole management of all his concerns." - Was the father as wife as the fon?' quoth my Uncle Toby.— I fhould think not,' faid Yorick.— But what are thefe,' continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasim)- what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in Grotius, · Scioppius, Heinfius, Politian, Pascal, · Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordoue, and others-fome of which left off their substantial forms at nine years old, or fooner, and went on reasoning without them-others went through their classicks at seven-wrote tragedies at eight-Ferdinand de Cordoue was fo wife at nine, 'twas thought the devil was in him-and at · Venice gave such proofs of his know-· ledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was Antichrift, or nothing .- Others were mailers of fourteen languages at ten-finished the course of their rhetorick, poetry, logick, and ethicks, at eleven-put · forth their commentaries upon Servius

and Martianus Capella at twelveand at thirteen received their degrees
in philosophy, laws, and divinity.
But you forget the great Lipsius,
quoth Yorick, 'who composed a work
the day he was born*.'—'They
should have wiped it up,' faid my
Uncle Toby, 'and said no more about
it.'

CHAP. III.

HEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of decorum had unseasonably rose up in Susannah's conscience, about holding the candle, whilst
Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated
Susannah's distemper with anodynes—
and so a quarrel had ensued betwint
them.

" Oh! oh!'-faid Slop, casting a glance of undue freedom in Sufannah's face, as the declined the office-' then, ' I think, I know you, Madam!'-' You know me, Sir!' cried Susannah fastidiously, and with a tofs of her head, levelled evidently not at his profession, but at the doctor himself-'you know " me!' cried Sufannah again .- Doctor Slop clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils. - Sufannah's spleen was ready to burst at it: 'Itis false!' faid Sufannah .- 'Come, come, Mrs. Modesty,' faid Slop, not a little elated with the success of his last thrus; if you won't hold the candle, and look-you may hold it and thut your eyes. '- 'That's one of your Popili shifts,' cried Sufannah .- 'It is better,' faid Slop, with a nod, ' than no shift at all, young woman. - 1 defy you, Sir!' cried Susannah, pulling her shift-sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two perfons to assist each other in a surgical case with a more splenetick cordiality.

Slop fnatched up the cataplasm—Sufannah snatched up the candle.—'A
' little this way,' faid Slop. Susannah looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig, which,

Nous aurions quelque interêt,' says Baillet, 'de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicole s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme Lipse a pû composer un ouverage le premier jour de sa vie, il saut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que s'ait été à l'age de neuf ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce sut en cet âge, que Lipse un poeme.—Le tour est ingenieux,' &c. &c.

being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled .- 'You impudent whore !' cried Slop-(for what is passion, but a wild beaft)- 'you impudent whore!'cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand—'I never was the destruction of any body's nose!" faid Sufannah; 'which is more than you can fay!'--- 'Is it?' cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face .-Yes it is !' cried Sufannah-returning the compliment with what was left in the pan .-

CHAP. IV.

OCTOR Slop and Sufannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me; -and whilft that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

70U fee 'tis high time,' faid my father, addressing himself equally to my Uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of 'these women's hands, and put him ' into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his ' fon Commodus's education—and in fix weeks he cashiered five of them -I know very well,' continued my father, "that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a ' great many of Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor-but still I 'am of opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to reclify all their lives long.

Now, as I confider the person who is to be about my fon, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart-I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit

for my child to look into. '- This is very good fense!' quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.

- 'There is,' continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all it's parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man well within: and I am not at all furprized that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretel he would one day become an apostate-or that St. Ambrose should turn his amanuenfis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards an forwards like a flail-or that Democritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards .-- There are a thousand unnoticed openings,' . continued my father, ' which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's foul-and I maintain it,' added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but fomething escapes which discovers him.

It is for these reasons,' continued my father, ' that the governor I make choice of shall neither lisp*, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish-or bite his lips, or grind his teeth-or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers ..

He shall neither walk fast, or flow, -or fold his arms, for that is lazi-' noss-or hang them down, for that ' is folly-or hide them in his pocket,

for that is nonsense.

He shall neither strike, or pinch, or tickle-or bite, or cut his nails-or hawk, or spit, or snift-or drum with his feet or fingers in company--(according to Erasmus)-shall he fpeak to any one in making waternor shall he point to carrion or excrement.'-- Now this is all nonsense again!' quoth my Uncle Toby to himfelf .-

' I will have him,' continued my father, ' chearful, faceté, jovial-at the fame time, prudent, attentive to bufiness, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in refolving doubts and spe-

culative questions-he shall be wife, and judicious, and learned why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good?' faid Yorick .- ' And why not,' cried my Uncle Toby, ' free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave? "- 'He hall, ' my dear Toby,' replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand. - 'Then, brother Shandy,' answered my Uncle Toby, railing himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—' I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you!'--- A tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my Uncle Toby's eye-and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made. You will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story. -Fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words!---but the occasion is lost—I must now tell it in my own.

CHAP. VI.

THE STORY OF LE PEVRE.

T was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finelt fortified cities in Europe-when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small fide-boardfay, fitting-for, in confideration of the corporal's lame knee-(which fometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery, my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him-for many a time, when my Uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him

with the most duriful respect: this bree more little squabbles betwixt them, that all other causes, for five and twenty years together.—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it here nor there—it governs me-I

govern not it.

He was one evening fitting thus at his fupper, when the landlord of a little in in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack. 'It is for a poor 'gentleman—I think, of the army, said the landlord, 'who has been taken' ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, ill 'just now, that he has a fancy for glass of sack and a thin toast.—"I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me!"—

'If I could neither beg, both row, or buy such a thing,' added the landlord—'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill—'I hope in God he will still mend!' continued he; 'we are all of us con-

" cerned for him."

Thou art a good-natured foul, I will answer for thee, cried my Unche Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of fact thyself—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a

dozen more if they will do him good.
Though I am persuaded,' said my
Uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the
door, 'he is a very compassionate sellow, Trim—yet I cannot help enter
taining a high opinion of his gue
too; there must be something more
than common in him, that in so short
a time should win so much upon the
affections of his host.'—'And of his
whole family,' added the corporal
for they are all concerned for him.
Step after him,' said my Uncle Toby—'do, Trim—and ask if he know

his name.'

I have quite forgot it, truly faid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can his fon again.'—' Has he a fon will him then?' faid my Uncle Toby.'
A boy,' replied the landlord, about eleven or twelve years of age but the poor creature has tasted almo hit lattle as his father: he does nothing

but mourn and lament for him night and day—he has not stirred from the

bed-fide thefe two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Stay in the room a little!' faid

my Uncle Toby.

trim!' faid my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoaked about a dozen whiss.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow—my Uncle Toby smoaked on, and said no more. 'Corporal!' said my Uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle proceeded no farther,

but finished his pipe.

' Trim !' faid my Uncle Toby, ' I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.'-Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, ' has not once been had on, fince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas-and, befides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.'- 'I fear fo,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'but I am not 'at rest in my mind, Trim, fince the account the landlord has given me .- I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my Uncle Toby; 'or that I had known more of it!-How shall we manage it?'- 'Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal- 'I'll take my hat and flick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account 'in an hour.'- 'Thou halt go, Trim,' kid my Uncle Toby; 'and here's a hilling for thee to drink with his fervant.'- 'I shall get it all out of him,' faid the corporal, shutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his fecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with confidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtin of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one—he might be said to have thought of no-thing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CON-TINUED.

I T was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

' I despaired at first,' said the corporal, ' of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor fick lieutenant. - 'Is he in the army, then?' faid my Uncle Toby. 'He is,' faid the corporal.—'And in what regiment?' faid my Uncle Toby .- 'I'll tell your ho-' nour,' replied the corporal, ' every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.'- Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe,' faid my Uncle Toby, ' and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; fo fit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-feat, and begin thy flory again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it- Your ho-' nour is good!'—and having done that, he fat down, as he was ordered and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again in pretty near the fame words.

' I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his fon; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myfelf fure of knowing every thing which was proper to be ' That's a right diftinc= tion, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby .-I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no fervant with him-that he had come to the inn with hired horses; which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. -" If I get better, my dear," said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man-" we can hire horses from " hence."-" But, alas! the poor gen-" tleman will never get from hence,"

a faie

faid the landlady to me—" for I heard the death-watch all night long — and when he dies, the youth, his fon, will certainly die with him; for

" he is broken hearted already."

' I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, ' when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of-" But I will do it for my father my-" felf," faid the youth .- " Pray let " me fave you the trouble, young gen-tleman!" faid I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to fit down upon by the fire whilft I did it .- " I believe, Sir," faid he, very modeftly, " I can please " him best myself."-" I am fure," faid I, "his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by "an old foldier." The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears."— Poor youth! faid my Uncle Toby- he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a foldier, Trim, sounded in · his ears like the name of a friend-I wish I had him here!'

faid the corporal, 'had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company.—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?'—'Nothing in the world, 'Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose, 'but that thou art a good-

anatured fellow.'

' When I gave him the toaft,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's fervant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was ex-· tremely concerned for his father-and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar-' (-' And thou mightest have added, my purse too,' faid my Uncle Toby.)—" he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow—(which was meant to your honour)—but no answer, for his heart was full—fo he went up stairs with the toast—" I " warrant you, my dear," faid I, as I opened the kitchen door, "your fa-ther will be well again."-Mr. Yorick's curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen-fire—but faid not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth-I thought it wrong,' added

the corporal.— I think fo too, 'aid my Uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt him. felf a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—"I believe," said the landlord, "heis going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion."

"I thought," said the curate, "that

bed-fide ; and, as I shut the door, I " faw his fon take up a cushion." " I thought," faid the curate, "that "you gentlemen of the army, Mr.
Trim, never faid your prayers at " all."-" I heard the poor gentleman " fay his prayers last night," said the ' landlady, " very devoutly, and with " my own ears, or I could not have believed it."—" Are you fure of " it?" replied the curate. " A soldier " an' please your reverence," said I, " prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting " for his king, and for his own life, " and for his honour too, he has the " most reason to pray to God of any " one in the whole world!"- 'It was well said of thee, Trim, said my Uncle Toby .- " But when a foldier, ' faid I, " an' please your reverence, " has been standing for twelve hours " together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water; or engaged," faid I, " for months together in long " and dangerous marches - haraffed, " perhaps, in his rear to-day-haral-" fing others to-morrow-detached " here—countermanded there—reft. " ing this night out upon his arms-" beat up in his shirt the nextbenumbed in his joints - perhaps " without straw in his tent to kneel on must fay his prayers how and for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army-"! believe, an' please your reverence," said I, " that when a soldier gets time " to pray - he prays as heartily as aparfon-though not with all his fus and "hypocrify."— 'Thou should'st not have said that, Trim,' said my Uncle Teby—' for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not .- At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment-(and not till then)-it will be feet

who has done their duties in this world-and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.'- 'I hope we shall,' faid Tram. It is in the Scripture,' faid my Incle Toby, 'and I will shew it thee tomorrow .- In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Thim, for our com-fort,' faid my Uncle Toby, ' that God Almighty is fo good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it-it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red-coat or a black one,'-' I hope not,' faid the corpo-al.--' But go on, Trim,' faid my Incle Toby, 'with thy story.'
'When I went up,' continued the

orporal, ' into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes-he was lying in his bed with his head raifed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it .- The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion-upon which, I suppose, he had been kneeling - the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the fame time .- " Let it remain there, my dear," faid the lieu-

' He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-fide. "If you are Captain Shandy's fervant," faid he, "you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtely to me. - If he was of Levens's-" faid the lieutenant .-I told him your honour was .-Then," faid he, "I ferved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him-but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. - You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows
me not!"—faid he, a fecond time,
mufing—" possibly he may my
story,"—added he.—" Pray tell the captain, I was the enfign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortuhately killed with a mulket-shot, as he lay in my arms in my tent."—

" I remember the story, an't please " your honour," faid I, " very well." "Do you fo?" faid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief-" then " well may I!"-In faying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom's which seemed tied with a black fibband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—"Here, Billy," said he the boy flew across the room to the bed-fide-and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiffed it too-then kiffed his father. and fat down upon the bed and wept." ' I wish,' said my Uncle Toby, with a deep figh- ' I wish, Trim, I was afleep.

' Your honour,' replied the corporal, ' is too much concerned-shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?'-' Do, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby.

'I remember,' faid my Uncle Toby, fighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted - and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment—but finish the story thou art upon.'—' It is finished already," faid the corporal; 'for I could flay no longer-fo wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders .-But, alas!' faid the corporal, ' the ' lieutenant's last day's march is over!' - Then what is to become of his poor ' boy!' cried my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CON-TINUED.

T was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honour-though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt the natural and positive law, know not for their fouls, which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carry-, ing on the fiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs

on fo vigoroufly, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner-that, nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterfearp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distressee at the inn-and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be faid to have turned the fiege of Dendermond into a blockade-he left Dendermond to itfelf-to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only confidered how he himfelf should relieve the poor lieutenant and his fon.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recom-

pense thee for this!

' Thou hast left this matter short,' faid my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed- and I will tell thee in what, Trim .- In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as fickness and travelling are both expenfive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a fon to subfift as well as himself, out of his paythat thou didft not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he food in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myfelf.'- Your honour knows,' faid the corporal, ' I had no orders.'-. True, quoth my Uncle Toby- thou didft very right, Trim, as a foldierbut certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my Uncle Toby—' when thou
offeredst him whatever was, in my
house, thou shouldst have offered him
my house too—a sick brother-officer

fhould have the best quarters, Trim
and if we had him with us, we

could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim—and what with thy care of him,

and the old woman's, and his boy's,
and mine together, we might recruit

him again at once, and fet him upon

his legs.

added my Uncle Toby, smiling—' he might march.'—'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal.—' He will march,' said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—

An' please your honour, 'said theor, poral, 'he will never march, but to his 'grave.'—'He shall march,' cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he shall march to his re' giment.'—'He shall be supported,' said my Uncle Toby.—'He'll dropst 'last,' said the corporal, 'and what will become of his boy?'—'He shall 'not drop,' said my Uncle Toby, firmly.—'A well-o'day—do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point—'the poor soul will 'die!'—'He shall not die, by G—!' cried my Uncle Toby.

flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wroten down, dropped a tear upon the work,

and blotted it out for ever!

CHAP. IX.

bureau—put his purse into his breeches-pocket—and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed, and fell asseep.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CON-

HE fun looked bright the mon ing after, to every eye in thevil lage but Le Fevre's and his affile fon's; the hand of death pressed hear upon hiseye-lids-and hardly could wheel at the ciffern turn round it's cle-when my Uncle Toby, " had rose up an hour before his wont time, entered the lieutenant's room, a without preface or apology, fat him down upon the chair by the bed he and independently of all modes and of toms, opened the curtain in the man an old friend and brother officer wol have done it, and asked him how hed -how he had rested in the night-w was his complaint—where was hisp -and what he could do to help hi -And, without giving him time answer any one of the enquiries,

on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the cor-

poral the night before for him.

- You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, faid my Uncle Toby, ' to my house-and we'll fend for a doctor to fee what's the matter-and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse—and I'll be your fervant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby-not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it-which let you at once into his foul, and shewed you the goodnels of his nature; to this there was fomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him: so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the fon infentibly preffed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaft of his coat, and was pulling it towards him .- The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart-rallied back—the film forlook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wiftfully in my Uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was-was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd againfilm returned to it's place—the pulse fluttered-flopp'd-went on-throbb'd flopp'd again ___mov'd_flopp'd.-Shall I go on? __No.

CHAP. XI.

Am so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter .- All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows.

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his

grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours and that Yorick, not to be behindhand-paid him all ecclefiastick-for he buried him in his chancel.—And it ap-

pears, likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him——I say it appears for it was Yorick's custom, (which I suppose a general one with those of his profession) on the first leaf of every fermon which he composed, to chronical down the time, the place, and the occafion of it's being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add fome fhort comment or fricture upon the fermon itself; feldom, indeed, much to it's credit-For instance, This fermon upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all though I own there is a world of WA-TER-LANDISH knowledge in it-but 'tis all tritical, and most tritically put together.—This is but a slimly kind of composition—what was in my head when I made it?

N. B. The excellency of this text

is, that it will fuit any sermon—and of this fermon—that it will fuit any

text.

-For this sermon I shall be hanged; -for I have stolen the greatest part of it ___ Doctor Paidagunes found me out. Set a thief to catch a thief .-

On the back of half a dozen I find written, So, fo, and no more—and, upon a couple, Moderato; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord which feemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip lash, with which he has left us the two fermons marked Moderato, and the half dozen of So, fo, tied fast together in one bundle by themfelves—one may fafely suppose he meant

pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this-that the moderato's are five times better than the fo, fo's—thew ten times more knowledge of the human heart-have feventy times more wit and spirit in them-(and, to rife properly in my climax)-discover a thousand times more genius-and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them-for which reason, whenever Yorick's dramatick fermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the Jo, Jo's, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two moderato's without any fort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words lentamente-tenute-grave-and sometimes adagio—as applied to theolo-

gical compositions, and with which he has characterized some of these sermons, I dare not venture to gues-I am more puzzled still upon finding A l'octava alta! upon one-Con firepito upon the back of another - Scicilliana upon a third -Alla capella upon a fourth-Con l'arco upon this - Senza l'arco upon that. -All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning-and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by some quaint application of fuch metaphor to the compofitions in hand, they impressed very difind ideas of their several characters upon his fancy—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular fermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression—the funeral fermon upon poor Le Fevie, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy .- I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition. It is upon mortality; and is tied lengthways and crofs-ways with a yarnthrum, and then rolled up and twifted round with a half theet of dirty blue paper, which feems to have been once the cast-cover of a general-review, which to this day smells horribly of horse-drugs .- Whether these marks of humiliation were defigned, I fomething doubt-because, at the end of the sermon, (and not at the beginning of it) very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote-

" BRAVO! -Though not very offenfivelyfor it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the fermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote befides with a crow's quill fo faintly in a small Italian hand, as scarce to sol cit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not-fo that from the manner of it, it stands half excused; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing—'tis more like a ritratto of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself-of the two-resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer -than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that in publishing this, I do no service to Yorick's character as a model man—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this; that the word was struck through some time asterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across in this manner, BRAVO—as if he had retracted, or was assamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his fermon, which ferved as a cover to it; and usually upon the infide of it, which was turned towards the text;but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or fix pages, and fometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in, he took a large circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one-as if he had fnatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed .- These, though, huffar-like, they fkirmish light. ly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the fide of virtue--tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

HEN my Uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and fettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankindthere remained nothing more in my Uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a fword; fo that my Uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my Uncle Toby gave the corporal- Wear it, Trim, faid my Uncle Toby, 'as long as it will hold together, for the fake of the poor lieutenant. And this,' faid my Uncle Toby, taking up the fword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—' and this—Le Fevre, I'll save for thee-'ris all the fortune,' continued my Uncle Toby, hanging it up on a crook, and pointing to it- 'is all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he

has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world—and thou doest it like a man of honour-'tis

enough for us.'

As foon as my Uncle Toby had laid foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he fent him to a publick school-where, excepting Whitfuntide and Christmas, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him-he remained to the fpring of the year feventeen; when the stories of the emperor's fending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my Uncle Toby, begged his fa-ther's sword, and my Uncly Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene. Twice did my Uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, 'Le Fevre! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me!' and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in forrow and disconsolation .-

My Uncle Toby took down the fword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever fince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up-and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn, he put the sword into his hand- 1f thou art brave, Le Fevre,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'this will not fail theebut fortune,' faid he, (mufing a little) fortune may: - and if the does,' added my Uncle Toby, embracing him; come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course."

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more han my Uncle Toby's paternal kindhels-he parted from my Uncle Toy, as the best of sons from the best of athers—both dropped tears—and as my Uncle Toby gave him his last kifs, he urse of his father's, in which was his nother's ring, into his hand—and bid God blefs him.

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CHAP. XIII,

E Fevre got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what atal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a feries of unmerited mischances had purfued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my Uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his healthand, in short, every thing but his fword -and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about fix weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my Uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of person he would chuse for a preceptor to me: but as my Uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's nametill the character, by Yorick's interpofition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre and his interest upon my Uncle Toby fo forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—' I beg, brother ' Shandy,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'I ' may recommend poor Le Fevre's fon 'to you!'—'I beseech you do!'added Yorick.—'He has a good heart,' said my Uncle Toby.—'And a brave one too, an' please your honour!' faid the corporal.

- The best hearts, Trim, are ever ' the bravest,' replied my Uncle Toby. - And the greatest cowards, an' please ' your honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it. - There was · a Serjeant Kumber, and Enfign-

- We'll talk of them, faid my

father, 'another time.'

XIV. CHAP.

7 HAT a jovial and merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lyes!

Doctor Slop-like a fon of a was my father called him for it-to exalt himself - debased me to death - and

Could the world have been sued like a BODY CORPORATE—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but to fall soul of individuals about it—as every soul who had mentioned the affair did it with the greatest pity imaginable—'twas like slying in the very face of his best friends—And yet, to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly—at least, in the opinion of one half of the world—and to make a bustle, again, in contradicting it—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.

Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so hampered!' said my

'I would shew him publickly,' said my Uncle Toby, 'at the market-cross.'

"Twill have no effect,' faid my

CHAP. XV.

breeches,' faid my father—' let the world fay what it will.'

CHAP. XVI.

THERE area thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state—as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of heing taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so) been weighed, poised, and perpended—argued upon—canvassed through—entered into, and

examined on all fides—with so much coolness, that the GODDESS of COOL.

NESS herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined once-in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind-had, nevertheles, ben pro'd and con'd, and judiciously talked over betwixt him and my mother, about a month before, in two feveral beds of justice, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the m. ture of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves this affair of the breeches-from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

CHAP. XVII.

who (the learned Cluverius is pofitive) were first seated in the county
between the Vistula and the Oder, and
who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and some other Vandallick clans to 'em—had all of them
wise custom of debating every thing o
importance to their state, twice; thatisonce drunk, and once sober—Drunk
—that their counsels might not wan
vigour—and sober—that they might
not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water drinker-was a long time gravelled most to death, in turning this 25 mu to his advantage, as he did every of thing, which the ancients did or fail and it was not till the seventh year his marriage, after a thouland fruit experiments and devices, that he upon an expedient which answered purpose-and that was, when any di cult and momentous point was to fettled in the family, which requi great fobriery, and great spirit too, it's determination—he fixed and fet part the first Sunday night in the mon and the Saturday night which imme ately preceded it, to argue it over in with my mother. By which contrivat if you confider, Sir, with yourfelf,

These my father, humorously enough, called his beds of justice-for, from the two different countels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well as if he had got drunk and fober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it-or if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it as my father did it-am I fure it would always be for his foul's.

My way is this-

In all nice and ticklish discussions-(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book) where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back-I write one half full—and t'other fasting—or write it all full-and correct it fasting -or write it fasting-and correct it full-for they all come to the fame thing.—So that, with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice—and no way inferior to him in his second.—These different and almost from the wife and wonderful mechanism of nature—of which—be her's the honour—all that we can do, is to turn
and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts
and fciences.—

Now, when I write full-I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars-nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes it's course; and I write on as much from the fulnets of my heart, as

my stomach .-

But when, an' please your honours, lindite fasting, 'tis a different history; pay the world all possible attention and respect—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you. So that, betwixt both, I write a care-

less kind of a civil, nonsensical, goodhumoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good-

-And all your heads too-pro-

vided you understand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

E should begin,' said my fa-ther, turning himself half round in bed, and thifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate; ' we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this · boy into breeches.'

'We should so,' said my mother.—
'We defer it, my dear,' quoth

my father, ' shamefully.

' I think we do, Mr. Shandy,' faid

my mother.

- Not but the child looks ex-' tremely well,' faid my father, ' in his vests and tunicks.'

· He does look very well in them,'

replied my mother.

- And, for that reason, it would be almost a sin,' added my father, ' to take him out of 'em.'

'It would fo,' faid my mother.

But, indeed, he is growing a very tall lad,' rejoined my father.

' He is very tall for his age, indeed,'

faid my mother.

- I can not'-(making two fyllables of it)- ' imagine,' quoth my father, ' who the deuce he takes after!'

· I cannot conceive, for my life,' faid

my mother.

- Humph!'-faid my father. (The dialogue ceased for a moment.) - I am very short myfelf,' continued my father, gravely.

' You are very short, Mr. Shandy,'

faid my mother.

- Humph!' quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

' When he gets these breeches ' made,' cried my father in a higher tone, ' he'll look like a beast in 'era.'

' He will be very aukward in them

at first, replied my mother.

And 'twill be lucky, if that's

the worst on't,' added my father.
It will be very lucky,' answered my mother.

- I suppose,' replied my father-Bb making making some pause first-' he'll be exactly like other people's children.'

' Exactly,' faid my mother.

- Though I should be forry for that,' added my father-and fo the

debate stopped again.

-- They should be of leather,' faid my father, turning him about again.

' They will last him,' faid my mother, ' the longest.'

- But he can have no linings to them,' replied my father.

· He cannot,' faid my mother.

- It were better to have them of · fultian, quoth my father.

' Nothing can be better,' quoth my

mother .-

--- Except dimity,' replied my father.

' It is best of all,' replied my mother. One must not give him his · death, however!' interrupted my father.

By no means!' faid my motherand so the dialogue stood still again.

- I am refolved, however, quoth my father, breaking filence the fourth time, ' he shall have no pockets in them.

- There is no occasion for any, faid my mother.

- I mean, in his coat and waift-

coat, cried my father.

- I mean so too,' replied my mother.

Though, if he gets a gig or a top—Poor fouls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them—they should have

· where to secure it.'

· Order it as you please, Mr. Shan-

dy,' replied my mother.

But don't you think it right?' added my father, pressing the point home to her.

'Perfectly,' faid my mother, ' if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.'

--- 'There's for you!' cried my father, loting temper-" Pleases me!" · -You never will diftinguish, Mrs.

· Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to

do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and · a point of convenience. This was on the Sunday night—and farther this

chapter fayeth not.

CHAP. XIX.

FTER my father had debated A the affair of the breeches with my mother—he confulted Albertus Rubenius upon it: and Albertus Rubenius

used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother; for a Rubenius had wrote a quarto expres, De re Vestiaria Veterum-it was Ru. benius's business to have given my father fome lights .- On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the feven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a fingle word out of Rubenius upon the tubied,

Upon every other article of ancient dreis, Rubenius was very communicative to my father-gave him a full and

fatisfactory account of

The toga, or loofe gown.

The chlamys. The ephod.

The tunica, or jacket.

The synthesis. The pænula.

The lacema, with it's cucullus.

The paludamentum.

The prætexta.

The fagum, or foldier's jerkin.

The trabea: of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.

- But what are all these to the breeches?' faid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of shoes which had been in fathion with the Romans.-

There was, The open shoe. The close shoe. The flip shoe. The wooden shoe.

The fock.

The bulkin. And, The military shoe with hobnails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.

The patins. The pantoufles.

The brogues. The fandals, with latchets

to them.

There was, The felt shoe.

The linen shoe. The laced shoe.

The braided shoe. The calceus incifus.

And, The calceus roftratus. Rubenius shewed my father how well they all fitted—in what manner they laced on-with what points, frape, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.-

- But I want to be informed about the breaches,' faid my father. Albertus

Albertus Rubenius informed my faher, that the Romans manufactured fuffs of various fabricks-fome plainome flriped-others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with filk and gold-that linen did not begin to be in common use till to-wards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians coming to fettle amongst them brought it into vogue.

-That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the finencis and whiteness of their cloaths; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they most affected, and wore on their birth-days and publick rejoicings .-That it appeared from the bett hittorians of those times, that they frequently fent heir cloaths to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened—but that the inferior wore brown cloaths, and of a fomething toarfer texture—till towards the begining of Augustus's reign, when the save dressed like his master; and almost very diffinction of habiliment was loft, out the latus clavus.

' And what was the latus clavus?'

faid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned that Egnatius, Sigonius, Bossius Titinensis, Baysius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipfius, Lazius, Ifaac Causonbon, and oleph Scaliger, all differed from each ther-and he from them: that some ook it to be the button—fome the coat telf—others only the colour of it—hat the great Bayfius, in his Wardrobe of the Ancients, chap. xii.—honestly aid, he knew not what it was—whether tibula—a stud—a button—a loop—a buckle-or clasps and keepers.

-My father lost the horse, but not the faddle-- They are hooks and eyes,' faid my father --- and with looks and eyes he ordered my breeches

o be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events. Leave we then the breeches in he taylor's hands, with my father anding over him with his cane, readighim, as he fat at work, a lecture Pon the latus clavus, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband, where he was determined to have it fewed on.

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the poco-curante's of her fex!)—careless about it, as about every thing elfe in the world which concerned her-that is, indifferent whether it was done this way or that-provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop, likewise, to the full

profits of all my dishonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marfeilles as he can.—And last of all—because the hardest of all-

Let us leave, if possible, myselfbut 'tis impossible-I must go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

F the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my Uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination-for I am fure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times-and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined—she gave a nod to NA-TURE ____ 'twas enough __ Nature threw half a fpade full of her kindifelt compost upon it, with just so much clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings-and so little of it too, as not to cling to the ipade, and render works of fo much glory nasty in foul weather.

My Uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; fo let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have fet down before what town they pleased, my Uncle Toby was prepared

for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as foon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the defign was known)-to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact fize of his bowling-green; upon the furface of which, by means of a large roll of

B b 2

of pickthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the teveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with it's works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the corporal to work—and sweetly went it on—the nature of the soil—the nature of the work itself—and, above all, the good-nature of my Uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon patt-done deeds—left Labour little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence-it was invetted-and my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel. I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place—and that I have not left a fingle inch for it——for my Uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the fake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be confidered at large in the history of my Uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaign, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueffing.) - The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so slimfy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the workfurely they had better be printed apart ! -we'll consider the affair-so take the following sketch of them in the mean time..

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with it's works was finished, my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the same points and distances

the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my Uncle Toby received from the daily papers—they went on, during the whole fiege, step by step with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment—my Uncle Toby made a lodgment too.—And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined—the corporal took his mattock and did as much—and so on—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others—there could not have been a greater fight in the world, than, on a post morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place - to have flood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obferved the spirit with which my Uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, fallied forth—the one with the Gazette in his hand - the other with a spade on his shoulder to execute the contents.-What an honest triumph in my Uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleafure fwimming in his eye as he food over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, left peradventure he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the chamade was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand to fix them upon the ramparts-Heaven! earth! fea!-but what avails apostrophes!with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded to intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years, without one interruption to itexcept now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture—but still 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I say, did my Uncle Toby and Tum move for many years; every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one of the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their

their operations, which always opened fresh iprings of delight in carrying

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain

and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my Uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact description of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with port-cullifes—these last were converted afterwards in orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my Uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of cloaths, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a hand-some sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

-The fentry-box was in case of

rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my Uncle Toby to take the

field with great fplendour.

My father would often fay to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field.—'But 'tis not my brother To-' by's nature, kind soul!' my father would add, 'to infult any one.'

-But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Must observe, that although in the first year's campaign, the word town is often mentioned—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another,

a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns without one TOWN to show for it—was a very nonfensical way of going to work, and so proposed to my Uncle Toby, that they should have a little model of a town built for them—to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon, to serve for all.

My Uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the style of those, of which it was most likely to be the representative—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houses facing the streets, &c. &c.—as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the corporal proposed, but to have every house independant, to hook on, or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my Uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

It answered prodigiously the next summer—the town was a perfect Proteus—it was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau—and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.—

Surely never did any TOWN act fo many parts, fince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my Uncle Toby's did.

In the fourth year, my Uncle Toby thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.—Trim was for having bells in it—my Uncle Toby said, the metal

had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way, the next campaign, for half a dozen brass field-pieces—to be planted three and three on each side of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; and in a short time, these led the way for a train of somewhat larger—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horsical assairs)—from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which

which Liste was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands—my Uncle Toby was sadly put to it for proper ammunition:—I say, proper ammunition—because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy samily they would not—for so full were the papers from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant sirings kept up by the besiegers—and so heated was my Uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

Something therefore was wanting, as a fuccedaneum, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxisms of the sege, to keep up fomething like a continual firing in the imagination—and this something, the corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own—without which this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one of the great desiderata of my Uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, fmall in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow, there was—

A Montero cap, and two Turkish

tobacco-pipes.

The Montero cap I shall describe by and bye.—The Turkish tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire; and mounted, at their ends, the one of them with ivory—the other with black abony tipped with filver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, that he cught to look upon these two presents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.—— 'Tom did not care, 'Trim,' he would say, 'to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe

of a Jew.'—'God bloss your ho.
'nour,' the corporal would fay, (giv.
ing a strong reason to the contrary)—
'how can that be?'—

The Montero cap was scarlet, of a superfine Spanish cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with sur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered—and seemed to have been the property of a Portugueze quartermaster—not of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for it's own fake as the fake of the giver—so seldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days: and yet never was a Montero cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was sure he was in the right—it was either his cath—his wager—or his gift.

—'Twas his gift in the present case.
'I'll be bound,' said the corporal, speaking to himself, 'to give away my Mon'tero cap to the first beggar who come 'to the door, if I do not manage this 'matter to his honour's satisfaction.'

The completion was no farther off than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counterscarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate St. Andrew—and, on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides—and, I must add, the most bloody too, for it cost the allies themselves that morning above eleven hundred men—my Uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my Uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain infide-out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bed-side, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning; and the very first thing he did in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my Uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough side outwards—put it on—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waist-band, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in—when he considered he should want

shaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on —so took it off.—In assaying to put his regimental coat and waistcoat, my Uncle Toby found the same objection in his wig—so that went off too—so that, what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the most haste—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his usual time, before my Uncle Toby sallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

MY Uncle Toby had fcarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.—

Let me give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himfelf in the height of this attack, just as it fruck my Uncle Toby, as he turned towards the fentry-box, where the corporal was at work—for in nature there is not fuch another—nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works, produce it's equal.

The corporal—
Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinsman—

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness—for he was your brother.-0 corporal! had I thee but now-now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week-and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it—But, alas! alas! alas! now -But, alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spite of their rethe occasion is lost—for hou art gone—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came—and that warm heart of thine, with all it's geherous and open vessels, compressed into aclod of the walley!

But what—what is this, to that hour and dreaded page, where I look lowards the velvet pall, decorated with he military enfigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings—where I shall see thee, faithful servant! aying his sword and scabbard with a sembling hand across his cossin, and

then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee—where—all my father's systems shall be bassled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears—'O Toby! in 'what corner of the world shall I seek 'thy fellow?'

—Gracious powers! which erft have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand!

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand desideratum, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack—had no farther idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my Uncle Toby's six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of affecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he foon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower-ends, to be tagged by the same number of tin pipes sitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the Morocco tube—he should be able to fire the six sield-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.—

Let no man fay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man who has read my father's first and second beds of justice, ever rise up and say again, from collision of

what kinds of bodies, light may or may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences up to perfection .- Heaven! thou knowelt how I love themthou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my thirt— 'Thou art a fool, Shandy,' fays Eugenius; ' for thou haft but a dozen in the world-and 'twill break " thy fet.'

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to fatisfy one feverish enquirer, how many sparks at one good stroke, a good flint and Reel could strike into the tail of it-Think ye not, that in striking these inhe might, peradventure, strike some-thing out? as sure as a gun.—

-But this project, by the bye. The corporal fat up the best part of the night in bringing his to perfection; and having made a fufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco-he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my Uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before

my Uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the fix field-pieces for this end, all close up together in front of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the fake possibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the fentrybox, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wisely taken his post.—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the bat-tery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right-hand-and the ebony pipe tipped with filver, which appertained to the battery on the left, be-twixt the finger and thumb of the other —and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero cap tipon his head, furi-oully playing off his two cross-batteries at the same time against the counterghard, which faced the counterfeare where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I faid, was no more than giving the enemy; fingle puff or two-but the pleasure of the puffs, as well as the puffing, had in. fenfibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my Uncle Toby joined him.

Twas well for my father, that my Uncle Toby had not his will to make

that day!

CHAP. XXVIII.

Y Uncle Toby took the ivery pipe out of the corporal's handlooked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes my Uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raised it half way to his mouth—then hastily gave it back a fecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack -my Uncle Toby smiled—then look. ed grave—then smiled for a momentthen looked ferious for a long time; Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, faid my Uncle Toby.—My Uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge-never did my Uncle Toby's mouth water so much for a pipe in his life. - My Uncle Toby retired into the tentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

-Dear Uncle Toby, don't go into the fentry-box with the pipe-ther's no trusting a man's felf with such a

thing in fuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

Beg the reader will affift me here to wheel off my Uncle Toby's ord nance behind the scenes-to remove his fentry-box, and clear the theatre, possible, of horn-works and half-moons and get the rest of his military appara tus out of the way-that done, my dea friend Garrick, we'll fnuff the candle bright—fweep the stage with a new broom—draw up the curtain—and exhibit my Uncle Toby dreffed in a new character, throughout which the work can have no idea how he will act; and yet, if pity be akin to love-and bra

very no alien to it-you have feen enough of my Uncle Toby in these, to trace these family likenesses, betwixt the two passions, (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain science! thou affistest us in no ease of this kind-and thou puzzlest us

in every one.

There was, Madam, in my Uncle Toby, a fingleness of heart which misled him fo far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on; you can-you can have no conception of it: with this there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with fuch an unmiltrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of women-and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you, (when a fiege was out of his head) that you might have stood behind any one of your ferpentine walks, and shot my Uncle Toby ten times in a day through his liver-if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ferved your purpose.

With all this, Madam-and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my Uncle Toby had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of—and which, by the bye, flood eternal fentry upon his feelings, that you might as foon But where am I going? these reflections croud in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time, which I ought to be-

flow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate fons of Adam, whose breasts never felt what the fing of love was—(maintaining, first, all mysogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern flory have carried off, amongst them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I with for their fakes I had the key of my fudy out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their namesrecollect them I cannot-fo be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead .-

There was the great King Aldrovandus, and Bosphorus, and Capadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Asius;
—to say nothing of the iron-hea ted
Charles the XIIth, whom the Countess
of K***** herself could make nothing of. There was Babylonicus, and Mo-

diterraneus, and Polixenes, and Perficus, and Prusicus; not one of whom, (except Capadocius and Pontus, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his break to the goddess. -The truth is, they had all of them fomething else to do—and so had my Uncle Toby, till Fate-till Fate, I fay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with Aldrovandus's and the rest-she basely patched up the peace at Utrecht.

-Believe me, Sir, 'twas the worst

deed she did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

A MONGST the many ill confequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my Uncle Toby a furfeit of fieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my Uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever-or fo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a figh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MO-TIVE MONGER, and confequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourfelf -would always confole my Uncle Toby upon these occasions, in a way which shewed plainly, he imagined my Uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, so much as the loss of his hobbyhorse.— Never mind, brother Toby, he would fay, ' by God's bleffing we shall have another war break out again fome of these days! and when it does-the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play. I defy 'em, my dear Toby,' he would add, ' to take countries without taking towns or towns without sieges!'

My Uncle Toby never took this back-stroke of my father's at his hobbyhorse kindly - he thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more fo-because, in striking the horse, he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; fo that, upon these oc-

casions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my Uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary.—I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent—it was not easy to my Uncle Toby to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overslowed the man, and ran so counter to it's usual course, that in some parts my Uncle Toby, for a time, was at least equal to Tertullus—but, in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apologetical orations of my Uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to

bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an infertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [], and is indorsed,

My brother TOBY's justification of his own principles and conduct in wishing to continue the war.'

I may fafely fay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my Uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it so fine a model of defence—and shews so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

C H A P. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETI-CAL ORATION.

I Am not infensible, brother Shandy,
that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done,
for war—it has an ill aspect to the
world—and that how just and right
soever his motives and intentions may
be—he stands in an uneasy posture in
vindicating himself from private views

in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man—which he may be, without

being a jot the less brave-he will be fure not to utter his wish in the hear. ing of an enemy; for fay what he will, an enemy will not believe him. He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend-left he may fuffer in his efteem-but if his heart is overcharged, and a fecret figh for arms must have it's vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are: what, I hope, I have been in all these, brother Shan. dy, would be unbecoming in men fay-much worse, I know, have I been, than I ought-and fomething worse, perhaps, than I think-but fuch as I am—you, my dear brother Shandy, who have fucked the same breafts with me-and with whom I have been brought up from my crade, -and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it-fuch as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding. 'Tell, me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is,

that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure—tell me, brother sown pleasure—tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a bundred pounds, which I lent the the transport of the state of

thee to carry on these cursed sieges.']

'If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault!

—Did I plant the propensity there!

—Did I found the alarm within, or

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around the school—were they not all purchased.

chased with my own pocket-money? -Was that felfish, brother Shandy? When we read over the fiege of Troy, which lafted ten years and eighth months-though, with fuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week-was I not as much concerned for the destruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole fchool? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my righthand, and one on myleft, for calling Helena a bitch for it? - Did any one of you shed more tears for Hector? And when King Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it— you know, brother, I could not eat · my dinner.

Or, because, brother Shandy, my blood slew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war—was it a proof it could not ache for the dis-

' treffes of war too?

Obrother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels—and tis another
to scatter cypress—' ['Who told thee,
'my dear Toby, that cypress was used by
the ancients on mournful occasions?']
—' It is one thing, brother Shan-

'dy, for a foldier to hazard his own ' life-to leap first down into the trench, where he is fure to be cut in pieces '-tis one thing from publick spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man-to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely in with drums and trumpets, and co-'lours flying about his ears .- 'tis one thing, I fay, brother Shandy, to 'do this and 'tis another thing to refact on the miteries of war-to view the defolations of whole countries, 'and confider the intolerable fatigues 'and hardships which the foldier him-' felf, the instrument who works them, is forced (for fixpence a day, if he ' can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral fermon, that so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindines, as man is, was not shaped for this —But why did you not add, Yorick—if not by NATUR —that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is ic, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of

biberty, and upon principles of honour?

what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Told the Christian reader—I say, Christian—hoping he is one—and, if he is not, I am forry for it—and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely

upon this book-

I told him, Sir-for, in good truth, when a man is telling a ftory in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy-which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matter starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it-and fo little fervice do the stars afford-which, neverthelefs, I hang up in some of the darke? passages, knowing that the world is apt to lose it's way, with all the light the fun itself at noon-day can give it—and now, you fee, I am lost myfelf!

But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diffected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unfaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb stall, but it is seen or felt.—

Guanto id diligentias in liberis procreandis cavendum, fayeth Cordan. All which being confidered, and that you see it is morally impra-icable for me to wind this round to where I set out—

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Told the Christian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my Uncle Toby's apologetical oration—though in a different trope from what I shall make use of now—that the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the queen and the rest of

the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man fometimes difmounts his horse, which as good as fays to him, 'I'll go a foot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a fingle mile upon your back again. Now my Uncle Toby could not be faid to difinount his horse in this manner: for, in strictness of language, he could not be faid to dismount his horse at all—his horse rather flung him-and fomewhat vicioufly, which made my Uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be fettled by state jockies as they like. -It created, I fay, a fort of fhyncfs betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse.—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the fummer after the articles were figued, except it was now and then to take a fhort ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The Frenchwere fo backward all that fummer in fetting about that affair, and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates at Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the queen, befeeching her majesty to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's fake; which, in it's naked fituation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the queen, (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition-and her ministers alfo, they not withing in their hearts to have the town difmanted, for these pri-

* * * * * * * * * *; fo that the whole went heavily on with my Uncle Toby; infomuch that it was not within three full months, after he and the

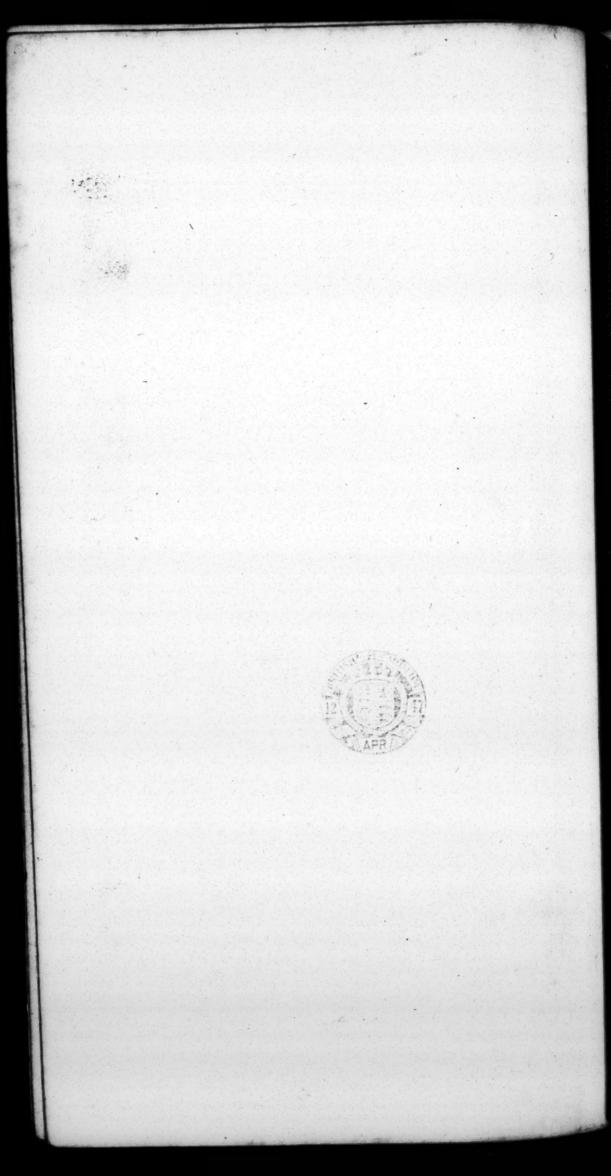
corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts or main fortifications of the town .- ' No-that will never do, cor-' poral!' faid my Uncle Toby; 'for, in going that way to work with the town, the English garrison will not be fafe in it an hour; because, ifthe · French are treacherousare as treacherous as devils, an' please your honour!' faid the corporal.-It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, faid my Uncle Toby: for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.' - Let them enter it,' faid the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it-'let them enter, an' please your honour, if they dare.' — In cases like this, corporal, faid my Uncle Toby, flipping his right-hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wife, with his fore-finger extended- 'tis no part of the confideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare-or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks beth towards the fea and the land, and ' particularly with Fort Louis, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first-and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town-then we'll demo-· lish the mole-next fill up the harbour—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for 'England. — 'We are there,' queth the corporal, recollecting himself.—
'Very true!' said my Uncle Toby looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Delusive, delicious consultation of two of this kind, betwist my I nole Toby and Trim, upon the derical colition of Durkirk, for a moment ralled





tallied back the ideas of those pleasures, which were flipping from under him _still_still all went on heavily_the magick left the mind the weaker .-STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the folitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my Uncle Toby's head ! - and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, fat quietly down beside him in his armchair. - No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year-and the prospect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Drusen, and Dendermond, the nexthurried on the blood-no longer did faps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palifadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repole-no more could my Uncle Toby, after paffing the French lines, as he eat his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France-cross over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall affeep with nothing but ideas of glory; -no more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the Bastile, and awake with it streaming in his head!

- Softer visions - gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers - the trumpet of war fell out of his hands—he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate, the most dissicult!—how wilt thou touch

it, my dear Uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXVI.

NOW, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking—that I was consident the sollowing memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtship of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the most compleat systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addressed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of authat love in whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it—

Or, by a more critical equation, and supposing the whole of love to be as to—to determine, with Ficinus, 'How' many parts of it—the one—and how' have the ether;'—or whether it is

all of it one great devil, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion—but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with Doctor Bayn-yard, who being a great enemy to blifters, as imagining that half a dozen of tem on at once, would draw a man as surely to his grave, as a hearse and six—rashly concluded, that the devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing cantharidis.—

I have nothing to fay to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Phila-

grius-

"Evys!" O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, Sir, indeed!" or pirosopsis in Habsoi"—
and most nobly do you aim at truth,
when you philosophize about it in your

" moods and passons."

Nor is it to be imagined, for the fame reason, I should stop to enquire, whether love is a disease—or embroil myself with Rhasis and Dioscorides, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver—because this would lead me on to an examination of the two very opposite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of Aætius, who always begun with a cooling glyster of hemp-seed and bruised cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and pursue—to which he added a pinch of snuff, of the herb hanea—and, where Aætius durst venture it, his topaz ring.

The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. xv. De Amore) directs they should be thrashed, 'ad pur' torem usque; —till they stink again.

These are disquisitions which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with, in the progress of my Uncle Toby's affairs: I must anticipate thus much—that from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my Uncle Toby's mind, almost as much as his amours themselves) he took a single step into practice—and by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impose upon the taylor for buckram, whilst he was making my Uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's es-

fect upon my Uncle Toby without the

What changes this produced, will be read in it's proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this-that whatever effect it had upon my Uncle Toby-it had a vile effect upon the house; and if my Uncle Toby had not smoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WILL come out of itself by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to fet out with a definition of what love is; and fo long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?-When I can get on no farther—and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystick labyrinth, my opinion will then come

in, in course—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader,

my Uncle Toby fell in love.

-Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for, to fay a man is fallen in love—or that he is deeply in love or up to the ears in love-and sometimes even over head and ears in it-carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing below a man-this is re. curring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship—I hold to be damnable and heretical—and so much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will -my Uncle Toby fell into it.

-And possibly, gentle reader, with fuch a temptation—fo wouldft thou; for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet, any thing in this world, more concupiscible than Widow Wadman.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

O conceive this right—call forpm your hand.—Sit down, Sir; paint her to your own mind—as like you mistress as you can—as unlike you wife as your conscience will let you-'tis all one to me-please but your own fancy in it.

• fo fweet!—fo exquifite!'

--- Then, dear Sir, how could my

Uncle Toby refitt it?

Thrice happy book; thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot misrepresent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

A S Susannah was informed, by an express from Mrs. Bridget, of my Uncle Toby's falling in love with her mistress, sisteen days before it happened—the contents of which express Susannah communicated to my mother the next day—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my Uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their existence.

'I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. Shandy,' quoth my mother, 'which will furprize you greatly.'

Now my fother was then holding one of his fecond beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hard-ships of matrimony, as my mother broke filence.

My brother Toby, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs. Wad-

'Then he will never,' quoth my father, 'be able to lie diagonally in his

bed again as long as he lives.'

It was a confuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of zething she did not under-

That she is not a woman of fcience,' my father would say, 'is

her misfortune-but she might ask a

" question!"

My mother never did. In short, she went out of the world, at last, without knowing whether it turned round, or stood still.—My father had cificiously told her above a thousand times which way it was—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much farther betwirt them than a proposition—a reply—and a rejoinder; at the end of which it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

'If he marries, 'twill be the worse

· for us!' quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-stone, faid my father; he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

ther—fo here ended the proposition—the reply—and the rejoinder—I told you of.

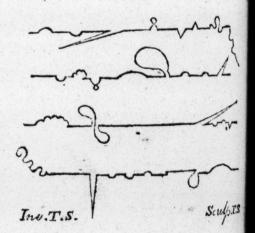
It will be fome amusement to him,

too, faid my father.

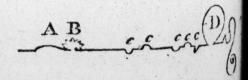
A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.

CHAP. XL.

I Am now beginning to get fairly into my work; and, by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold feeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my Uncle Toby's story, and my own, in a tolerable traight line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.—In the fifth volume I have been very good—the precise line I have described in it being thus:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady Baussiere and he page—I have not taken the least fill

of a digression, till John de la Casse's devils led me the round you see marked D-for, as for cccc, they are nothing but parentheses, and the common ins and outs incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done—or with my own transgressions at the letters ABD—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume, I have done better fill—for, from the end of Le Fevre's episode, to the beginning of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—I have scarce step-

ped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible—by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

which is a line drawn as ftraight as I could draw it, by a writing-mafter's

ruler, (borrowed for that purpose) turning neither to the right-hand or to the left.

This right line— 'the path way' for Christians to walk in l'—say divines.

The emblem of moral recti-

' tude!' fays Cicero.

The best line!' fay cabbageplanters—' is the shortest line,' (says Archimedes)' which can be drawn from one given point to another.'

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day

fuits!

--- What a journey!

Pray, can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines—by what mistake who told them so—or how it has come to pass—that your men of wit and gemius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

-CIRL PRANT SHARES

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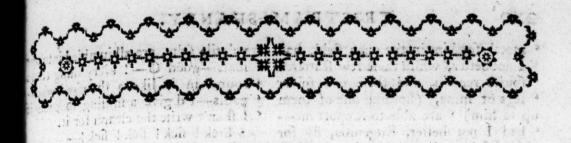
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TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAP. I.

O!-I think I faid I would year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave-and in another place (but where I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a machine, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I fwore it should be kept a going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the Fountain of Life to bless me lo long with health and good spirits.

Now, as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, fo very little, (unless the mounting me upon a long slick, playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that, on the contrary, I have much -much to thank 'em for: chearily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (exone moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with fable, or with a fickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himself knocked at my door-ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless

indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission .-

wish most - intleme

There must certainly be some write two volumes every 'mistake in this matter,' quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse, than to be interrupted in a story—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damned for eating a mussel; and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure-

- Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?' quoth Death.—' Thou hast had a narrow escape, Tristram, faid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finished my ftory.

But there is no living, Eugenius, replied I, 'at this rate; for as this for of a whore has found out my lodg-

ings-- You call him rightly, faid Eugenius- for, by Sin, we are told, he entered the world-' 'I care o not which way he entered, quoth I, provided he be not in fuch a hurry to take me out with him-for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do, which onobody in the world will fay and do for me, except thyfelf; and as thou feest he has got me by the throat, (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table) and that I am no Dd2

match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scattered fpirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine, (holding one of them up to him) ' are able to support me-

had I not better, Eugenius, fly for 'my life?'-' It is my advice, my dear Tristram,' said Eugenius.-' Then,

by Heaven! I will lead him a dance · he little thinks of-for I will gallop, quoth I, ' without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne; and

· if I hear him clattering at my heels-' I'll scamper away to Mount Vesuvius-from thence to Joppa, and from

Joppa to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck .-

- He runs more risk there, faid

Eugenius, 'than thou.'

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaife- 'Allons!' faid I; the post-boy gave a crack with his whip-off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. И.

Now, hang it, quoth I, as I looked towards the French coast-' a man should know something of his own country, too, before he goes · abroad—and I never gave a peep into

· Rochester church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or visited St. · Thomas at Canterbury; though they

all three laid in my way.

- But mine, indeed, is a parti-

cular cafe.'

So without arguing the matter farther with Thomas o' Becket, or any one else-I skipped into the boat; and in five minutes we got under fail, and foudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, 'is a man never overtaken by Death on this paf-

· fage ?

Why, there is not time for a man to be fick in it, replied he.— What a curled lyar!—for I am fick as a

' horfe,' quoth I, ' already! - What a

brain!-upfide down!-hey-day! the cells are broke loofe one into another, and the blood and the lymph, and

the nervous juices, with the fixed and

volatile falts, are all jumbled into me mass-good G-! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirl-

pools-I'd give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it.

Sick! fick! fick! fick!-- When shall we get to land, captain? They have hearts like stones-O, I am deadly sick!-Reach me that thing, boy-'tis the most discomfiting sickness-I with I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you?'——' Undone! un-

done! un- O! undone, Sir!'-What, the first time?'- No, 'tis the fecond, third, fixth, tenth time,

Sir!'- ' Hey day! what a trampling overhead !-Hollo ! cabin-boy! what's the matter?'-

'The wind's chopped about !'-S'death !—then I shall meet him full in the face!'

What luck!'-- It is chopped about again, master.'- O the devil chop it l'

' Captain, quoth the, ' for Heaven's

fake, let us get ashore.'

CHAP. III.

T is a great inconvenience to a man I in haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which there is so much to be faid by the feveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, the road by Lise and Ar--which is the most about-but most interesting and instructing.

The second, that by Amiens which you may go, if you would fe Chantilly.

And that by Beauvais - which you

may go if you will. For this reason, a great many chust to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

NOW, before I quit Calais, travel-writer would fay, would not be amiss to give some at count of it. -Now I think it ver much amis-that a man cannot g quietly through a town, and let it alon when it does not meddle with him,

hat he must be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o' my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have wrote and gallopped-or who have gallopped and wrote, which is a different way still-or who, for more expedition than the reft, have wrote gallopping, which is the way I do at present-from the great Addison, who did it with his satchel of school-books hanging at his a-, and galling his beaft's crupper at every froke-there is not a gallopper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-shod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my Judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal-I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out; and yet—by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with to distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiofity in the town -that you would take me for the townclerk of Calais itself-and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I, town-clerk of Abdera?-and was not - (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, townclerk of Ephefus ?--It should be penned, moreover, Sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision-

Nay-if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS — Calatium, Calusium,

This town, if we may trust it's archives, the authority of which I see no rason to call in question in this place—was once no more than a small village

belonging to one of the first Counts de Guines; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the basse ville or suburbs—it must have grown up by little and little, I suppose, to it's present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking it's exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of -for as there are fourteen thoufand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it must be confiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not ano--it is built in form of a cross. and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but fufficiently strong at the fame time-it is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a master-piece in it's kind-'tis of white marble; and, as I was told, near fixty feet high-had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itself-therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the Great Square—though I cannot fay 'tis either well paved or well builtbut 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it : could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it feems there cannot, as fuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this fquare—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west, than from north to south; from so that the French in general have more reason on their side in calling them places than squares, which, strictly speaking, to be sure they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a forry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place; it answers, however, it's destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I had

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain; tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited folely by failors and fishermen; it confifts of a number of finall streets, neatly built, and mostly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may fee it to fatisfy himself—he must not omit however taking notice of La Tour de Guet, upon any account: 'tis fo called from it's particular destination, because in war it ferves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by fea or land-but 'tis monthrous high, and catches the eye fo continually, you cannot avoid taking no-

tice of it, if you would.

It was a fingular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact furvey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world, and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were fet about by Philip of France Count of Boulogne, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost—(as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gascony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the Tête de Gravelenes, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the outworks stretch a great way into the campaign, and confequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is faid and done, it must be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from it's fituation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors upon all occasions into France: it was not without it's inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the English in those times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours: so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these the fiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and dea) was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and extreme misery; the gallantry of Eustace de St. Pierre, who first offered himself a victim for his

fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injusted to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantick transaction, ar well as of the fiege itself, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. VI.

BUT courage! gentle reader!
have thee in my power—but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—No—! by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages which I have no right to fell thee—naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north-wind brought me neither my tent or my supper.

· make the best of thy way to Boulogne.

CHAP. VII.

BOULOGNE!—hah!—fowe are all got together—debtors and finners, before Heaven; a jolly set of us—but I can't stay and quast it of with you—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses.—'For 'Heaven's sake make haste!'—'It is 'for high-treason,' quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood next him.—'Or else for murder,' quoth the tall man.—'Well thrown, Size-Ace!' quoth I.—'No,' quoth a third; 'the gentle-'man has been committing—'Ace!'

'man has been committing—
'Ah! ma chere fille!' faid I, as the tripp'd by from her matins—'you look as rofy as the morning!'—(for the fun was rifing, and it made the compliment the more gracious.)—'No, it can't be that,' quoth a fourth—(She made a curtfey to me—I kissed my hand.)—'It is debt,' continued he.—'I tis certainly for debt,' quoth a fish.—'I would not pay that gentleman's debts,' quoth Ace, 'for a thousand pounds.'—'Nor would I,' quoth Six.

ize, ' for fix times the fum.'- Well thrown, Size-Ace, again!' quoth I. But I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.' How can you be fo hard-hearted, MADAM, to arrest a poor traveller going along without molestation to any one, upon his lawful occasions ?-Do stop that deathlooking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare sinner, who is posting after me -he never would have followed me but for you-if it be but for a stage, or two, just to give me start of him-I befeech you, Madam .- Do, dear lady!' - Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity,' much mine Irish host, ' that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.'-

- Simpleton!' quoth I.
So you have nothing else in

Boulogne worth feeing?'

' By Jasus! there is the finest SEMI-NARY for the HUMANITIES-

- There cannot be a finer, quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and it's tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the dif-

appointment of his foul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, the most baste, the worst speed,' was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the first time it happen'd-the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times; and accordingly blamed only the fecond, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections farther but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the fixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise upon first setting

Or the proposition may stand thus: A French postilion has always to a-

light before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

'What's wrong now?'- Diable! -a rope's broke!--a knot has flipt? -a ftaple's drawn-a bolt's to whit-

tle!-a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a

buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want

altering.'-

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impowered to excommunicate, thereupon, either the post-chaise or it's driver-nor do I take it into my head to fwear by the living G-, I would rather go a foot ten thousand timesthat I will be damn'd if ever I get into another—but I take the matter coolly before me, and confider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will-fo I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on. Do fo, my lad! faid I—he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get a luncheon of black bread which he had crammed into the chaife-pocket, and was re-mounting and going leifurely on, to relish it the better.—' Get on, my lad!' faid I, brifkly,—but in the most perfualive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty fous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he looked back-the dog grinned intelligence from his rightear to his left, and behind his footy muzzle discover'd such a pearly row of teeth, that Sovereignty would have pawned her jewels for them-

'Just Heaven! { what masticators!' what bread!' and so, as he finished the last mouthful

CHAP. IX.

of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

HERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion looks better in the map than Montreuil; I own, it does not look fo well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to fee it—to be fure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing however in it at present very handsome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter; she has been eighteen months at Amiens, and fix at Paris, in going through her classes; so knits, and fews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well!-

—A flut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking—Yes, yes—I see, you cunning gipsy!—'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

-That nature should have told this creature a word about a statue's

thumb!-

But as this sample is worth all their thumbs—besides I have her thumbs and singers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing—may I never draw more—or rather, may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength—all the days of my life—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in

the wettest drapery .-

But your worships chuse rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish church, or a drawing of the fascade of the abbey of Saint Austreberte, which has been transported from Artois hither—everything is just, I suppose, as the masons and carpenters left them-and if the belief in Christ continues fo long, will be fo these fifty years to come—fo your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisures—but he who measures thee, Janatone, must do it now-thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame: and confidering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are passed and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumkin, and lose thy shapesor, thou mayeft go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my Aunt Dinah, was she alive-'faith, scarce for her picture-were it but painted by Reynolds!

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that fon of Apollo, I'll be

hot!

So you must e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine, in passing through Montreuil, you will see at your chaise door, as you change horses; but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have—you had

better stop—fine has a little of the devote; but that, Sir, is a terce to a mine in your favour.

count a fingle point: fo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil

CHAP. X.

A LL which being considered, and that death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—I wish I was at Abbeville, quoth I, was it only to see how they card and spin. So off we set.

demi de Nampont à Bernay - - poste de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poste de Nouvion à Abbeville poste.

but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

AS I in a condition to stipulate with death-as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his glister-I should certainly declare against submitting to st before my friends; and therefore I never feriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itfelf, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Dispofer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own housebut rather in some decent inn-at home, I know it - the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and fmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale afferfoul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of but, in an inn, the few cold offices ! wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention—but mark! This inn should not be the inn at Abbeville—if there was not another in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so,

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir!—or, by Genevieve! I'll raise a clatter in the house shall wake

the dead.

CHAP. XIII.

AKE them like-unto a wheel, IVI is a bitter farcasm, as all the learned know, against the grand tour, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically forefaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Bishop Hall, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which David ever uttered against the enemies of the Lordand, as if he had faid, 'I wish them 'no worse luck than always to be roll-'ing about .- So much motion,' continues he, (for he was very corpulent)is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so ' much of heaven.'

Now, I (being very thin) think differently: and that so much of motion is so much of life, and so much of joy; —and that, to stand still, or get on but sowly, is death and the devil.—

'Hollo! ho!—the whole world's 'alleep! bring out the horses—grease the wheels—tie on the mail—and drive a nail into that moulding—I'll

'not lose a moment.'-

Now the wheel we are talking of, and where-into (but not where-onto, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curfeth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in Palestine at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cartwheel, groaning round it's revolution once in an age; and of which fort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their 'χωρισμόν' απὸ τε Σώμαίος' εις, το

' καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν' — [their] 'getting 'out of the body, in order to think well.' No man thinks right whilft he is in it; blinded, as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre—REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the measure of heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.—

But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be most-

' ly in the wrong?'

'You, certainly,' quoth fhe, 'to difturb a whole family so early.'

CHAP. XIV.

- But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to Paris—yet I hate to make -'tis the cold mysteries of nothingcautiousness of one of those little souls, from which Lessius (lib. xiii. De moribus divinus, cap. xxiv.) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, that one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of fouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damned to the end of the world.

From what he has made this fecond estimate—unless from the parental goodness of God—I don't know.——I am much more at a loss what could be in Franciscus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reslecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk, so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius's time, who feems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

— We find them lefs now—

And next winter we shall find them less again; so that, if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we shall

fhall have no fouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewife of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out to-

gether .-

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddes! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!—But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

So hating, I say, to make mysteries of nothing, — I entrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse trotting, and a fort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without musick—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as, in truth, they were through all France.)

And so making all possible speed,

from-

Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt; from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay; and from Pequignay, I got to Amiens—

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before—and that was—that Janatone went there to school.

CHAP. XVI.

In the whole catalogue of those whisfling vexations which come pushing across a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teazing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to describe—and for which, (unless you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never so kindly a propensity to sleep—though you are passing perhaps through the finest country. upon the best roads—and in the cases carriage for doing it in the world-nay, was you fure you could fleep fifty miles ftraight forwards, without once open. ing your eyes-nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively fatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you should upon all accounts be full as well afleep as awake-nay, perhaps betteryet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage-with the ne. cessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen fous (fousby fous) puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above fix miles of it—(or supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)-were it to fave your foul from destruction.

- I'll be even with 'em,' quoth I, for I'll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way. -Now I shall have nothing to do,' faid I (composing myfelf to rest) but to drop this gently into the post-boy's hat, and not say a word. Then there wants two fous more to drink-or there is a twelve fous piece of Louis XIV. which will not pass-or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monfieur had forgot-which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouze him. Still is sweet fleep retrievable-and ftill might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows-but then, 'By Heaven! you have paid but for a fingle post - whereas 'tis a post and a half!' and this obliges you to pull out your book of post-roads, the print of which is fo very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monfieur Le Cure offers you a pinch of snuff -or a poor foldier shews you his legor a shaveling his box-or the priestelle of the ciftern will water your wheels they do not want it-but she swears by her priesthood (throwing it back) that they do -then you have all these points to argue, or confider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakenedyou may get 'em to fleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of the misfortunes, or I had passed clean by the stables of Chantilly.—

But the position first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that

there was no mark upon the two fous piece, I opened my eyes to be convinced—and feeing the mark upon it, as plain as my nofe—I leaped out of the chaife in a passion, and so saw every thing at Chantilly in spite.—I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St. Dennis, without turning my head so much as on one side towards the Abby.—

—Richness of their treasury! stuff and nonsense!—Bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but Jaidas's lanthern—nor for that either—only, as it grows dark, it might be of

ule.

CHAP. XVII.

'CRACK, crack—crack, crack—quoth I, (continuing in the fame mood)—'and this is Paris!—humph!—Pa-ris!' cried I, repeating the name a third time—

'The first, the finest, the most bril-

liant-

The streets, however, are nasty;
But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells—crack, crack—crack, crack!

What a suss thou makes—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a possillion in a tawnyyellow jerkin turned up with red callamanco—crack, crack—crack, crack! I wish thy whip—

But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on!'

'Ha!—and no one gives the wall!

but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY
itself, if the walls are besh—t— how

can you do otherwise?

And prythee when do they light the lamps? What! never in the fummer months?—Ho!—'tis the time of fallads.—O rare! fallad and foup—foup and fallad—fallad and foup, encore.'—

-Tis too much for finners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it: how can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? Don't you see, friend, the streets are so villainously narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel-barrow? In the grandest city of the whole world, it would not have been amis, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) of which side of it he was walking.

· One—two—three—four—five—fix ' -feven-eight-nine-ten- Ten cooks shops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three mi-' nutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry meeting with the barbers, by joint confent had faid-" Come, " let us all go live at Paris: the French " love good eating—they are all gour-mands—we shall rank high; if their " god is their belly—their cooks must " be gentlemen."-" And, forasmuch " as the periwig maketh the man, and " the periwig-maker maketh the peri-" wig-ergo," would the barbers fay, " we shall rank higher still-we shall " be above you all—we shall be Ca-" pitouls * at least-pardi! we shall all " wear fwords."

And fo, one would swear, (that is, by candle-light—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly misunderstood—but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves, or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, morever, is so likely to be contested by us—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know what they would be at—I shall not decide; but its evident to me, when they affirm that they who have seen Paris, have seen every thing, they must mean

to speak of those who have seen it by

day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up-I have faid before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not because the lights and shades are too tharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. ... for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect—that in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris-and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candlelight are best to be feen, felt, heard, and underflood-(which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)-the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French compu-

tation; 'tis fimply this-

That, by the last furvey, taken in the year one thousand seven hundred sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred streets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the City—there are fifty-three streets.

In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five

In St. Oportune, thirty-four streets.

In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five streets.

In the Palace-Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine streets.

In Mont. Martyr, forty-one streets.

In St. Eustace, twenty-nine streets. In the Halles, twenty-seven streets.

In St. Dennis, fifty-five streets.

In St. Martin, fifty four streets.

In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twentyfeven streets.

The Greve, thirty-eight streets.

In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen streets.

In the Marias, or the Temple, fifty-two ftreets.

In St. Antony's, fixty-eight sfreets. In the Place Maubert, eighty-one streets.

In St. Bennet, fixty streets.
In St. Andrew's de Arc's, fifty-one

ftreets.

In the quarter of the Luxembourg, fixty-two streets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty-

five streets—into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their fatues—and have crusaded it moreover through all their parish churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulplice—and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you chuse—

Then you will have feen—
but, 'tis what no one needeth to
tell you, for you will read it yourself
upon the portico of the Louvre, in these
words—

EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLK
E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY,
DOWN *.

The French have a gay way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be faid upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

I N mentioning the word gay (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (i.e. an author) in mind of the word Spleen-especially if he has any thing to fay upon it: not that, by any analysisor that, from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature-only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst mennot knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other-which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here-

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion—I still

Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam ulla parem.

bad not then experience enough of it's working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneafily to yourfelf at the same time; for which reason I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's service—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out—and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.—

— No!—I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their cuftoms—their laws—their religion—their governments—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances—with all the refources and hidden springs which suffain them: qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my enquiries and reslections.—

Still—still I must away—the roads are paved—the posts are short—the days are long—itis no more than noon—I shall be at Fontainbleau before the king—

king.—
'Was he going there?'—'Not
'that I know.'—

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faiter, consideratis, con-Iderandis; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon themand then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their futfering is most unchristian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ****** in which there is as much sustenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now, as these werds cost nothing, I long from my foul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct

articulation, or it will answer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour: for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy that ear which the reader chuses to lend me—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

—My ink burns my finger to try and when I have—'twill have a worfe confequence—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

-No-I dare not-

But if you wish to know how the Abbess of Andouillets, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

CHAP. XXI.

HE Abbess of Andouillets, which if you look into the large fet of provincial maps now publishing at Paris, you will find fituated amongst the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an anchylosis or stiff joint (the finovia of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy-first, prayers and thanksgiving; then invocations to all the faints in heaven promiscuously—then particularly to every faint who had ever had a stiff leg before her—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lyitra, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed—then cross-wife her rofary—then bringing in to her aid the fecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emolient and refolving fomentations -then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the imoke of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap-then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creffes, chervil, iweet cecily and cochleariaand nothing all this while answeringwas prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of Bourbon-fo having first obtained leave of the visitor general to take care of her existence—she ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitlo in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gain'd such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the compa-

nion of the journey.

An old calesh, belonging to the abbefs, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the fun-the gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump ends of their tails, whilst a couple of lay-fisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled-the under-gardener drefs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees-and a tailor fat mufically at it, in a shed over against the convent, in afforting four dozen of bells for the harness, whitling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong .-

The carpenter and the smith of Andouillets held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all looked spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of Bourbon—two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour be-

fore.

The Abbess of Andouillets, supported by Margarita the novice, advanced slowly to the calesh, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their

breafts .-

There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calesh; the nuns in the same uniform—sweet emblem of innocence!—each occupied a window, and as the abbess and Margarita look'd up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each stream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiss'd the hily hand which let it go: the good abbess and Margarita laid their hands saint-wise upon their breasts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd, God bless you, dear sisters.'

, I declare I am interested in this story,

and with I had been there.

The gardener, who I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-

fet, good-natured, chattering, topin kind of a fellow, who troubled his hear very little with the bow's and when of life: fo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio or leathern cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calesh, with a large rufiet-coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the fun; and as the wes. ther was hot-and he, not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode-he found more occasions than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had so happen'd that all his wine had leaked out at the legal vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been fultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous;—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep——a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions—a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves—' Come—thirsty muleteer—come in.'

The muleteer was a fon of Adam; I need not fay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a found lash, and looking in the abbess's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to fay, 'Here I am!'—he gave a second good crack—as much as to fay to his mules, 'Get on!'—so slinking behind, he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his fcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it: fo entering into a long converfation—as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andouillets, &c. &c. and out of friendship for the abbess and Mademoiselle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c .-&c .- and as how the had got a whitefwelling by her devotions-and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c .- and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—she might as well be lame of both—&c. &c. &c.—he so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little

evice-and what was a more ticklish oint to be forgot than both—the two nules: who, being creatures that take dvantage of the world, inafmuch as heir parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the bligation downwards— (as men, and women, and beafts are)—they do it sideways, and long-ways, and back-ways and up hill, and down hill, and which vay they can .- Philosophers, with all their ethicks, have never considered this ightly—how should the poor muleteer, hen, in his cups, consider it at all? He lid not in the least-'tis time we do; let sleave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless f mortal men—and for a moment let s look after the mules, the abbefs, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last rokes, the mules had gone quietly on, ollowing their own consciences up the ill, till they had conquered about one alf of it; when the elder of them, a nrewd, crafty old devil, at the turn of n angle, giving a fide-glance, and no

uleteer behind them-

'By my fig!' faid she, swearing, 'I'll go no farther!'- 'And if I do,' relied the other, ' they shall make a drum of my hide! '-

And so with one consent they stopp'd

CHAP. XXII.

- Get on with you!' faid the bbess.

" Wh - - - ysh - ysh 1' --- cried Margarita.

h--aw! hawed the abbess.

____. Whu __ v __ w___whew__w -w!'-whuved Margarita, purng up her fweet lips betwixt a hoot nd a whistle.

'Thump-thump-thump!'reperated the Abbess of Andouillets, ith the end of her gold-headed cane gainst the bottom of the calesh.

The old mule let a f-.

CHAP. XXIII.

E are ruined and undone, my 'child!' faid the abbess to argarita-' we shall be here all night · —we shall be plundered—we shall be ravished.'-

- We shall be ravished, said

Margarita, 'as fure as a gun!'
'Sancta Maria!' cried the abbefs, (forgetting the O!) 'why was I go-'verned by this wicked stiff joint? 'why did I leave the convent of Andouillets; and why didft thou not fuffer thy fervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger!' cried the novice, catching fire at the word fervant- why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where, rather

than be in this strait?

- Strait!' faid the abbess.

Strait!' faid the novice: for terror had ftruck their understandingsthe one knew not what the faid—the other what she answered.

'O my virginity! virginity!' cried the

-" Inity! - inity! faid the novice, fobbing.

C H A P. XXIV.

Y dear mother, quoth the no-vice, coming a little to herfelf- there are two certain words. which I have been told will force any hill whether he will or no: be he never fo obstinate or ill-will'd, the mo-" ment he hears them uttered, he obeys." 'They are words magick!' cried the abbefs, in the utmost horror. - 'No,' replied Margarita calmly—' but they are words finful——' What are ' they?' quoth the abbefs, interrupting · They are finful in the first degree,' answered Margarita - ' they are mortal-and if we are ravished and die unabsolved of them, we shall both--' 'But you may pronounce ' them to me,' quoth the Abbess of Andouillets .- 'They cannot, my dear ' mother,' faid the novice, ' be pro-' nounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face.'- But you may whifper

them in my ear, quoth the abbess.

Heaven! hadit thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering,

creeping

creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?—no sweet minstrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the abbess and Margarita, with their black rosaries!

Rouze! rouze!—but 'tr's too late—the horrid words are pronounced this

moment.

——And how to tell them—Ye, who can fpeak of every thing existing with unpolluted lips—instructme—guide me.

CHAP. XXV.

ALL fins whatever,' quoth the abbefs, turning casuist in the distress they were under, 'are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no farther division. Now a venial fin being the slightest and least of all sins—being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the rest—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person—in course, becomes diluted into no fin at all.

Now I fee no fin in faying, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the fyllable ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, were it from our matins to our vespers: therefore, my dear daughter, continued the Abbess of Andouillets—'I will say bou, and thou shalt say ger; and then, alternately, as there is no more sin in fou than in bou—thou shalt say fou—and I will come in (like fa, sol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with ter.' And accordingly the abbess, giving the pitch note, set off thus.

Abbess, \{ 'Bou -- bou -- '
Margarita, \} - ' ger, -- ger, -- ger!'

Margarita, \} 'Fou -- fou -- fou -- '
Abbess, \} - ' ter, -- ter!'

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no farther.—' It will answer by an' by,' said the novice.

Abb. ? 'Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-' Marg. ? — 'ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger!'

- ' Quicker still!' cried Margarita.
- Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou,
 - Quicker still!' cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,

'Quicker still!'—'God preserve me!' faid the abbess.—'They do not under frand us,' cried Margarita.—'But the devil does,' faid the Abbess of Andouillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm fun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I feen during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ftory! There's FONTAIN-BLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and MA. CON the capital of the Maconese, and fcore more upon the road to Lyonsand now I have run them over-I might as well talk to you of so many market. towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next, entirely loft, do what I will .-

Why, 'tis a strange story, Trif-

—Alas! Madam, had it been upon fome melancholy lecture of the cross—the peace of meekness—or the contentment of resignation—I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstraction of the soul, and that food of wisdom and holiness, and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for everyou would have come with a better appetite from it.—

as I never blot any thing out—let us use some honest means to get it out of

our heads directly.

Pray reach me my fool's capI fear you fit upon it, Madam—'u
under the cushion—I'll put it on.—

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half-hour. The there let it stay, with a

> Fa-ra diddle di and a fa-ri-diddle d; and a high-dum—dye-dum fiddle - - - dumb-c

And now, Madam, we may venture I hope, a little, to go on. CHAP

CHAP. XXVII.

All you need fay of FONTAIN-BLEAU (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south something) from Paris, in the middle of a large forest—that there is something great in it—that the king goes there once every two or three years with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chase—and that during that carnival of sporting, any English gentleman of sashion, (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king.

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every

one.

First, because it will make the said nags the harder to be got; and—

Secondly, 'tis not a word of it true.

Allons!

As for Sens—you may dispatch it in a word—' It is an archiepiscopal 'see.'

-For JOIGNY-the less, I think,

one fays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE-I could go on for ever: for in my grand tour through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself, with my Uncle Toby and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with the project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense) - and she not caring to be put out of her way, she staid at home at SHANDY HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, Ifay, my father stopping us two days at Auxerre, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a defart—he has left me enough to fay upon Auxerre: in fhort, wherever my father wentbut 'twas more remarkably fo, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other stages of his life-his road feemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him-he faw kings and courts, and filks of all colours, in fuch strange lights-and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters; the manners and customs, of the countries

we passed over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my Uncle Toby and Trim-(to fay nothing of myself)—and to crown all-the occurrences and fcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatory—they were of fo odd, so mixed and tragi-comical a contexture—that the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed-that I will venture to pronounce—the fault must be mine, and mine only-if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more-or, which comes to the fame point-till the world, finally, takes it into it's head to stand

But this rich bale is not to be opened now; except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at AUXERRE.

As I have mentioned it—'tis too flight to be kept fuspended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother Toby,' faid my father, 'whilst dinner is coddling-to ' the abbey of St. Germain, if it be only to fee these bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given such a recommendation.'- I'll go fee any body, quoth my Uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey. Defend me! faid my father, they are all mum-' mies.'-' Then one need not shave,' quoth my Uncle Toby .- 'Shave! no, cried my father, 'it will be more like ' relations to go with our beards on.'-So out we fallied, the corporal lending his mafter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of St. Germain.

'Every thing is very fine, and very 'rich, and very superb, and very mag-'nificent!' said my father, addressing himself to the facristan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines, 'but our curiosity has led us to 'see the bodies, of which Monsieur 'Sequier has given the world so exact 'a description.'—The facristan made a bow, and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.—'This,' said the facristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, 'was 'a renowned prince of the house of Bavaria, who under the successive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore

a great fway in the government, and · had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline.

'Then he has been as great,' faid my Uncle 'in the field as in the cabinet - I dare fay he has been a gallant foldier.'- 'He was a monk,' faid

the facristan.

My Uncle Toby and Trim fought comfort in each other's faces-but found it not; my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very finell of a monk, worse than all the devils in hell-yet the shot hitting my Uncle Toby and Trim fo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayest humour in the world.

And pray what do you call this gentleman?' quoth my father, rather iportingly. 'This tomb,' faid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, 'contains the bones of Saint · MAXIMA, who came from Ravena

on purpose to touch the bodyof Saint MAXIMUS,' faid my father, popping in with his faint before him—' they were two of the greatest faints in the whole martyrology, added my father.— Excuse me, faid the facristan— it was to me,' faid the facritian-touch the bones of St. Germain, the 'did she get by it?' said my Uncle Toby.—'What does any woman get by it?' said my father.—'MARTYR-DOM, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with fo humble, but decifive a cadence, it difarmed my father for a moment. 'It is supposed,' continued the Benedictine, 'that St. · Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.'- It is but a · flow rife, brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'in this felf same army of mar-' tyrs.'- 'A desperate slow one, an'

flould rather fell out entirely,' quoth my Uncle Toby.'- I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby,' faid

· please your honour, faid Trim, 'un-

· less one could purchase---

my father.

Poor St. Maxima!' faid my

Uncle Toby, low to himself, as we turned from her tomb .- ' She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of Italy or France,' continued the facristan .- But who the deuce has got lain down here, besides her!" quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on .- 'It 'is St: Optat, Sir,' answered the fa-cristan—' And properly is St. Optat 'placed!' said my father: 'and what is St. Optat's story?' continued he. St. Optat,' replied the facristan, 'was

a bishop-

- I thought fo, by Heaven! cried my father, interrupting him .-St. Optat! - how should St. Optat fail?' fo fnatching out his pockets book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names: and I will be bold to fay, so difinterested was he in the fearch of truth, that had he found a treasure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half so rich-'twas as fuccessful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleased with all that had passed in it—that he determined at once to stay another day in Auxerre.

-- I'll fee the rest of these good gentry to-morrow,' faid my father, as we croffed over the fquare. - 'And while you are paying that visit, bro-

ther Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, the corporal and I will mount the

ramparts.'

C H A P. XXVIII.

OW this is the most puzzled skein of all—for in this last skein of all-for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen-for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter. There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into fuch a fituation, as no traveller ever flood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-place of Auxerre with my father and my Uncle

Toby, in our way back to dinnerand I am this moment also entering Lyons with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces-and I am moreover this moment in a handsome pavilion built by Pringello*, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monf. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now fit rhapfodizing all these affairs,

- Let me collect myfelf, and pur-

fue my journey.

CHAP. XXIX.

I Am glad of it,' faid I, fettling the I account with myfelf as I walked into Lyons-my chaife being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving flowly before me-' I am heartily glad,' faid I, ' that it is all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres - and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the ac-' count, ' I can hire a couple of mulesor affes, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of Languedoc, for almost nothing—I shall gain four hundred livres by the mis-'fortune, clear into my purse; and 'pleafure!—worth—worth double
'the money by it. — With what
'velocity,' continued I, clapping my two hands together, ' shall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARESON 'my right-hand, and DAUPHINY on ' my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities 'of VIENNE, Valence, and Vivieres! What a flame will it rekindle in the ' lamp, to fnatch a blushing grape from 'the Hermitage and Cotê Roti, as I shoot by the foot of them? and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks, advancing and retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome rescued the diffres'd-and see vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in, with all her great works about her.'-

As I went on thus, methought my chaife, the wreck of which looked stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in it's fize; the freshness of the painting was no more—the gilding loft it's luttre-and the whole affair appeared fo poor in my eyes-fo forry!fo contemptible! and, in a word, fo much worse than the Abbess of Andouillet's itself-that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the devil -when a pert vamping chaife undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted—' No, no,' said I, shak-ing my head side-ways.—' Would Mon-' sieur chuse to sell it?' rejoined the undertaker .- 'With all my foul,' faid I; the iron work is worth forty livresand the glaffes worth forty more-and the leather you may take to live on."

I, as he counted me the money, ' has ' this post-chaise brought me in?'-And this is my usual method of bookkeeping, at least with the disasters of life-making a penny of every one of

'em, as they happen to me-

Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I have behaved under one of the most oppressive of it's kind which could befal me as a ' man, proud as he ought to be, of his manhood.'-

'It is enough,' faid'ft thou, coming close up to me, as I thood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had not passed-' It is enough, Tristram, and I am fatisfied,' faidst thou, whifpering these words in my ear, " ** ****"—any other man would have funk down to the centre.'

- Every thing is good for some-

thing,' quoth I.

-I'll go into Wales for fix weeks, and drink goat's whey-and I'll gain feven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable for blaming fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchefs, as I called her, with so many small evils: furely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not fent me great ones-a score of good, cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

^{*} The same Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanish architect, of whom my Cousin Antony has made such honourable mention in a Scholium to the tale inscribed to his name. Vide p. 129. small edit.

One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO those who call vexations, VEX-ATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day in Lyons, the most opulent and flourishing city in France, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity—and not be able to see it. To be witheld upon any account, must be a vexation; but to be witheld by a vexation—must certainly be what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION

UPON

VEXATION.

I had got my too dishes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for a consumption, but you must boil the milk and coffee together—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. 'I will take a walk to the cathedral,' said I, looking at my list, 'and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of Lippius of Basil, in the first place.'—

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism—I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemn-ly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one—and stood by with as much patience as any Christian ever could do at the other.—

I il go fee the furprizing movements of this great clock,' faid I,
the very first thing I do: and then I
will pay a visit to the great library of
the Jesuits, and procure, if possible,
a fight of the thirty volumes of the
general history of China, wrote (not
in the Tartarian, but) in the Chinese

language, and in the Chinele charact

Now I almost know as little of the Chinese language, as I do of the mechanism of Lippius's clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my walet de place, who stood behind me, it will be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Ireneus, and see the pillar to which Christ was tied—and after that, the house where Pontius Pilate lived. It was at the next town, said the walet de place—at Vienne. I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace—' for so much the sooner shall I be at the tomb of the two lovers.'

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

CHAP. XXXI.

of man, when—(the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else)—a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny—

Amandus——He
Amanda——She—
each ignorant of the other's course,

He——east She——west

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Moroccos court, where the Princess of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison, for the love of his Amanda—

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering bare foot, and with dishevelled hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus— Amandus! Amandus!

making every hill and valley to echo

back his name-

' Amandus! Amandus!' t every town and city fitting down forlorn at the gate- 'Has Amandus!has my Amandus entered ?'-till, going round, and round, and round the world-chance unexpected bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

! Is my Amanda { still alive?

they fly into each other's arms, and

both drop down dead for joy.

There is a foft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where fuch a story affords more pabulum to the brain, than all the frusts, and crusts, and rusts of Antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

'Twas all that stuck on the right side of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had firained into it; and finding, moreover, in some itinerary, but in what God knows—that facred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomo was built without the gates, where to this hour lovers called upon them to attest their truths-I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this tomb of the lovers would, some how or other, come in at the close—nay fuch a kind of empire had it established over me, that I could feldom think or speak of Lyons, and sometimes not so much as see even a Lyons waistcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have often faid in my wild way of running onthough I fear with some irreverence-I thought this shrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and so little short, except in wealth, of the Santa Casa itself, that some time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other bufiness at Lyons) on purpose to pay it a visit.

In my list, therefore, of videnda at Lyons—this, though last—was not, you see, least; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just while it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the Base Cour, in order to fally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was un-certain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten fous, and was just receiving

the dernier compliments of Monfieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône-when I was stopped at the gate .-

CHAP. XXXII.

WAS by a poor as who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemofynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the infide of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, it is an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ftrike-there is a patient endurance of fufferings, wrote fo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads fo mightily for him, that it always difarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will-whether in town or country-in cart or under pannierswhether in liberty or bondage-I have ever fomething civil to fay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and furely never is my imagination fo bufy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenanceand where those carry me not deep enough - in flying from my own heart into his, and feeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man—upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings be-2 low me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c .- I never exchange a word with them-nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reafon; they act by rote, as the others fpeak by it, and equally make me filent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog) he would speak if he could)—yet some how or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of - and those utter'd - there's an justice end of the dialogue-

-But with an afs, I can commune

for ever.

Come, Honesty!' said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—' art thou for coming in, or going out?'

The ass twisted his head round to

look up the street .-

'Well,' replied I - 'we'll wait a

· minute for thy driver.'

—— He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiftfully the opposite way.—

I understand thee perfectly,' anfwered I—' if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a mi-

nute, and if it faves a fellow creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down

as ill-fpent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavourinefs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again- God help thee, Jack!' faid I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't - and many a bitter days labour—and many a bitter · blow, I fear, for it's wages—it is all all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others-And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare fay, as foot'-(for he had cast afide the stem)—' and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.'-In faying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of feeing how an ass would eat a macaroon -than of benevolence in giving him one, which prefided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—'Don't thrash' me with it—but if you will, you may.'—'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d—d.'

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andouillet's —(so there was no fin in it) —when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

cried I—but the interjection was equi-

vocal—and, I think, wrong-placed too, for the end of an ofier which had flarted out from the contexture of the as's pannier, and caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the

"Out upon it!" in my opinion, should have come in here—but this I lear

to be fettled by

THE - REVIEWERS OF MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HEN all was set to right, I came down stairs again into the Basse Cour with my valet de place, in order to fally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopped at the gate—not by the ass—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post office, with a rescript in his hand for the payment of some six lives

odd fous.

' Upon what account?' faid I.—'It' is upon the part of the king,' replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders.——

fure as I am I—and you are you—
And who are you?' faid he.—

Don't puzzle me!' faid I.

C H A P. XXXIV.

rity, continued I, addressing mysel to the commissary, changing only the form of my affeveration— that I ow the king of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very hond man, and I wish him all health and

pastime in the world. —
Pardonnez moi! — replied the commissary; you are indebted to him in

livres, four fous, for the next post for hence to St. Fon's, in your rout st. Avignon-

Avignon-which being a post-royal, you pay double for the horses and postilion otherwise 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two fous.

But I don't go by land,' faid I. You may, if you please,' relied the commissary.

Your most obedient fervant!'-faid

making him a low bow .-

The commissary, with all the sinceriof grave good-breeding - made me ne, as low again .- I never was more sconcerted with a bow in my life.

- The devil take the ferious character of these people!' quoth Ialide)- they understand no more of IRONY than this-

The comparison was standing close with his panniers - but fomething aled up my lips - I could not proounce the name.

'Sir,' faid I, collecting myself-' it is not my intention to take post.'

- But you may; - faid he, perfling in his first reply—' you may take pott if you chuse.

- And I may take falt to my pickled herring,' faid I, 'if I chuse-

- But I do not chuse.

- But you must pay for it, whether you do or no.'- 'Aye! for the falt! faid I, (I know)-

- And for the post too, added

.- 'Defend me!' cried I.

'I travel by water-I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon-my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my pai-

'C'est tout egal-'tis all one!' said he. Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do not go!

- 'Ceft tout egal!' replied the

ommissary-

"The devil it is !' faid I .- " But I will go to ten thousand bastiles first! O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good fense; thou tenderest of mothers—and gentleft of nurses,' cried I, kneeling upon knee, as I was beginning my apo-

When the director of Madam Le lane's conscience coming in at that inant, and feeing a person in black, with a te as pale as ashes, at his devotions oking till paler by the contrast and difthe of his drapery - asked, if I stood want of the aids of the church.

· I go by WATER, -faid I- and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.'

CHAP. XXXV.

S I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have fix livres four fous, I had nothing else for it, but to fay fome fmart thing upon the occafion, worth the money

-And fo I fet off thus:

- And pray, Mr. Commissary, by what law of courtefy is a defenceless ftranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a Frenchman in this matter?

By no means,' faid he.

Excuse me!' said I-' for you have begun, Sir, with first tearing off my breeches - and now you want my pocket-

Whereas—had you first taken my people—and then left me bare a—'d

-after-I had been a beaft to have complained.

As it is-

It is contrary to the law of nature.

It is contrary to reason.

It is contrary to the GOSPEL.'

But not to this!' faid he, putting a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY. 'It is a pithy prolegomenon,' quoth I-and foread on '-

- By all which it appears,' quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, 'that if a man fets out in a postchaise from Paris—he must go on tra-· velling in one all the days of his life, -or pay for it.'- Excuse me,' said the commissary, ' the spirit of the ordi-' nance is this—that if you set out with an intention of running post from Paris to Avignon, &c. you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling without first satisfying the fere miers for two posts farther than the place you repent at - and 'tis found .

ed,' continued he, 'upon this-that the REVENUES are not to fall fhort

through your fickleness'-

- O by heavens! cried I - ' if fickleness is taxable in France—we

· have

have nothing to do but to make the best peace with you we can.'—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

—And if it is a bad one—as Triftram Shandy laid the corner-stone of it —nobody but Tristram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of their remarks for the future) 'my remarks were folen.'—Never did forry traveller make such a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

'Heaven! earth! fea! fire!' cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I should—'My remarks are sto- len!—what shall I do?—Mr. Com- missary! pray did I drop any remarks

as I stood besides you?'-

'You dropped a good many very fingular ones,' replied he.—'Pugh!'
faid I, 'those were but a few, not
worth above six livres two sous—but
these are a large parcel.'—He shook
his head.—'Monsieur Le Blanc! Madame Le Blanc! did you see any papers of mine?—you maid of the
house! run up stairs—François! run
up after her—

'I must have my remarks — they were the best remarks,' cried I, 'that

ever were made—the wifest—the wit-

tieft—What shall I do!—which way

fhall I turn myfelf!'

Sancho Panca, when he lost his ass's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them—it then presently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of

the chaife—and that in felling my dail.

I had fold my remarks along with a
to the chaife-vamper.

I leave this void space that the reader may swear into any oath that he is most accustomed - For my own part, if ever I for a whole oath into a vacancy in a life, I think it was into that—"

* * * * * * * faid I—' and som marks through France, which we as full of wit as an egg is full of men and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the faid egg is worth a perny-have I been felling here to chaife-vamper - for four louis d'on -and giving him a post-chaise (by Heaven!) worth fix into the bargan had it been to Dodsley, or Becket, o any creditable bookseller, who w either leaving off business, and want ed a post-chaise-or who was begin ning it—and wanted my remarks, a two or three guineas along with them I could have borne it—but to a challe vamper !--- fhew me to him this mo ment, François, faid I .- The valla place put on his hat, and led the wayand I pulled off mine, as I passed commissary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chair vamper's house, both the hou and the shop were shup up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God-

Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the who world was going out a May-poling frisking here—capering there—nobo cared a button for me or my remark fo I fat me down upon a bench by door, philosophating upon my cond tion. By a better fate than usually tends me, I had not waited half anhow when the mistress came in, to take papilliotes from off her hair, before went to the May-poles—

The French women, by the bye, I May-poles, a la folie—that is, as m as their matins—give 'em but a M pole, whether in May June, July, or tember—they never count the time down it goes—'tis meat, drink, wash and lodging to 'em—and had we but policy, an' please your worships wood is a little scarce in France, fend them but plenty of May-pole.

The women would fet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company)

till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaife-vamper stepped in, I told you, to take the papiliotes from off her hair—the toilet stands still for no man—so she jerked off her cap, to begin with them as she opened the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I instantly saw

it was my own writing.—
'O seigneur!' cried I—' you have got
all my remarks upon your head, Madam!'—' J'en suis bien mortise!' said
she.—' It is well,' thinks I, ' they have
shuck there—for could they have gone
deeper, they would have made such
confusion in a French woman's noddle—she had better have gone with
it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.'

'Tenez!' faid she—so, without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat—one was twisted this way—another twisted that—'Aye! by my faith; and 'when they are published,' quoth I—'they will be worse twisted still.'

CHAP. XXXIX.

AND now for Lippius's clock!'
A faid I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties.
'Nothing can prevent us feeing that and the Chinefe history, &c.'—'Except the time,' faid François—' for 'tis almost 'eleven.'—' Then we must speed the 'faster,' faid I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west-door—that Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years—'It will give me the more time, thought I, 'to peruse the Chinese history; and besides, I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in it's 'decay, than I could have done in it's flourishing condition.'

And fo away I posted to the

college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the Hiltory of China in Chiatle characters—as with many others

I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for, as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cooled—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-stone to have it gratisted.—The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the tomb of the lovers. I wish to God,' said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, 'that the key of the library may be but lost!' It fell out as well——

For all the JESUITS had got the colick—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest

practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

As I knew the geography of the tomb of the lovers as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons—namely, that it was upon the turning of my right-hand, just without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaise—I dispatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long owed it, without a witness of my weakness. I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing myself to Amandus and Amanda; 'long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your

tomb-I come-I come!'-

When I came—there was no tomb to

drop it upon.

What would I have given for my Uncle Toby to have whiftled Lillabullero!

CHAP. XLI.

but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or, rather, I did not fly from it—(for there was no fuch thing exiting) and just got time enough to the boat to fave my passage—and ere I had failed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it-

-So now I am at Avignon; and,

as there is nothing to fee but the old house, in which the Duke of Ormond resided, and nothing to stop me but a fhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will fee me croffing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ftriding the way before us with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you feen my breeches in entering Avignonthough you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amis, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himfelf at all points against them.

Before I go farther, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: that I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the first night he comes to Avignon-that he should therefore fay, 'Avignon is more sub-' jest to high winds than any town in ' all France:' for which reason, I laid no stress upon the accident till I had enquired of the master of the inn about it; who telling me feriously it was soand hearing, moreover, the windiness of Avignon spoke of in the country about as a proverb-I set it down, merely to ask the learned what can be the cause—the consequence I saw—for they are all dukes, marquisses, and counts there—the deuce a baron in all Avignon-fo that there is scarce any talking to them, on a windy day.

'Pr'ythee, friend,' faid I, 'take hold 'of my mule for a moment!' for I wanted to pull off one of my jackboots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and, as I had taken it into my head he was some way concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so begun with my boot—when I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him—

But Monsieur le Marquis had walked in.

CHAP. XLII.

I Had now the whole fouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule at my own leifure—at my own leifure—for I had left Death, the Lord knows, and he only, how far behind me.—'I have followed many a 'man through France,' quoth he, 'but 'never at this mettlesome rate.' Still he followed, and still I fled him—but I fled him chearfully; still he pursued—but like one who pursued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every step he lost softened his looks—why should I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the mode of my travelling once more; and after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my sang with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as slowly as

foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller - or more terrible to travelwriters—than a large rich plain; especially, if it is without great rivers or bridges; and presents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the soil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with-and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to fome town; and that town, perhaps, of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain-and so

This is most terrible work! judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I Had not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gui began to look at his priming.

I had three feveral times loitered terribly behind: half a mile at least every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums

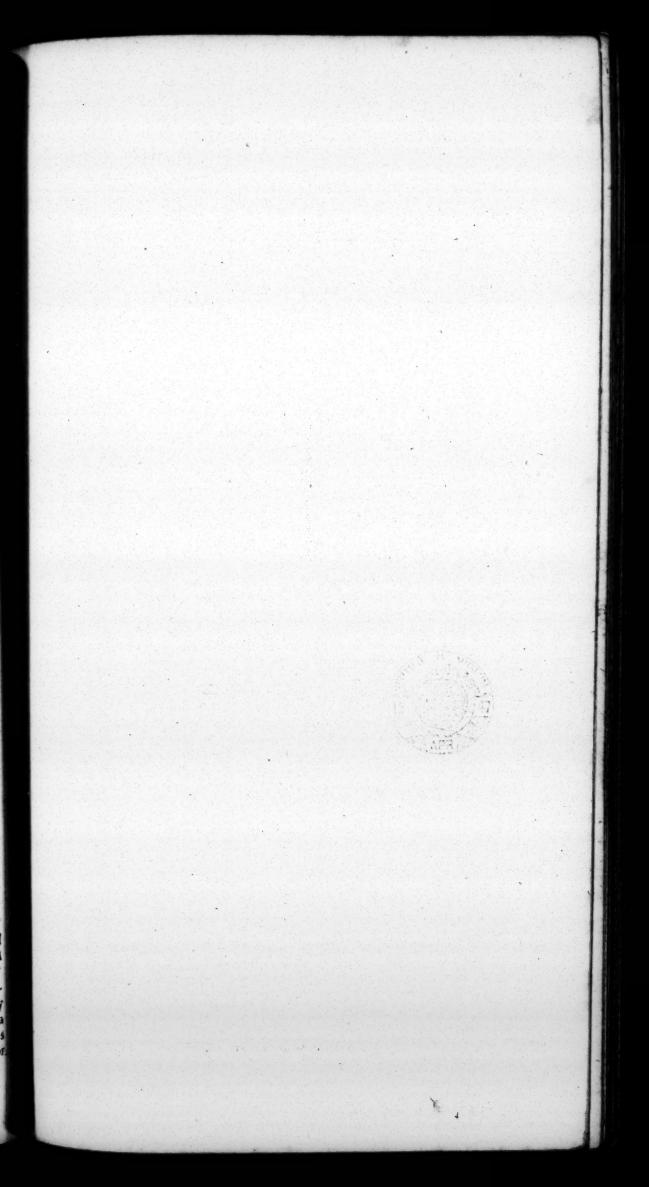




Plate VII.

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for the fairs of Baucaira and Taraf-

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopped—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about—I had

turn'd back with them.

The third was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence sigs for four sous; this would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the sigs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket—as I had no intention of buying eggs, I made no sort of claim of them—as for the space they had occupied, what signified it?—I had sigs enough for my money.

—But it was my intention to have the basket—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do tothing with her eggs—and, unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my sigs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals, what

we should both do.

—How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was) to form the least probable conjecture: you will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my Uncle Toby's amours—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain—and which, therefore, I call my—

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track—the world must judge—but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most truisful and busy period of my life; for, as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all paries before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were toming through cross-roads—arresting

all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of fnuff. - In short, by feizing every handle, of what fize or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my plain into a city-I was always in company, and with great variety too: and as my mule loved fociety as much as myfelf, and had fome propofals always on his part to offer to every beast he met-I am confident we could have passed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street for a month together, with fewer adventures -and feen less of human nature.

O! there is that fprightly frankness which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe

it is fo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France; and which, by the bye, belongs to the honest canons of Montpellier — and foul besal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

-The fun was fet-they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh-and the swains were preparing for a caroufal.-My mule made a dead point.—' It is the fife and tabourin,' faid I.—' I'm fright' ened to death!' quoth he.—' They ' are running at the ring of pleasure,' faid I, giving him a prick.—' By St. Boogar, and all the faints at the back-' fide of the door of purgatory,' faid he, (making the fame refolution with the Abbess of Andouillet's) ' I'll not go a ' step farther.'—' It is very well, Sir,' faid I-' I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I ' live!' So leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that- 'I'll take a dance,' faid I; ' io ftay you here.'

A fun-burnt daughter of labour arose up from the groupe to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chesnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a

knot, all but a fingle trefs.

We want a cavalier, faid she, hold-

ing out both her hands, as if to offer them.— And a cavalier you shall have, said I, taking hold of both of them.

· Hadst thou, Nannette, been array'd

· like a duches!'-

But that curfed flit in thy pet-

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you!' faid she, letting go one hand, and with self-taught politeness leading

me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he
had added a tabourin of his own accord,
ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat
upon the bank. 'Tie me up this tress
'instantly!' said Nannette, putting a
piece of string into my hand. It taught
me to forget I was a stranger—the whole
knot fell down—we had been seven
years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—' The deuce take that slit!'

The fifter of the youth, who had ftolen her voice from heaven, fung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

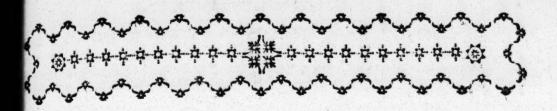
FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have it fewed up-Nannette would not have given a fous- Viva la joia! was in her lips .- ' Viva la joia!' was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity hot across the space betwixt us-She look'd amiable !- Why could I not live and end my days thus? ' Just Disposer of our joys and forrows, cried I, why could not a man fit down in the lap of content here-and dance, and fing, and fay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?' Capnciously did the bend her head on one fide, and dance up infidious.- 'Then it is time to dance off, quoth I: 6 changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier-from thence to Pefçnas, Beziers- I danced it along through Nr. bonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavilion; where pulling out paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my Uncle Toby's amours-

I begun thus-

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.

UT foftly—for in these fportive plains, and under this genial fun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is furprized by the imagination, I defy-notwithstanding all that has been said upon straight lines *, in fundry pages of my book—I defy the belt cabbage-planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account—(except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)-I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if flits in petticoats are unfew'd upwithout ever and anon straddling out, or fidling into some bastardly digression. -In Freeze-land, Fog-land, and some other lands I wot of-it may be done.

But in this clear climate of fantafy and perspiration, where every idea, fenible and insensible, gets vent—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my inkdorn to writ my Uncle Toby's amours,

and with all the meanders of Julia's track in quest of her Diego, in full view of my study-window—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out!
—Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOL-

—But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live—(whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this.

That of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best—I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening his streetdoor, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the clbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me—

I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended

for another man!

Pope and his portrait * are fools to me—no martyr is ever fo full of faith or fire—I with I could fay, of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or anger-or Anger or zeal-

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name—the arrantest TARTUFFE in science—in politicks—or in religion—shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what be will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

-Bon jour!—good merrow!so you have got your cloke on betimes! -but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o foot-and obstructions in the glands are dangerous-And how goes it with thy concubinethy wife — and thy little ones o'both fides?-—and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your fifter, aunt, uncle and coufins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, stranguaries, fciaticas, swellings, and fore-eyes. -What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood-give fuch a vile purge -puke-pouitice-plaister-nightdraught-glitter-blifter?--And why fo many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and fuch a dofe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail.—By my Great Aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, before the was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK

afresh, was more than the mask was worth—and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all—

This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous samily, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a Welch judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank—

In the fixteenth century we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

CHAP. IV.

IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom; —the fuffering party is at least the third, but generally the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long, as what in this vessel of the human frame, is love—may be hatred, in that—Sentiment half a yard higher—and nonsense—no, Madam—not there—I mean, at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal mentos, if you please, whoever soliloquized upon this mystick subject, my Uncle Toby was the worst fitted, to have pushed his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifesto's thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my Uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

HY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some alment in the foot)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profess'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predi-

sament: not that, at first fight, there is any consequence, or shew of logick in it, ' That a rill of cold water, dribbing through my inward parts should light up a torch in my Jenny's-

The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it feems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects-

But it shews the weakness and imbe-

cility of human reason.

- And in perfect good health

with it?

-The most perfect-Madam, that friendship herself could wish me.

___ And drink nothing !- nothing but water?

-Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pressest against the flood-gates of the brain-fee how they give way!

In swims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into

the centre of the current-

FANCY fits musing upon the bank; md, with her eyes following the fream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowfprits.—And DESIRE, with reft held up to the knee in one hand, fnatches at them, as they fwim by her, with the other.

O ye water drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turned this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent-be-powdering their ribs—be-peppering their noses, and thanging sometimes even the very frame and face of nature.

- If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius. - And, if I was you, Yorick,

eplied Eugenius, ' fo would I.'
Which shews they had both read

Longinus.

d

For my own part, I am resolved never o read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

Wish my Uncle Toby had been a water-drinker: for then the thing and been accounted for, that the first noment Widow Wadman faw him, she dt something stirring within her in his avour-Something!-fomething.

Something, perhaps, more than riendship—less than love—fomething no matter what—no matter where—I

would not give a single hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself, (indeed, the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your wor-

thips into the fecret.

But the truth is, my Uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had - or during the time he was under cure; when the furgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them fooner into contact - my Uncle Toby drank it for quietness fake.

Now, as all the world knows that. no effect in nature can be produced without a cause, and it is as well known, that my Uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unless as a captain you will needs have him one-but then he was only a captain of foot—and besides the whole is an equivocation—there is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my Uncle Toby's leg - but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment in the footwhereas his leg was not emaciated from any diforder in his foot-for my Uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and aukward, from a total disuse of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one Opinion or passage of my Life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleafure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments in getting out of 'em - Inconsiderate foul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diffresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every fide of thee - are they, Triftram, not sufficient, but thou must en-

tangle thyfelf still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou halt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and fixth volumes still - still unfold, and art almost at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented

with the vile assume thou gattest in skaiting against the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that in a sit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou breakedst a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?—

CHAP. VII.

But, for Heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and, some how or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it—

I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-ax, or a shovel—

It was a bed to lie on: so that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurnished: and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built; my Uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cock, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, super-added that of an excellent upholsterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, constructed one in my Uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve — for such was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

— 'That she was a perfect woman'—
had better be fifty leagues of—or in her
warm bed—or playing with a caseknife—or any thing you please—than
make a man the object of her attention,

when the house and all the furniture if

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power; physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her foul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him — till by reiterated acts of such combinations, he gets soiled into her inventory—

---And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEMfor I have delivered that above; nor
is it matter of BREVIARY—for I
make no man's creed but my own;
nor matter of FACT—at leaft, that I
know of: but 'tis matter copulative,
and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

Do not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them of the strength of their gusses—but pray do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world—that they so say exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet, as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode, I suppose, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this fashion; and if the fashion is changed—(for in Italy they are come to nothing)—so much the worse for the publick—they were two Flemish ells and a half in length; so that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now, from one little indulgent gain'd after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a feven year widowhood, things had infensibly come to this pass, and for the two last year had got established into one of the ordenances of the bed-chamber—that a soon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she alway gave Bridget notice—Bridget, with a suitable decorum, having sirst opened the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half ell of cloth we are speaking

of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to it's farthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or sive even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together a little above the hem; which done, she tucked all in tight at the feet, and wished her mistress a good

night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that on shivering and tempestuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions, and so performed it standing—kneeling—or squatting—according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the etiquette was facred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most insteadle bedchamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the corporal had conducted my Uncle Toby up stairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herself into her arm-thair, and crossing her left-knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight

upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles, and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third high (which was the last of my Uncle Toby's stay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-shift, and was essaying to stick in all the state of the stat

with a kick of both heels at once, but at the fame time the most natural kick that could be kicked in her fituation—for supposing ******** to be the sun in it's meridian, it was a north-east kick—she kicked the pin out of her singers—the etiquette which hung upon it—down—down it fell to the ground, and was shivered into a thou-sand atoms!

from all which, it was plain that Widew Wadman was in love with my Uacle Toby.

CHAP. X.

Y Uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matter; fo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were fettled, that he found

leifure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my Uncle Toby—but with respect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy) of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chuse, for that reason, to call these the amours of my Uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my Uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a

difference.

It is not like the affair of an old hat cock'd—and a cock'd old hat, about which your reverences have so often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide

one too.

CHAP. XI.

OW, as Widow Wadman did love my Uncle Toby—and my Uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my Uncle Toby—of let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither

the one nor the other-

Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myfelf; for, whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and tother, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her—and that she careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfast or no—

— Curse on her!—and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terradel Fuego, and so on to the devil: in short there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityship and stick

it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten

times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way-

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy

influence upon some one-

The douce take her and her influence too-for at that word I lose all patience-much good may it do him !-By all that is hirfute and gashly!'—I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twifting it round my finger, ' I would onot give fixpence for a dozen fuch!'

But 'tis an excellent cap, too,' (putting it upon my head, and preffing it close to my ears)— and warm—and foft; especially if you stroke it the right away-but, alas! that will never be my luck !'-(fo here my philofophy is shipwreck'd again.)

- No; I shall never have a finger in the pye! - (fo here I break my

metaphor).

· Crust and crumb, · Infide and out,

' Top and bottom-I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it-I'm fick at the fight of it-

· It is all pepper,

garlick, · staragen, falt, and

devil's dung-By the great arch-cook of cooks, who does no-' thing, I think, from morning to night, but fit down by the fire-fide and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I
would not touch it for the world!

- O Triftram! Triftram!' cried

Jenny.

' O Jenny! Jenny!' replied I-and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

XII. CHAP.

- Not touch it for the world!' did I fay-

Lord! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH shews, let your reverences and word. rences and worships fay what you will of it—(for, as for thinkingall who do think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)-

LOVE is certainly—at leas, alphabet. cally speaking-one of the most

A gitating, B ewitching, C onfounded,

D evilish affairs of life—the most

E xtravagant, F utilitous, G alligaskinish, H andy-dandyish,

I racundulous (there is no K to it) and L yrical, of all human passions-at the same time, the most

M ifgiving, N innyhammering,

O bitipating, P ragmatical, S tridulous,

R idiculous—though, by the bye, the R should have gone first-But, in short, 'tis of fuch a nature, as my father once told my Uncle Toby upon the close of a long differtation upon the subject-You can scarce, said he, combine

two ideas together upon it, brother · Toby, without an hypallage.'-

What's that?' cried my Uncle Toby. The cart before the horse,' replied my father.

- And what has he to do there? cried my Uncle Toby.

" Nothing,' quoth my father, 'but

to get in-or let it alone."

Now, Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She stood, however, ready harnested and caparisoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

HE Fates—who certainly all foreknew of these amours of Widow Wadman and my Uncle Toby-had from the first creation of matter and motion, (and with more courtefy than they usually do things of this kind) established such a chain of causes and effects, hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my Uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other hould in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this with the advantage of a thickfet arbon in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but plants n the hedge-row of my Uncle Toby

put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my Uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and, as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry en her approaches to the very door of the fentry-box; and, fometimes, out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my Uncle Toby up in the very fentry-box itself.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain, from every day's observation of man, that he may be fet on fire like a candle, at either end-provided there is a fufficient wick standing out-if there is not, there's an end of the affair—and if there is, by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself—there's an

end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself-for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast-I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top, for then I should burn down decently to the focket; that s, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and fo on by the meseraick reins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles, to the blind gut-

uoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting im as he mentioned the blind gut, in a iscourse with my father the night my nother was brought to-bed of me—' I befeech you,' quoth my Uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to

this day where it lies.'

'The blind gut,' answered Doctor lop, 'lies betwixt the illion and colon-" In a man! faid my father. 'It is precisely the same, 'cried Doc-

or Slop, 'in a woman.'
'That's more than I know!' quoth

CHAP. XVI.

And so, to make sure of both make use of his fore-singer.

fystems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my Uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (exclusive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one blind or mantelet so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my Uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you-but I don't know-possibly I have-be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about itthat whatever town or fortrefs the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaigns, my Uncle Toby always took care, on the infide of his fentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loofe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was refolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the fentry-box, but to extend her right-hand; and edging-in her leftfoot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-stretched neck meeting it half way-to advance it towards her; on which my Uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left-hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship—which was to take my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as foon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diffinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my Uncle Poby (poor foul!) had well marched above half a dozen toiles

-It obliged my Uncle Toby to

The difference it made in the attack was this-that in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my Uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no fentiment-it could neither give fire by pulfation—or receive it by fympathy-'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my Uncle Toby's fore-finger with her's, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works-pressing sometimes against the side of it-then treading upon it's nail -then tripping it up-then touching it here—then there, and so on—it set something, at least, in motion.

This, though flight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map ufually falling with the back of it close to the fide of the fentry-box, my Uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's close beside it: this at once opened a communication, large enough for any fentiment to pass or repass, which a perfon skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my Uncle Toby'sit unavoidably brought the thumb into action-and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear Uncle in the whole hand. Thine, dear Uncle Toby! was never now in it's right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up-or, with the gentlest pushings, protrufions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving-to get it preffed a hair-breadth of one fide out of her

Whilst this was doing, how could the forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the fentry-box, which flightly press'd against the calf of his-So that my Uncle Toby being thus attacked and fore push'd on both his wingswas it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder?

The deuce take it!' faid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wal. man, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which his tory is full of, and from the famera. A general looker-on, would fcarce allow them to be attacks at alor if he did, would confound them all together .- But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more add in this, but that in a bundle of onginal papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept io, whilst I have power to preserve my thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand fide, there is fill to maining the marks of a fnuffy fingerand thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine were Mrs. Walman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my Uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean: the feems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are veltiga of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestion ably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the fentry.

By all that is prieftly! I value this precious relique, with it's stigmata and pricks, more than all the reliques of the Romish church — always excepting when I am writing upon these matters the pricks which entered the flesh of St Radagunda in the defart, which in you road from FESSE to CLUNY, the num of that name will shew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

Think, an' please your honour, 1 quoth Trim, the fortification are quite destroyed - and the bason upon a level with the mole. - Ithin fo too, replied my Uncle Toby, will a figh half suppress'd; but step in

the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation

-it lies upon the table."

'It has lain there fix weeks,' replied he corporal, 'till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire

with it. Then,' faid my Uncle Toby, fervices.' - ' The more, an' pleafe your honour, the pity!' faid the corporal - in uttering which, he cast his pade into the wheel-barrow, which was befide him, with an air the most expresive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field—when a 'Heigh hol' from the fentry-box-which being made of thin flit deal, reverberated the found more forrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

- 'No;' faid the corporal to himfelf-' I'll do it before his honour rifes to-morrow morning:' fo taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level fomething at the foot of the glacis-but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him—he loosen'd a fod or two-pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he fat himself down close by my Uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XIX.

T was a thousand pities --- though, I'I believe, an' please your honour, I am going to fay but a foolish kind of

'a thing for a foldier—'
'A foldier,' cried my Uncle Toby,
interrupting the corporal, 'is no more exempt from faying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters. - But 'not so often, an' please your honour!' replied the corporal. - My Uncle Taby gave a nod.

'It was a thousand pities, then,' faid the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole—as Servius Sulpitius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara)

did upon Corintle and Pyreus-" It was a thousand pities, an' please your honour, to destroy these works-and a thousand pities to have let them stood!"

- Thou art right, Trim, in both cases!' said my Uncle Toby. - This,' continued the corporal, ' is

the reason, that from the beginning

of their demolition to the end-I have never once whiftled, or fung, or

laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of pass'ddone deeds, or told your honour one

ftory, good or bad.'

. Thou hast many excellencies, 'Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'and I hold it not the least of them, as thou

' happenest to be a story-teller, that of

the number thou hast told me-either to amuse me in my painful hours, or

to divert me in my grave ones-thou hast seldom told me a bad one.'

nour, except one of a King of Bobe-' mia and bis Seven Castles—they are all true; for they are about myself.'

' I do not like the subject the worse, 'Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'on ' that score: But pr'ythee what is this flory? Thou hast excited my curi-

ofity.'

'I'll tell it your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'directly.'- 'Provided,' faid my Uncle Toby, looking earnestly to. ward Dunkirk and the mole again; ' provided it is not a merry one; to ' fuch, Trim, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him: and the disposition I am in at prefent would wrong both thee, 'Trim, and thy story.'- 'It is not a ' merry one, by any means,' replied the corporal .- ' Nor would I have it altogether a grave one,' added my Uncle Toby.— 'It is neither the one nor the other,' replied the corporal; ' but will fuit your honour exactly.'- 'Then 'I'll thank thee for it with all my heart,' cried my Uncle Toby; ' so pr'ythee begin it, Trim!'

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace, or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is fitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont; yet, by fuffering the palm of his right-hand, which was towards his master, to slip backward upon the grafs, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater fweep-and by an unforced compression, at the fame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so that it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeezed—than pulled off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himself of both, in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BO-HEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my Uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a fingle moment; he had fet out bare-headed, having fince he pull'd off his Montero-cap, in the latter end of the last chapter, left it ly-

ing befide him on the ground.

-The eye of goodness espieth all things-fo that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my Uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane interrogatively—as much as to fay, 'Why don't you put it on, 'Trim?' Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being difmally tarnith'd and fray'd moreover in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the fubject.

'Tis every word of it but too true,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'that

thou are about to observe—
Nothing in this world, Trim, is

· made to last for ever."

But when tokens, Dear Tom,

of thy love and remembrance, wear out, faid Trim, what shall we say?

'There is no occasion, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till doomsday, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.' The corporal perceiving that my Uncle Toby was in

perceiving that my Uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his Seren Castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BO. HEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was a certain King of Bohemia, but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to in-

form your honour-'

'I do not defire it of thee, Trim, by
any means,' cried my Uncle Toby.

'It was a little before the time,
an' please your honour, when giants
were beginning to leave off breeding
but in what year of our Lord that
was—'

to know,' faid my Uncle Toby.

'Only, an' please your honour, it makes a story look the better in the face.'—'Tis thy own, Trim; so or nament it after thy own fashion; and take any date,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking pleasantly upon himtake any date in the whole world thou chusest, and put it to—thou art hear-

' tily welcome?'

The corporal bowed: for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt - and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ftory - had my Uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time and all it's abysses at his feet; but as Modesty scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open — the corporal contented himself with the very worst year of the whole bunch - which, to prevent your honours of the Majorky and Minority from tearing the very fell off your bones in contestation, Whether that year is not always the last cast-year of the last cast-almanack;

Itell you plainly, it was - but from a

different reason than you wot of.

__It was the year next him_ being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormand was playing the devil in Flanders - the corporal took it, and fet out with it afresh on his expedition to Bo-

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BO-HEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

In the year of our Lord one thou-fand feven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your honour—'
—' To tell thee truly, Trim,'
quoth my Uncle Toby, 'any other date would have pleased me much better; not only on account of the fad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refufing to cover the fiege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with fuch incredible vigour-but likewise, on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact - if there are giants in it-

'There is but one, an' please your honour!

- 'Tis as bad as twenty,' replied my Uncle Toby- ' thou should'st have carried him back fome feven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of criticks and other people; and therefore I would advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again-

- 'If I live, an' please your honour, but once to get through it, I never will tell it again,' quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child.'— Poo-poo!' faid my Uncle Toby; but with accents of fuch fweet encouagement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his flory with more lacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BO-HEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was, an' please your honour, said the corporal aling his voice, and rubbing the palms

of his two hands cheerily together as he began- a certain King of Bohemia-

- Leave out the date entirely, '.Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby-leaning forwards and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption- 'leave it out entirely, 'Trim: a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty fure of 'em.' - 'Sure of 'em!' faid the corporal, shaking his head.

' Right,' answered my Uncle Toby, it is not easy, Trim, for one bred up as thou and I have been, to arms, who feldom looks farther forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapfack, to know much about this matter.'- God bless your honour!' faid the corporal-won by the manner of my Uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself- he has something else to do! if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garrison—he has his firelock, an' please your honour to furbish — his accourrements to take care of — his ' regimentals to mend—himself to shave and keep clean, fo as to appear al-ways like what he is upon the parade what bufiness,' added the corporal triumphantly, 'has a soldier, an' please your honour, to know any thing

at all about geography?" - Thou should'st have said chronology, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby; for, as for geography, 'tis of ablolute use to him. He must be acquainted intimately with every country and it's boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways, which lead up to them—there is not a river or rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able at first fight to tell thee what is it's name - in what mountains it takes it's rife-what is it's course-how far it is navigable - where fordable where not-he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map, of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraffes, through and by which his army is to march-

he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters,

their animals, their feafons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their

religion.

' Is it else to be conceived, corporal,' continued my Uncle Toby-rifing up in his fentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his discourse—' how 'Marlborough could have marched his · army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—' (here the corporal could fit no longer)—' from Kerpenord, Trim, ' to Kaliaken; from Kaliaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; ' from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from · Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg-where · he broke in upon the enemy's works, · forced his passage over the Danube, ' croffed the Lech-push'd on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Friburg, · Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the · Plains of Blenheim and Hochstet?-Great as he was, corporal, he could · not have advanced a step, or made one fingle day's march, without the aids of geography-As for chronology, I own, Triin,' continued my Uncle Toby-fitting down again coolly in his fentry-box-' that of all others, it · feems a science which a soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renverling every thing, like thunder, before it, has become a new e æra to us of military improvements; changing fo totally the nature of attacks and defences both by sea and · land, and awakening fo much art and ' skill in doing it, that the world canonot be too exact in afcertaining the · precise time of it's discovery, or too inquifitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what · occasions gave birth to it.

' I am far from controverting,' continued my Uncle Toby, ' what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wincelaus, fon of Charles the Fourtha certain priest, whose name was Schwartz, shew'd the use of powder

to the Venetians, in their wars again the Genoese; but 'tis certain he was not the first: because, if we are to believe Don Pedro the Bishop of Leon—' How came priests and bishops, an' please your honour, to trouble their heads so much about gunpowder?'- God knows!' faid my Uncle Toby; his providence brings good out of every thing-and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonfus, who reduced Toledo, that in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the fecret of powder was well known, and employed with fuccess, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable fieges in Spain and Barbary-And all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was ' born-And that the Chinese,' added my Uncle Toby, 'embarrass us, and all accounts of it still more, by boats. ing of the invention some hundreds ' years even before him-They are a pack of lyars, !

believe!' cried Trim.

They are fome how or other deceived,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'in this matter, as is plain to me from the prefent miserable state of military architecture amongst them; which consists of nothing more than a folle with a brick wall without flanksand for what they give us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis fo barbaroully constructed, that it looks for all the world- 'Like one of my feven castles, an' please your honour! quoth

My Uncle Toby, though in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer-til Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew no how to get off his hands-my Uncle Toby was fo touch'd with the plea fantry of heart of the corporal-tha he discontinued his differtation upon gunpowder-and begged the corpora forthwith to go on with his flory of the King of Bohemia and his level

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BO-HEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS unfortunate King of Bohe-' mia-' faid Trim-' Was heunfortunate, then?' cried my Uncle Toby-for he had been fo wrapt up in his differtation upon gunpowder and other military affairs, that though he had defired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt so strong upon his fancy, as to fortunate, then?' faid my Uncle Toby, pathetically .- The corporal, wishing first the word and all it's fynonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story; from every one of which it apppearing that he was the most fortunate man that every existed in the world—it put the corporal to a fland: for not caring to retract his epithet-and lefs, to explain it-and least of all, to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system—he looked up in my Uncle Toby's face for affiftancefeeing it was the very thing my Uncle Toby fat in expectation of himself after a hum and a haw he went on-

'The King of Bohemia, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal, was unfortunate, as thus—that taking great pleasure and delight in navigation, and all fort of sea affairs—and there happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no

' fea-port town whatever-'

'How the deuce should there, Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby; 'for Bohemia, 'being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise.'—'It might,' said Trim, 'if it had pleased God.'

My Uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God,

but with diffidence and hesitation.

I believe not,' replied my Uncle Toby, after some pause; for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south: Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the sea, without ceasing to be Bohemia—nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overslowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabi-

tants who could make no defence against it.'—('Scandalous!' cried Trim.)—'Which would bespeak,'added my Uncle Toby mildly, 'such a want of compassion in him who is the Father of it—that I think, Trim, the thing could have happened no way.'

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.

'Now the King of Bohemia, with his queen and courtiers, bappening one fine fummer's evening to walk out—' 'Aye! there the word happening is right, Trim!' cried my Uncle Toby; 'for the King of Bohemia and his queen might have walked out, or let it alone—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, just as chance ordered it.'

' King William was of an opinion, an' please your honour,' quoth Trim, that every thing was predeftined for us in this world; infomuch, that he would often fay to his foldiers, that every ball had it's billet.'- He was a great man,' faid my Uncle Toby .-And I believe,' continued Trim, ' to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose, but to take me out of his service, and place me in your honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of ' in my old age!'—' It shall never,
'Trim, be construed otherwise!' said my Uncle Toby.

The heart both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden over-flowings——a short silence ensued.

Besides,' said the corporal—resuming the discourse, but in a gayer accent; 'if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your honour, been in love!'

'So thou wast once in love, Trim?'

faid my Uncle Toby, smiling—
'Souse!' replied the corporal!—
'over head and ears! an' please your
honour.'—'Pr'ythee, when? where?
—and how came it to pass?—I never
heard one word of it before,' quoth
my Uncle Toby.—'I dare say,' answered Trim, that every drummer and
serjeant's son in the regiment knew of
it.'—'It's high time I should!' said
my Uncle Toby.

my Uncle Toby.

'Your honour remembers with concern,' faid the corporal, 'the total
rout and confusion of our camp and
army at the affair of Landen—every

Ii

one was left to shift for himself; and, if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeeken, the king himself could scarce have gained it—he

felf could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honour

' knows, on every fide of him.'

Gallant mortal!' cried my Uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm; this moment, now that all is loft, I · fee him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him, to fupport the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible!—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh · fpirits into poor Galway's regiment— · riding along the line!—then wheeling ' about, and charging Conti at the head of it-Brave! brave! by Heaven! cried my Uncle Toby-' he deserves a crown!'- As richly, as a thief a · halter!' shouted Trim.

My Uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty—otherwise the comparison was nor at all to his mind: it did not altogether strike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but

Broceed

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own fafety—' 'Though Talmash,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'brought off the foot with great prudence.'—'But I was left upon the field,' faid the corporal.—'Thou wast so; poor fellow!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'So that it was noon the next day,' continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.

There is no part of the body, an' please your honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish

than upon the knee-

'Except the groin!' faid my Uncle
Toby.—' An' pleafe your honour,' replied the corporal, 'the knee, in my
'opinion, must certainly be the most
'acute, their being so many tendons
'and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.'
'It is for that reason,' quoth my

It is for that reason, quoth my Uncle Toby, 'that the groin is infinitely more sensible—there being not only
fo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-

'ems—(for I know their names a little as thou dost)—about it—but moreover ***—'

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—instantly stopped her breath—unpinned her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg.

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwist my Uncle Toby and Trim for some time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings but never shed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my Uncle Toby would not allow—' It is a proof of nothing, Trim,' said he, 'but he generosity of thy temper!'

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (cateris paribus) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee-

or-

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unfettled.

CHAP. XX.

tinued the corporal, 'was enterporal, in the cart, with the roughness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut upmaking bad still worse—every step was death to me; so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care taken of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—'(Poor soul!' said my Uncle Toby)—'all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain!

I was telling my fufferings to 1 young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar; and seeing it had cheared me, she had given it me a fecond and a third time.-I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was faying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face to wards one which was in the corner of the room-and die, than go opwhen, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms

-she was a good foul! as your honour, faid the corporal, wiping his

eyes, 'will hear.'
'I thought love had been a joyous

thing, quoth my Uncle Toby.

It is the most serious thing, an' please your honour, (sometimes) that

is in the world !-

By the perfuation of the young woman, continued the corporal, ' the cart with the wounded men fet off without me: she had affured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself-I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peafant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the comer of her handkerchief dipped in rinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

1 I took her, at first, for the daughter of the peafant—(for it was no inn) to had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom-' (Here Trim wiped his eyes)- had fent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lis-

- I never told your honour that piteous flory yet!'-Here Trim wiped

his eyes a third time.-

'The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to hew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed, and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital.—" Come, then!" the, tying up the little purse-" I'll be your banker! - but, as that office alone will not keep me employed, "I'll be your nurse too."

'I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her drefs, which I then began to confider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the pea-

to

2 2 2

' She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambrick border, laid close to her forehead: the was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders which they let go loofe. By thy de-

' scription, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'I dare fay she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spanish Nether-' lands-except at Amsterdam.-They differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloitter if they chuse to marry; they visit and take care of the fick by profession-I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of goodnature!'

- She often told me, quoth Trim, ' fhe did it for the love of Christ-'I did not like it.'—'I believe, Trim,
'we are both wrong,' faid my Uncle
Toby; 'we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's-' fo put me in mind,' added my Uncle

'The young Beguine,' continued the corporal, 'had icarce given herself time to tell me she would be my nurse, when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare fomething for me-and, in a short time—though I thought it a long one-she came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee foundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper—she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.—She wished me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made fad disturbance within me-I was every moment cutting the world in two-to give her half of it-and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knapfack and eighteen florins to share with her .- The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bed-side, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials-and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and, so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart fickened, and I lost colour, when she left the room: and yet,' continued the corporal-(making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—

'It was not love—for, during

the three weeks she was almost con stantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can · honestly 112

' honeftly say, an' please your honour-

« * * once.'

' That was very odd, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

I think so too!' faid Mrs. Wad-

' It never did!' faid the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

- But 'tis no marvel,' continued the corporal-feeing my Uncle Toby musing upon it; 'for love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a foldier, though he has · escaped three weeks compleat o'Saturday night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.—It happened so bere, an' please your honour, with this difference only-that it was on Sunday in the ' afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a fifferara—it burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, God bless me!"

'I thought, Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby, 'a man never fell in love fo

very fuddenly.

'Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it; replied Trim.

' I pr'ythee, quoth my Uncle Toby, 'inform me how this matter happened?

"With all pleasure!' faid the

corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

I Had escaped,' continued the corporal, 'all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end

of the chapter, had it not been pre-· destined otherwise—there is no resist-

ing our fate.

It was on a Sunday, in the after-

noon, as I told your honour-

· The old man and his wife had walked out-

· Every thing was still and hush as

midnight about the house-

' There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard-

- When the fair Beguine came

in to fee me.

· My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee so infus. ferable, that I had not that my eyes

the whole night for it.

" Let me see it," faid she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it: "it only wants rub." bing a little," faid the Beguine. So covering it with the bed-cloaths,

she began with the fore-finger of her right-hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards

and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreffing, In five or fix minutes I felt flight. Iy the end of her fecond fingerand presently it was laid flat with the

other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good

while; it then came into my head that " I should fall in love—I blushed when I faw how white a hand she had-I

fhall never, an' please your honour,

behold another hand fo white whilt I · live!

· Not in that place! faid my

Uncle Toby. Though it was the most serious affair in nature to the corporal—he could not

forbear smiling.

"The young Beguine," continued the corporal, 'perceiving it was of great fervice to me-from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers-proceeded to " rub at length with three—till by little and little fhe brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand: I will never fay another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again

-but it was fofter than fatur. - Pr'ythee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt!' faid my Uncle Toby; 'I shall hear thy story with the ' more delight!' The corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but have ing nothing to fay upon the Beguine's hand, but the same over again-he pro-

ceeded to the effects of it. 'The fair Beguine,' faid the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee-till I feared her ' zeal would weary her.—"I would do " a thousand times more," faid the,
" for the love of Christ." — In saying which, she passed her hand across the

flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of,

· I perceived

and rubbed it alfo,





I perceived then I was beginning

to be in love-

As the continued rub-rub rubbing . - I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your honour, to every part

of my frame-

'The more she rubb'd, and the longer frokes she took - the more the fire kindled in my veins - till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest -my passion rose to the highest ' pitch-I feiz'd her hand-'

- And then, thou clapped'st it to thy lips, Trim, faid my Uncle Toby,

and madelt a speech!

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my Uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contain'd in it the effence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote fince the beginning of the

XXIII. CHAP.

A S foon as the corporal had finish'd the story of his amour—or rather my Uncle Toby for him-Mrs. Wadman filently fallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, pais'd the wicker gate, and advanced flowly towards my Uncle Toby's fentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my Uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criss to be let flipp'd.

The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my Uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-ax, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scatter d upon the ground where Dunkirk stood. The corporal had march'd - the field

Now consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do to act by plan : for if ever plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold—(I mean, in the archives of Gotham) — it was tertainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my Uncle Toby in his fentrybox, BY PLAN-Now the Plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it — the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the fentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's ftory-that just then, that particular attack, however successful before - became the most heartless attack that could

O! let woman alone for this.—Mrs. Wadman had fcarce open'd the wickergate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

- She formed a new attack in 2

moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

-- ' I am half distracted, Captain ' Shandy!' faid Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left-eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's fentry-box—' a mote or fand or fomething I know not what, has got into this eye of minedo look into it-it is not in the white!

In faying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my Uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, gave him an opportunity of doing it without rifing up.

Do look into it!' faid fhe.

Honest foul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child looked into a raree-shew box; and 'twere as much a fin to have hurt thee!

-If a man will be peeping, of his own accord, into things of that nature

-I've nothing to fay to it-

My Uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have fat quietly upon a fofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rodope's belide him *, without being able to tell, whether it was a black, or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all

Tis surmounted. And

I fee him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling

^{*}Redope Thracia tam inevetabili fascino instructa, tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, uf in illam quis incidesset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.—I know not wbo.

out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes — and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ — Widow Wadman's left-eye shines this moment as lucid as her right — there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chass, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it — There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

of it, in all directions, into thine—

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in fearch of this mote one moment longer

-thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

A N eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon—by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as it is made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

'I protest, Madam,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in

· your eye.'

'It is not in the white!' faid Mrs. Wadman: my Uncle Toby look'd with

might and main into the pupil.

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my Uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and

foft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to hold coarse converse—but whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expirite saint—'How can you live comfortels, 'Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your cares to!'

It was an eye-

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

—— It did my Uncle Toby's bus.

ness.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing shews the characters of my father and my Uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the same accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what must my Uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all be-

nignity without it!

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion, before he married—but from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it besel him, he would never submit to it like a christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippicks against the exthat ever man wrote—there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which, in his sist transport of resentment against it, he begins thus—

'A devil'tis-and mischief such doth work,
'As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk'.'

In short, during the whole paroxism, my father was all abuse and soul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with a much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus policy—for though my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curie both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without

suring himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would fay, that ever was let

loofe in the world.

My Uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—fat still and let the poilon work in his veins without re-altance—in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word-he blamed neither heaven nor earth-or thought or spoke an injunious thing of any body, or any part of it; he fat folitary and pensive with his pipe-looking at his lame leg-then whiffing out a fentimental heigh-ho! which mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb-I fay.

In truth, he had mistook it at first; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to fave if possible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to to the poor *; which faid wood being in full view of my Uncle Toby's house, and of fingular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynnendaleby trotting on too halfily to fave itupon an uneasy saddle—worse horse, &c. &c. . . it had so happened, that the serous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nether-most part of my Uncle Toby—the first shootings of which (as my Uncle Toby ad no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paffion—till the blifter breaking in the one case—and the other temaining-my Uncle Toby was pre-ently convinced, that his wound was not a skin-deep wound—but that it had cone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

HE world is ashamed of being virtuous—My Uncle Toby knew ittle of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadhing was any more to be made a myfmy of, than if Mrs. Wadman had iven him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise—yet, a he ever looked upon Trim as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every

ef

day of his life, to treat him as fuchit would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

' I am in love, corporal!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

I N love!' faid the corporal; ' your ' honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honour the story of the King of 'Bohemia!'-' Bohemia!' faid my Uncle Toby-musing a long time-'What became of that story, Trim?'

' We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am—'twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow-' with Mrs. Wadman,' quoth my Uncle Toby—' She has left a ball ' here!' added my Uncle Toby-pointing to his breaft.

-- She can no more, an' please your honour, stand a siege, than she

can fly!' cried the corporal.

- But, as we are neighbours, ' Trim - the best way, I think, is to ' let her know it civilly first!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

' Now if I might prefume,' faid the corporal, ' to differ from your ho-

- Why else do I talk to thee, ' Trim !' faid my Uncle Toby, mildly. -- 'Then I would begin, an' please ' your honour, with making a good ' thundering attack upon her, in return - and telling her civilly afterwards - for, if the knows any thing of your honour's being in love, before-hand 'L-d help her!' ' she knows no more at present of it,
'Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'than
'the child unborn.'

Precious fouls!-

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all it's circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment fitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the iffue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head-before

Mr. Shandy must mean the poor in Spirit: inasmuch as they divided the money sough themselves.

he would allow half time to get quietly through her Te Deum.

'I am terribly afraid,' faid Widow Wadman, 'in case I should marry him,

Bridget - that the poor captain will onot enjoy his health, with the mon-

· strous wound upon his groin.

' It may not, Madam, be so very · large,' replied Bridget, 'as you think;

-and I believe, besides,' added she,

that 'tis dried up.

- I could like to know-merely for his fake!' faid Mrs. Wadman.

- We'll know the long and the • broad of it, in ten days,' answered Mrs. Bridget; ' for, whilft the captain is paying his addresses to you - I'm

confident Mr. Trim will be for mak-· ing love to me - and I'll let him, as

much as he will,' added Bridget, 'to

· get it all out of him.'

The measures were taken at onceand my Uncle Toby and the corporal

went on with theirs. ' Now,' quoth the corporal, fetting his left-hand a kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just pro-mised success—and no more; 'if your honour will give me leave to lay down

the plan of this attack-

. Thou wilt please me by it, ' Trim,' faid my Uncle Toby, exceedingly; 'and, as I foresee thou must act in it as my aid de camp, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to

" fteep thy commission."

'Then, an' please your honour,' said the corporal,'-(making a bow first for his commission)- 'we will begin with e getting your honour's laced cloaths out of the great campaign trunk, to · be well aired, and have the blue and

• gold taken up at the fleeves—and I'll · put your white ramallie-wig fresh into · pipes—and fend for a taylor, to have

· your honour's thin scarlet breeches

- I had better take the red plush ones!' quoth my Uncle Toby .-· They will be too clumfy,' faid the corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

- 'Thou wilt get a brush and a · little chalk to my fword-' 'Twill · be only in your honour's way,' replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

- But your honour's two razon shall be new set -and I will get my Montero-cap furbish'd up, and puton poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your honour gave men wear for his fake - and as foon a your honour is clean shaved, and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine scarlet-fome. times one and formetimes t'other-and every thing is ready for the attackwe'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a baltion; and whilst your honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right-I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; ' and having feiz'd that pass, I'll an-' fwer for it,' faid the corporal, fnapping his fingers over his head, 'that ' the day is our own!' ' I wish I may but manage it right,'

faid my Uncle Toby; 'but I declar, ' corporal, I had rather march up to ' the very edge of a trench-

- A woman is quite a different ' thing!' faid the corporal.

- I suppose so! quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father said, could have provoked my Uncle Toby during the time he was love, it was the perverse use my father was always making of an expression of Hilarion the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagel lations, and other instrumental parts of his religion — would fay—though with more facetiousness than became a hermi -that they were the means he used, I make his Ass (meaning his BODY leave off kicking.

It pleased my father well; it was no only a laconick way of expressing-b of libelling, at the fame time, the de fires and appetites of the lower part us; fo that, for many years of my fi ther's life, 'twas his constant mode expression — he never used the wor passions once—but as always instead them - So that he might be faid trul to have been upon the bones, or the bad of his own ats, or else of some other man's, during all that time. Imu

I must here observe to you, the diference betwixt

My father's afs and my bobby-borfe-in order

keep characters as separate as may For my hobby-horse, if you recol-eff a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of he as about him— Tis the sporting ittle filly folly which carries you out or the present hour-a maggot, a buterly, a picture, a fiddle-ttick-an Unle Toby's fiege-or an any thing, which man makes a shift to get a-stride on, canter it away from the cares and so-citudes of life.—'Tis as useful a beast s is in the whole creation—nor do I eally see how the world could do withut it—

But, for my father's ass-oh! that's three times, is it not?)—mount im not—'tis a beaft concupiscent—and oul befal the man who does not hinder infrom kicking !

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CHAP. XXXII.

WELL! dear brother Toby,' faid my father—upon his faid my father—upon his If feeing him after he fell in loveand how goes it with your Asse?' Now my Uncle Toby thinking more the part where he had had the blifter, han of Hilarion's metaphor—and our re-conceptions having (you know) as reat a power over the founds of words sthe shapes of things, he had imagin-d, that my father, who was not very gremonious in his choice of words, ad enquired after the part by it's proper ame: so, notwithstanding my mother, loctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were thing in the parlour, he thought it ra-ler civil to conform to the term my her civil to conform to the term my ther had made use of than not.— When a man is hemmed in by two incorums, and must commit one of m-I always observe—let him chuse hich he will, the world will blame in-fo I should not be astonished if it lames my Uncle Toby.

'My a-e,' quoth my Uncle Toby, is much better, brother Shandy.'-Ay father had formed great expecta-ons from his Asse in this onset; and ould have brought him on again: but offer Slop setting up an intemperate

laugh—and my mother crying out L-d bless us!' it drove my father's, Asse off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge for some

And so the discourse went on without him.

'Every body,' faid my mother, ' fays you are in love, brother Toby-and

we hope it is true.'

' I am as much in love, fifter, I be-' lieve,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as ' any man usually is.'- 'Humph!' faid my father. - 'And when did you know it?' quoth my mother.

- When the blifter broke, re-

plied my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper-io he charged

CHAP. XXXIII.

S the ancients agree, brother A 'Toby,' faid my father, 'that there are two different and distinct kinds of love, according to the dif-ferent parts which are affected by it the brain or liver-I think, when a mán is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he is fallen into.

' What fignifies it, brother Shandy,' replied my Uncle Toby, ' which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and

get a few children!'

- A few children!' cried my father, rifing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doc-tor Slop's—' a few children l' cried my father, repeating my Uncle Toby's

words as he walked to and fro.

Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my Uncle Toby's chair- not that I should be forry had'it thou a ' fcore—on the contrary, I should re-' joice—and be as kind, Toby, to eve-' ry one of them as a father.'

My Uncle Toby Itole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my

father's a squeeze.

- 'Nay, moreover,' continued he, keeping hold of my Uncle Toby's hand; fo much dost thou posses, my dear Kk

· Toby, of the milk of human nature, and fo little of it's asperities—'tis pi-· teous the world is not peopled by · creatures which refemble thee; and was I an Afiatick monarch,' added my father, heating himself with his new project-' I would oblige thee, · provided it would not impair thy ftrength-or dry up thy radical moif-' ture too fast-or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby-which these · gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt to do-elfe, dear Toby, I would pro-· cure thee the most beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, nolens volens, to beget for me

one subject every month. As my father pronounced the last word of the fentence-my mother took

a pinch of fnuff.

Now I would not, quoth my Uncle Toby, ' get a child, nolens volens, ' (that is, whether I would or no) to • please the greatest prince upon earth!'

- And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee!' faid my father: 'but'tis a case put, to shew ' thee, that it is not thy begetting a · child—in case thou should'st be able-

but the system of love and marriage thou goest upon, which I would set

thee right in.

'There is, at least,' faid Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense ' in Captain Shandy's opinion of love: · and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of ' my life which I have to answer for, that I have read to many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract fo · much.

· I wish, Yorick,' said my father, · you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES.'- I know there were two RELIGIONS,' replied Yorick, 'a-' month the ancients—one for the vule gar, and another for the learned: ' but I think ONE LOVE might have · ferved both of them very well.'

'It could not,' replied my father; and for the same reasons: for of these · loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is ra-· tional-

-- The other is naturalthe first ancient-without mother-

where Venus had nothing to do: the fecond, begotten of Jupiter and Dione.'

Pray, brother, quoth my fle cle Toby, what has a man whole · lieves in God to do with this! My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his di courfe.

'This latter,' continued he, 'pu takes wholly of the nature of Venus

The first, which is the golden chan let down from heaven, excites to le heroick, which comprehends in and excites to the defire of philosoph

and truth-the fecond, excites to de

fire, fimply.'
'I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, faid Yo rick, as the finding out the longi " tude.'

__ ' To be fure,' faid my mother ' love keeps peace in the world,'

- In the house-my dear, Iown! - It replenishes the earth,' said m mother.

· But it keeps heaven empty-m ' dear!' replied my father.

triumphantly, 'which fills paradife.' Well push'd, nun!' quoth my fa

ther.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Y father had fuch a skirmining was with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one ttroke to remember him by in his tunthat if there were twenty people in com pany—in less than half an hour he w fure to have every one of them again

What did not a little contribute t leave him thus without an ally, wa that if there was any one post more w tenable than the rest, he would be su to throw himself into it; and to d him justice, when he was once there he would defend it so gallantly, the 'twould have been a concern, either a brave man, or a good-natured on to have feen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though would often attack him-yet coul never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right fide of the rampart and he was beginning to blow up a the convents in Christendom about

lop's ears, when corporal Trim came nto the parlour, to inform my Uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, n which the attack was to be made pon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; or that the taylor, in ripping them up, n order to turn them, had found they ad been turn'd before. 'Then turn them again, brother,' faid my father apidly, 'for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair.'- 'They are as rotten as dirt, faid the corporal.— Then, by-all means, faid my father, bespeak a new pair, brother-for though ? know, continued my father, turning imfelf to the company, ' that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the fame passion, yet now that the has caught him-her fever will be pass'd it's height-

- She has gain'd her point. 'In this case,' continued my father, which Plato, I am perfuaded, never thought of-Love, you fee, is not fo much a SENTIMENT as a SITUA-TION, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a corps-no matter whether he loves the fervice or no-being once in it-he acts as if he did; and takes every step to thew himself a man of prowess. The hypothesis, like the rest of my ather's, was plausible enough; and my Uncle Toby had but a fingle word object to it-in which Trim stood eady to second him—but my father had

ot drawn his conclusion.

'For this reason,' continued my faher, (stating the case over again) ' notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman affects my brother Toby—and my brother Toby—contrariwise affects Mrs. Wadman, and reached and no obstacle in nature to forbid the musick striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this felfsame tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.'

'We have taken our measures badly?' with my Uncle Toby, looking up in-

errogatively in Trim's face.

'I would lay my Montero-cap,' faid nm-(Now Trim's Montero-cap, as once told you, was his constant wager; nd having furbish'd it up that very sht, in order to go upon the attack-

it made the odds look more confiderable)-- 'I would lay, an' please your ' honour, my Montero-cap to a shil-' ling-was it proper,' continued Trim, (making a bow) ' to offer a wager be-

fore your honours-

- There is nothing improper in it, faid my father; it is a mode of expression: for, in faying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is this— ' thou believest-

--- 'Now, what do'ft thou be-· lieve?

' That Widow Wadman, an' please your worthip, cannot hold it out ten days.'

' And whence,' cried Slop, jeeringly, ' haft thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?'

By falling in love with a Popish

clergy-woman,' faid Trim.

' It was a Beguine,' faid my Uncle

Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to liften to the distinction; and my father taking that very crifis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole Order of Nuns and Beguines—a fet of filly, fusty baggages-Slop could not stand it-and my Uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breechesand Yorick about his fourth general division-in order for their several attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone; and having half an hour on his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my Uncle Toby the following letter of instructions.

MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY,

WHAT I am going to fay to ' thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee-' though not fo well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instruc-' tions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

· Had it been the good pleafure of ' Him who disposes of our lots-and ' thou no fufferer by the knowledge-

' I had been well content that thou ' should'st have dipp'd the pen this mo-

" ment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case-Mrs. ' Shandy being now close besides me,

' preparing for bed-I have thrown Kk2 · together, together, without order, and just as they have come into my mind, fuch hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending, in this,

to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the man-ner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair-· though I perceive from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing notwithstanding thy unaffected fecrecy, how few of it's offices thou · neglectest-yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted: and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or in the afternoon, without first · recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shavet he whole top of thy crown · clean once at least every four or five days, but oftner if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has s been cut away by Time-how much by Irim.

It were better to keep ideas of bald-

e ness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind. and act upon it, as a fure maxim, Toby-· That women are timid: and well they are—else there would be no

dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loofe about thy thighs, · like the trunk hose of our ancestors. - A just medium prevents all con-

clufions-

• Whatever thou hast to say, be it · more or less, forget not to utter it in a low foft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain;

for this cause, if thou canst help it,

never throw down the tongs and poker. · Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou can'ft entice her to read over—it will be well: but suffer her

o not to look into Rabelais, or Sens ron, or Don Quixote-

- They are all books which or cite laughter; and thou knowelt, der · Toby, that there is no passion so se.

rious as luft.

Stick a pin in the bosom of the fhirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to fit upon the same fofa with her, and he gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon her's - beware of taking itthou can'ft not lay thy hand on her's, but she will feel the temper of thing Leave that, and as many other things as thou can'ft, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiolity on thy fide; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy ASSE continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose - thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means. ' Avicenna, after this, is for having

helleb re, using proper evacuations and purges-and, I believe, rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's fielh, nor red deer-nor even foal's sein by any means; and carefully abstainthat is, as much as thou can'ft-from peacocks, cranes, coots, didapper,

the part anointed with the syrup of

and water-hens-

As for thy drink-I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of VER-· VAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which Ælian relates fuch effects-but if thy stomach palls with it-discontinuent from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, pursiane, water lilies, woodbine, and lettice, in the stead of them. There is nothing farther for thee, which occurs to me at prefent-- Unless the breaking out of a fresh war.—So wishing every thing dear Toby, for the best—

' I rest thy affectionate brother, WALTER SHANDA

CHAP. XXXV.

HILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my Uncle Toby and the corporal were but in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present) there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so accordingly it was resolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, faid my father to my mother—'it will be but like a brother and fifter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's to countenance him in this attack of

· his.'

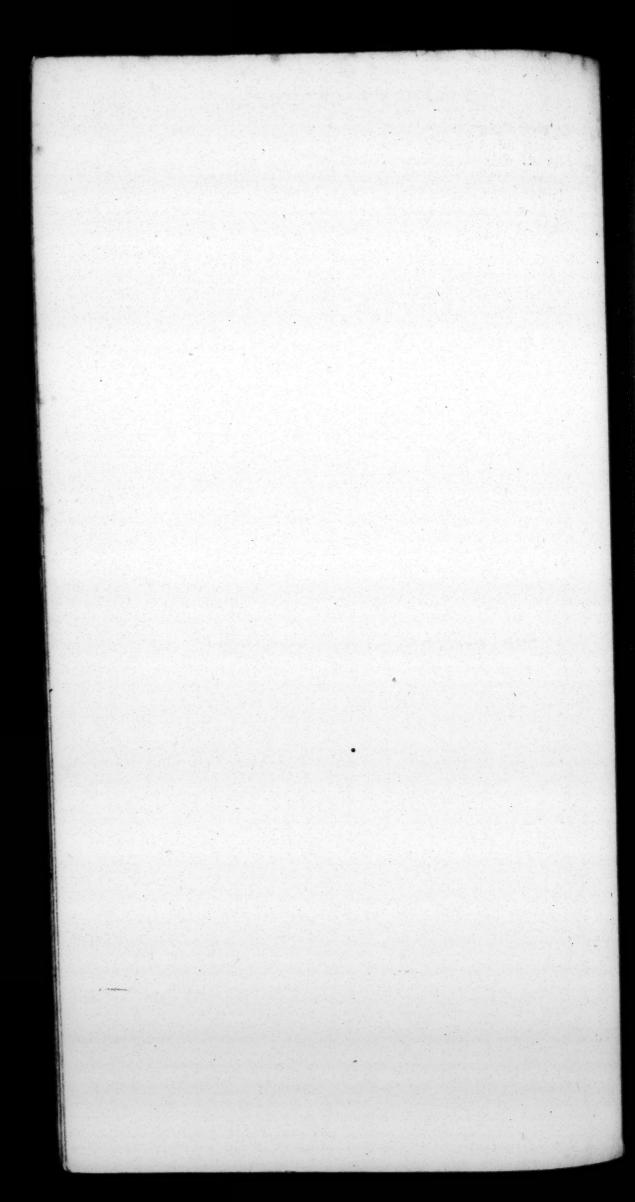
My Uncle Toby and the corporal had been accounted both some time, when my father and mother entered—and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to fally forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of such a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my Uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

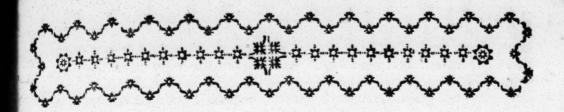
'I could like,' faid my mother, 'to look through the key-hole, out of ca'riofity.'—' Call it by it's right name.

my dear,' quoth my father-

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

ZND OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.





THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CHAP. I.

Call all the powers of time and chance, which feverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness that I could never yet get fairly to my Uncle Toby's amours, till this very

Uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's curiofity, as the flated the affair—or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it—wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

'Call it, my dear, by it's right name,' quoth my father, 'and look through 'the key-hole as long as you will.'

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, sould have vented such an infinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally fwinging with her left-arm twifted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she raised her singers, and let them fall—it could scarce be called a tap—or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether it was a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession—my sather, who was all sensibilities from head to soot, classed it right—Conscience re-

doubled her blow-he turned his face fuddenly the other way, and my mother fuppofing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right-leg, keeping her left as it's centre, brought herfelf so far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eyes.—Confusion again! he faw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chrystal, with all it's humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of delire might have been feen at the bottom of it, had it existed—it did not—and how I happened to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes-Heaven above knows !-My mother, Madam, was so at no time, -either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts—which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one.—And as for my father's example, 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole butiness of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head.—Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a little

inconfistent,

inconsistent, my father knew it .- And here am I fitting, this 12th day of August 1766, in a purple jerkin and yel-low pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragi-comical completion of his prediction, that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account.

The mistake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself: for certainly keyholes were made for other purpofes; and confidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it wasit became a violation of nature; and was fo far, you fee, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your reverences, that key-holes are the occasions of more fin and wickedness, than all other holes in this world put toge-

-Which leads me to my Uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my Uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a bufiness as one would have wished. The corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air -SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile-it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as foon have raifed the dead.

Such it was-or rather fuch would it have feem'd upon any other brow; but the fweet look of goodness which fat upon my Uncle Toby's, affimulated every thing around it to fovereignly to itself, and Nature had moreover wrote Gentleman with fo tair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimfy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themselves, ye the moment my Uncle Toby put then on, they became ferious objects, and al. together feem'd to have been pick'd to by the hand of Science to fet him of the

advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co. operated more powerfully towards this. than my Uncle Toby's blue and goldhad not quantity in some measure been necessary to grace: in a period of fifteen or fixteen years fince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my Uncle Toby's life, for he seldom went farther than the bowling-green-his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the fleeves was of no advantage. - They were laced, however, down the back, and at the feams of the fides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my Uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at fixes and sevens.

Yes, Madam—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my Uncle Toby's wardrobe, he fallied forth in the red plush.

The corporal had array'd himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces diftant from his master: a whiff of mile tary pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's flick. My Uncle Toby carried his cane like

It looks well, at least!' quota my father to himself.

CHAP. III.

Y Uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to fee how he was supported by the corpo

al; and the corporal as oft as he did t, gave a flight flourish with his flick out not vapouringly; and, with the weetest accent of most respectful encou-

ragement, bid his honour never fear. Now my Uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too: he knew not (as my ather had reproach'd him) so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his ease-near any one of them unless in forrow or distress—then in-finite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye: and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked stedfastly into one; and would often tell my father in the fim-plicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not alout) as bad as talking bawdy. - 'And suppose it is!' my father would fay.

CHAP. IV.

'SHE cannot,' quoth my Uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door — 'she cannot, 'corporal, take it amiss!'

'She will take it, an' please 'your honour,' said the corporal, 'just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom.'

my Uncle Toby, facing quite about to

the corporal.

'Your honour,' replied the corporal,
knows of Tom's misfortunes; but
this affair has nothing to do with them,
any farther than this, that if Tom had
not married the widow—or had it
pleased God after their marriage, that
they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been
taken out of his warm bed, and
dragg'd to the inquisition.—'Tis a
cursed place!' added the corporal,
saking his head: 'when once a poor
creature is in, he is in, an' please your
honour, for ever.'

Toby-looking gravely at Mrs. Wad-man's house as he spoke.

'Nothing,' continued the corporal,

or fo fweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.'

' Nothing, Trim I' faid my Uncle

Toby, musing.
'Whilst a man is free—' cried the corporal; giving a flourish with his stick thus—



A thousand of my father's most subtle fyllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My Uncle Toby looked earnestly towards his cottage and his bowlinggreen.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of exorcism, most un-ecclesiastically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

As Tom's place, an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rouzing trade—Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so, without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—

Li Tom

' Tom fet out - counting the matter thus within himself as he walked along; that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of faufages for their worthbut, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get ' not only a pound of faufages-but a

wife—and a faufage-shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain. Every fervant in the family, from · high to low, wished Tom success; ' and I can fancy, an' please your hoo nour, I fee him this moment with his white dimity waiftcoat and breeches,

and hat a little o'one fide, paffing ' jollily along the street, swinging his flick, with a smile and a chearful word for every body he met.—But, alas! Tom, thou smilest no more!' cried the corporal-looking on one fide of him upon the ground, as if he apo-ftrophized him in his dungeon.

' Poor fellow!' faid my Uncle Toby,

feelingly.

' He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever
 blood warmed!'

- Then he resembled thee, Trim!

faid my Uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal blushed down to his fingers ends — a tear of fentimental bashfulness — another of gratitude to my Uncle Toby - and a tear of forrow for his brother's misfortunes — started into his eye, and ran fweetly down his cheek together: my Uncle Toby's kindled, as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat, (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling - he stood filent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with the story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP.

HEN Tom, an' please your ' honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor e negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a ' long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.'—' 'Tis a pretty picture!' faid my Uncle Toby—' she had fuffered perfecution, Trim, and ' had learnt mercy!'

- She was good, an' please your

honour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstance

in the story of that poor friendless flut, that would melt a heart of stone! fan Trim; ' and some dismal winter's even

ing, when your honour is in the hu-· mour, they shall be told you with the e rest of Tom's story, for it makes part of it.'

Then do not forget, Trim, 'aid

my Uncle Toby.

· A negro has a foul, an' please your honour?' faid the corporal (doubt-

ingly.)

' I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my Uncle Toby, ' in things of that kind; but I suppose God would onot leave him without one, any more than thee or me.'

It would be putting one fading over the head of another!' quoth the

corporal.
'It would fo!' faid my Uncle Toby. Why then, an please your honou, is a black wench to be used work fhan a white one?'

' I can give no reason,' said my

Uncle Toby.

ing his head, 'because she shas no on

' to stand up for her!' - It is that very thing, Trim, quoth my Uncle Toby, which to commends her to protection-and he brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into out hands now-where it may be here

after, Heaven knows!-but be where it will, the brave, Trim, will

' never use it unkindly.'

- God forbid!' faid the corporal.

' Amen!' responded my Uncle To by, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his flory and went on-but with an embarral ment in doing it, which here and then a reader in this world will not be ablet comprehend; for by the many fudde transitions all along, from one kin and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loft the sportable key of his voice, which ga fense and spirit to his tale: he attempt ed twice to refume it, but could no please himself; to giving a stout bem o rally back the retreating spirits, and iding Nature at the same time with his stram a-kimbo on one side, and with is right a little extended supporting er on the other—the corporal got as ear the note as he could; and in that titude continued his story.

CHAP. VII.

As Tom, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond to talk to the Jew's widow about love—and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at

the table, and fat down.

'There is nothing fo aukward as courting a woman, an' please your honour, whilst she is making sausages.

So Tom began a discourse upon them; first gravely—as how they were made—with what meats, herbs and spices.—Then a little gayly—as, With what skins—and if they never burst?—Whether the largest were not the best?—and so on—taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under, than over—that he might have

'It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution,' faid my Uncle Toy, laying his hand upon Trim's shouler, 'that Count De la Motte lost the battle of Wynendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood; which, if he had not done, Lisse had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her examples. It was so late in the year,' continued by Uncle Toby, 'and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perished in the open field.'

'Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?'—

Iy Uncle Toby mused.

Religion inclined him to say one hing, and his high idea of military skill impred him to say another; so not eing able to frame a reply exactly to

his mind—my Uncle Toby faid nothing at all; and the corporal finished his

itory.

' As Tom perceived, an' please your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had faid upon the subject of faufages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them. -First, by taking hold of the ring of ' the faufage whilft she stroked the forced meat down with her hand—then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilft she took them out one by one-then, by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them-and fo on, from little to more, till at last he adventured to tie the fausage himself, whilst she held the fnout.

honour, always chuses a second husband as unlike the first as she can:
fo the affair was more than half settled
in her mind before Tom mentioned it.
She made a feint, however, of defending herself, by snatching up a
fausage—Tom instantly laid hold of
another—

But feeing Tom's had more griffle

in it-

'She figned the capitulation—and'Tom fealed it: and there was an end'of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

ALL womankind,' continued Trim, (commenting upon his story) 'from the highest to the lowest, 'an' please your honour, love jokes: the difficulty is to know how they chuse to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, 'till we hit the mark.'

I like the comparison, faid my Uncle Toby, better than the thing

· itself!

--- Because your honour,' quoth the corporal, ' loves glory, more than

pleafure.

'I hope, Trim,' answered my Uncle Toby, 'I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have prac-

Llz

tised together in our bowling-green,

has no object but to shorten the strides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives

and fortunes of the few, from the plunderings of the many—whenever

that drum beats in our ears, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want fo much humanity and fellow-feeling

as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my Uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coatskirt as he took his first step—marched close behind him down the avenue.

— Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother.— By all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her

house to mark out the lines of circum-

vallation!

But stop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion—and what my father did say upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon—or to say it all in a word, shall be thumbed over by posterity in a chapter apart—I say, by posterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen, the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock—fee! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

----Heaven have mercy upon us

both!

CHAP. IX.

OW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

Y mother had gone with her left, Y mother had gone with her left, arm swifted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Dodor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horse: as this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my Uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about, - Let us just stop a moment, quoth my father, and fee with what cere. monies my brother Toby and his man Trim make their first entry-it will not detain us, added my father, a fingle minute. No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother. - It will not detain us half a one, faid my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on-and on—it had episodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader sound

it very long.

fifty times at every new attitude; and gave the corporal's flick, with all its flourishings and danglings, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events, like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of Fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

CURIOSITY governs the first moment and the second moment is all OFCONO-MY to justify the expence of the firstand for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethick writers have affigned this all to Patience; but that wirtue, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from these to the end of my Uncle Toby's paney, rick upon arms in the chapter following it; when seeing, that instead of marching

ing up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and marched down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little subacid foreness of humour, which, in certain fituations, diftinguished his character from that of all other men

CHAP, XI.

NoW what can their two noddles be about?' cried my father! - - &c. - - - -

'I dare fay,' faid my mother, 'they

are making fortifications.

_ Not on Mrs. Wadman's pre-' misses!' cried my father, stepping back.

· I suppose not!' quoth my mother. 'I wish,' said my father, raising his voice, 'the whole science of fortifica-' tion at the devil! with all it's trum-' pery of faps, mines, blinds, gabions, ' fausse-brays and cuvetts.'

- They are foolish things !' said

my mother.

Now she had a way-which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow flippers into the bargain, if some of your reverences would imitate and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father had laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her - but no more; and so would go on using a hard word twenty years together-and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all it's moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal fource of mifery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dia-logues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradictionthe few which furvived were the better

- They are foolish things,' said my mother.

- 'Particularly the cuvetts!' re-

plied my father.

Twas enough -he tasted the sweets of triumph, and went on.

- Not that they are, properly fpeaking, Mrs. Wadman's premisses, faid my father, partly correcting himfelf - because she is but tenant for · life,'

- That makes a great difference,

faid my mother.

- In a fool's head!' replied my father.

"Unless she should happen to have a

child, faid my mother.

But fhe must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one!

- 'To be fure, Mr. Shandy!'

quoth my mother.

- Though if it comes to perfuafion, faid my father- Lord have ' mercy upon them!'

'Amen!' faid my mother, piano.
'Amen!' cried my father, fortif-

'Amen!' faid my mother againbut with such a fighing cadence of per-fonal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father-he instantly took out h, amanack; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it—and my mother telling him it was a facrament-day-left him as little in doubt, as to the other part. - He put his almanack into his pocket.

The first lord of the treasury thinking of ways and means, could not have returned home with a more embarrafied

CHAP. XII.

PON looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a fingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digression (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the business—no; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raising powers

luitable

fuitable to the nature of the service: FANCY is capricious - WIT must not be fearched for - and PLEASANTRY (good-natured flut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to belaid at her feet.

The best way for a man, is to fay

his prayers.

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoftly as bodily-for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before—for other purposes,

better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this casefometimes by addressing myself directly to the foul herfelf, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties.

-I never could make them an inch

the wider.

Then, by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body by temperance, foberness, and chastity. 'These are good,' quoth I, in themselves - they are good, abso-

Intely—they are good, relatively—they are good for health—they are

good for happiness in this world they are good for happiness in the

e next.

In flort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the foul just as Heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that fniveling virtue of meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again - fo you are exactly where you ftarted.

Now in all common and ordinary eases, there is nothing which I have found to aniwer so well as this-

-Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logick, and that I am not blinded by felf-love, there must be fomething of true genius about me, merely upon this fymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it publick; willing that all mankind should write as well as myielf.

-Which they certainly will, when

they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

OW in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rife heavily and pass gummous

through my pen-

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb. lift out of it for my foul; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter,

unless something be done-

-I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of fnuff or a stride or two across the room will not do the business for me -I take a razor at once; and having ried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my shirt - put on a better coat -fend for my last wig-put my topar ring upon my finger—and, in a word, dress my self from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this does not do! for confider, Sir, as every man chuses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably fits over against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the

brain.

- I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risque of being quite shaved away, might be carried up by continual shaving, to the highest pitch of sublimity-How Homer could write with fo long a beard, I don't know-and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care-But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξαθερική πραξις) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the foul and body are joint sharers in every thing they get; a man cannot drefs, but his ideas get cloathed at the fame time; and if he dreffes like a gentleman, every one of them stands prefented to his imagination, genteelized along with him-fo that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write

like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I write clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundress's bill, as my book: there was one fingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abused, cursed, criticized, and confounded, and had more mystick heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than all the other months of that year put together.

-But their honours and reverences

had not seen my bills.

CHAP. XIV.

A S I never had any intention of be-ginning the digreffion I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the fifteenth chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper-I have twenty this moment ready for it - I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it-

Or my chapter of Pishes, which

should follow them-

Or my chapter of Knots, in case their reverences have done with them—they might lead me into mischief: the safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, though I declare before-hand, I know no more than my

heels how to answer them.

t

e

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And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of thersitical satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with-(and by the bye, whoever fays fo, is in-debted to the muster-master-general of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of fo ugly and foul-mouthed a man as Thersites to continue upon his roll-for it has furnished him with an epithet)—in these productions, he will arge, all the personal washings and crubbings upon earth do a finking gehius no fort of good-but just the conrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the felow is, the better generally he fucceeds

To this, I have no other answert least ready-but that the Archbihop of Benevento wrote his nasty Rosace of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiffcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance fet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed so by the other, upon the fingle account of that investment.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is it's want of univerfality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the species entirely from it's use: all I-can fay is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it.

As for the Spanish ladies-I am in

no fort of distress.

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of How our pleafures slip from under us in this world!

For in talking of my digreffion-I declare before Heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal

' man!' faid the.

It is very true, faid I--but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my Uncie Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; fo they faced about, and marched up straight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

' I warrant your honour,' faid the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door.—My Uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful fervant, faid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshall'd his ideas; he wished for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door—he hemm'd twice—a portion of my Uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulfion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended

for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her singer and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bedchamber, watching their approach.

but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the

My Uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whittled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

A S Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as, perchance, your honour's taylor—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine, some five and twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience.

-But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curfed thing to be in debt; and there feems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no œconomy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or fmall, upon earth, more defirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am-or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea-or walk with boots-or cheapen tooth-picksor lay out a shilling upon a band-box - the year round; and for the fix months I'm in the country, I'm upon fo fmall a scale, that with all the good temper in the world, I out-do Rousseau a bar length-for I keep neither man or boy, or horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a vestal (to keep my fire in) who has generally as bad an appetite as myself—but if you think this makes a philosopher of me-I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy—but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillabullero.

Let us go into the house.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

__ You shall see the very place, Madam, faid my Uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blushed—looked torards the door—turned pale—blushed ightly again—recovered her natural coor-blushed worse than ever: which, or the sake of the unlearned reader, I

'L-d! I cannot look at it!-

What would the world fay if I looked at it?

I should drop down if I looked at

'I wish I could look at it .-

There can be no fin in looking at

- ' I will look at it!'

Whilst all this was running through Its. Wadman's imagination, my Unle Toby had risen from the sofa, and of to the other side of the parlour-door, give Trim an order about it in the asset.

I believe it is in the garret,' faid by Uncle Toby—' I faw it there, an' please your honour, this morning,' as fixed Trim.—' Then pr'y thee step directly for it, Trim,' said my Unle Toby, ' and bring it into the parlour.'

The corporal did not approve of the ders, but most chearfully obeyed them. he first was not an act of his will—se second was: so he put on his Monto-cap, and went as fast as his same nee would let him. My Uncle Toby sturned into the parlour, and sat him-list down again upon the sofa.

— You shall lay your finger upon the place! — faid my Uncle Toby.— I will not touch it, however! quothers. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation—
shews what little knowledge is got by
ser words—we must go up to the first
rings.

Now in order to clear up the mist hich hangs upon these three pages, I ust endeavour to be as clear as possie myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your

foreheads — blow your nofes — cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people! — God bless you!—

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is her's: then, by discourse, enquiry, argumentation and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one—and if she has—then by pulling it gently this way and that way, she farther forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it—otherwise 'tis not destitute

of humour.

'She first,' saith Slawkenbergius,

'stops the ass, and holding his halter in

'her left-hand (lest he should get away)

'she thrusts her right-hand into the very

'bottom of his pannier to search for

'it—' 'For what?'—' You'll

'not know the sooner,' quoth Slaw-

" I have nothing, good lady, but empty bottles!" fays the afs.

"I am loaded with tripes," fays the fecond.

"And thou art little better," quoth fhe to the third; "for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hofe and pantoufles!" and so to the fourth and

fifth, going on one by one through

the whole string; till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it—

confiders it—famples it—measures it,

firetches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and

west of it—'

Of what? for the love of Christ!'

I am determined,' inswered Slawkenbergius, ' that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast!'

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world hefet on all fides with mysteries and riddles -and fo 'tis no matter-else it seems strange, that nature, who makes every thing so well to answer it's destination, and feldom or never errs, unless for paitime, in giving fuch forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that whether the defigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart-or whatever other creature she models, be it but an als's foal, you are fure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making to simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little platonick exigencies of that part of the species, for whose use she is fabricating this—or that her ladyship sometimes scarce knows what fort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my Uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better; she had formed him of the best and kindest clay—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane—she had filled his heart with trust and considence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

The DONATION was not defeated by

my Uncle Toby's wound.

Now this last article was something apocryphal; and the devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mis.

Wadman's brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the fame time, by turning my Uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing but empty bottles, tripes, trunk, bose, and pantousles.

CHAP. XXIII.

RS. Bridget had pawned all the little stock of honour a poor chamber-maid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible postulatum in nature: namely, that whilst my Uncle Toby was making love to her mistres, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—' and I'll let bim, as much as he will,' said Bridget, 'to get it out of bim.'

Friendship has two arguments; an outer, and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interest in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending in my Uncle Toby's wound as the devil himself.—Mrs. Wadman had but one, and as it possibly might be her last, (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have looked into his hand-there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the ten ace—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same soft with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morfel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I ite

the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of

nowers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous and globular parts of the blood, than in the subtile aura of the brainbeit which it will—an invocation can lo no hurt—and I leave the affair enirely to the invoked, to inspire or to intest me, according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE spirit of sweetest Humour, who erst didst sit upon the sypenof my beloved Cervantes! Thou ho glidedst daily through his lattice, and turnedst the twilight of his prison to noon-day brightness by thy premeetingedst his little urn of water in the aven-sent nectar, and all the time wrote of Sancho and his master, dst cast thy mystick mantle o'er his thered stump*, and wide extended it all the evils of his life—

Turn in hither, I befeech thee! behold these breeches!—they are all have in the world—that piteous rent

s given them at Lyons-

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My shirts! see what a deadly schism happened amongst 'em-for the laps in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em t-I never had but fix, and a cung gypley of a laundress at Milan cut off the fore-laps of five.—To do her ice, she did it with some considera--for I was returning out of Italy. and yet, notwithstanding all this, and fol tinder-box which was moreover hed from me at Sienna, and twice I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs nce at Raddicoffini, and a second at Capua-I do not think a jourthrough France and Italy, provided an keeps his temper all the way, so a thing as some people would make believe: there must be ups and u, or how the deuce should we get vallies where Nature spreads fo tables of entertainment!-'Tis infe to imagine they will lend you voitures to be shaken to pieces for

nothing; and unless you pay twelve sous for greating your wheels, how thould the poor peafant get butter to his bread? We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your fuppers and bed-at the most they are but one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny who would embroil their philosophy for it? For Heaven's and for your own fake, pay it-pay it with both hands open-rather than leave Disappointment fitting drooping upon the eye of your fair hosters and her damiels in the gate-way, at your departure-and besides, my dear Sir, you get a fifterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound-at least, I did.

running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good will; and felt the kindliest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike: so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw, or had to do with, touch dupon some secret spring

-They were the sweetest notes I

ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.

It is Maria! faid the position, observing I was listening— Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her!

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-andtwenty sous piece when I got to Mou-

lins.

faid I. And who is this poor Maria!

'The love and pity of all the villages around us!' faid the postilion: 'it is

but three years ago, that the fun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted,

and amiable a maid; and better fate

did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate who published them—

He was going on—when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes—yet were ten

[·] He loft his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, faid the young man. But who has taught her to play

one knows: we think that Heaven

has affifted her in both; for ever fince

fhe has been unfettled in her mind, it

feems her only confolation—the has never once had the pipe out of her

hand, but plays that fervice upon it

almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with io much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition—and should have sisted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full

poliellion of me.

We had got by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful: and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

moment I saw her.

God help her! poor damfel!

above a hundred masses,' said the postilion, 'have been said in the several

parish-churches and convents around,
for her—but without effect: we have
that hopes, as she is sensible for short

full hopes, as the is fenfible for thort intervals, that the Virgin at last will

e restore her to herfelf; but her parents,

who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are

· loft for ever.

As the possilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her; and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wiftfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again—and

fo on alternately-

Well, Maria,' said I, softly, what resemblance do you find?'-

I do intreat the caudid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is—that I ask'd the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of mifery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own, my heart imote me—and that I so smart-

ed at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and unter grave fentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit minh with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonfense to them-I believe there was a reserve—but that I

leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor haples damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy forrows from thy own hips:—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

--- What an excellent inn at Mou.

lins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not befor) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I stop it, by polling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

That whatever refemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world—or for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as cafual as the foam of Zeuns his horfe: besides, I look upon a chapter which has only nothing in it with respect; and, considering what work things there are in the world—that it is no way a proper subject for fatire.

And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many block heads, numfculls, doddy poles, dunder-heads, ninny-hammers, goose-caps, jolt-heads, nincompoops, and shall beds—and other uniavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne cast in the teeth of King Garagantua's shepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please for how was it possible they should fore see the necessity I was under of writing the twenty-sitch chapter of my book, before the eighteenth, &c.

-So I don't take it amis-All I wish is, that it may be a lesson to the

world, to let people tell their stories their won way.

The Eighteenth Chapter.

A SMrs. Bridget opened the door before the corporal had well given
he rap, the interval betwixt that and
my Uncle Toby's introduction into the
parlour, was to flort, that Mrs. Wadmin had but just time to get from behind the curtain—lay a Bible upon the
able, and advance a step or two towards

he door to receive him.

My Uncle Toby faluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were faluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he march'd up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words—though not before he was sat down—nor after he was sat down—nor after he was sat down—but as he was sitting down, told her he was in love—so that my Uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a flit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my Uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and LOVE moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after it's own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my Uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, that could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of tobacto—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My Uncle Toby never understood what my father meant: nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a tondemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, believe in it almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE—that talking of love, is making it.

ing a black-pudding by the fame re-

Let us go on .- Mrs. Wadman fat in

expectation my Uncle Toby would do fo, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it—she took up the gauntlet—or the discourse—(if you like it better)—and communed with my Uncle Toby, thus.

'The cares and disquietudes of the married state,' quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great. —'I suppose so,' said my Uncle Toby. 'And therefore when a person,' continued Mrs. Wadman, is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amusements—I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state.'—

Uncle Toby, 'in the Common-Prayer' Book.

Thus far my Uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to fail upon the gulph as she pleased.

- As for children, faid Mrs. Wadman, 'though a principal end perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parentyet do not we all find they are certain forrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-aches-what compensation for the many tender and difquieting apprehentions of a fuffering and defenceless mother who brings ' them into life?'- 'I declare,' faid my Uncle Toby, finit with pity, 'I know of none! unless it be the pleasure · which it has pleafed God-- A fiddleflick!' quoth she.

Chapter the Mineteenth.

notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents, with which the word fiddlefick may be pronounced in all fuch cases as this, every one of them impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as dirt from cleanliness—that casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong:

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the fiddlestick, which summoned up all my Uncle To-

by's

by's modest blood into his cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had some how or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my Uncle Toby had faid this, he did not care to fay it again: fo casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear foul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him-which was the fiege of Jericho-he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of mar-riage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after it's own way. Now it wrought neither as an aftringent or a loofener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buck thorn, or any one drug which nature had beltowed upon the world—in short, it worked not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was fomething working there before-Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times! but there is fire still in the subject-Allons!

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect stranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire before he sets out, how many miles to York—which is about the half-way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c.

It was just as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed Graaf upon the bones and muscles*; but could make nothing of it.

She had reasoned likewise from her own powers—laid down theorems—

drawn confequences—and come to to

To clear up all, she had twice alked Doctor Slop, if poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound,

He is recovered, Doctor Slop

" What! quite?"

Quite, Madam !'

But what do you mean by a recovery?' Mrs. Wadman would fay.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in short, there was no way to extract it, but from my

Uncle Toby himtelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind, which lulls sys. PICION to rest—and I am half persuaded, the serpent got pretty near it, in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the devil without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-surgeon.

- Was it without remission?
- Was it more tolerable in bed?
- Could be lie on both sides alite with it?

- Was be able to mount a borse? - Was motion bad for it ?-et ce. tera; were so tenderly spoke to, and to directed towards my Uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them funk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves: -but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my Uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterfcarp, and pell-mell with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St. Rochfword in hand-and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleed. ing by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent-Heaven! Earth! Sea!-all was lifted up -the springs of nature role above their levels-an angel of mercy fat befide him on the fofa-his heart glowed with his -and had he been worth a thousand he had loft every heart of them to Mh. Wadman.

This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatick juits, and the parts of generation.

And whereabouts, dear Sir," noth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorilly, 'did you receive this fad blow?' In asking this question, Mrs. Wadan gave a flight glance towards the aithand of my Uncie Toby's red plush reches, expecting naturally, as the ortest reply to it, that my Uncle Toby ould lay his fore-finger upon the place. fell out otherwise—for my Uncle Tohaving got his wound before the gate St. Nicolas, in one of the traverses of etrench, opposite to the falient angle the demi-bastion of St. Roch; he uld at any time stick a pin upon the mical spot of ground where he was nding when the stone struck him: sstruck instantly upon my Uncle Toge map of the town and citadel of mur and it's environs, which he had rhased and pasted down upon a board the corporal's aid, during his long es-it had lain, with other military nber, in the garret ever fince, and ordingly the corporal was detached

othe garret to fetch it.

My Uncle Toby measured off thirty
es, with Mrs. Wadman's scissars,
in the returning angle before the gate
St. Nicolas; and with such a virgin
desty laid her singer upon the place,
the goddess of Decency, if then in
ng-if not, 'twas her shade—shook
head, and with a singer wavering
of her eyes—forbid her to explain

mistake.

Inhappy Mrs. Wadman!-

For nothing can make this chapgo off with spirit but an apostrophe
hee—but my heart tells me, that in
a criss an apostrophe is but an inin disguise, and ere I would offer
to a woman in distress—let the
her go to the devil; provided any
ind critick in keeping will be but at
trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

Y Uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

AND here is the Mass—the corporal—pointing with his hand extended a little towards the

map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder—but not the shoulder next him:
— and this,' said he, ' is the town of 'Namur—and this the citadel—and 'there lay the French—and here lay his 'honour and myself—and in this curse 'ed trench, Mrs. Bridget,' quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, 'did

he receive the wound which crush'd him so miserably here! — In pronouncing which, he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he

felt for-and let it fall.
We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle,' faid Mrs. Bridget.

'That would have undone us for ever!' faid the corporal.

- And left my poor miltress un-

done too! faid Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

'Come—come!' said Bridget—holding the palm of her left-hand parallel to
the plane of the horizon, and sliding the
singers of the other over it, in a way
which could not have been done, had
there been the least wart or protuberance.

It is every syllable of it salse!'
cried the corporal, before she had half
sinished the sentence.

I know it to be fact!' faid

Bridget, 'from credible witnesses.'

'Upon my honour,' said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke with honest resentment—'it is a story, Mrs. Bridget, 'as false as hell!'—'Not,' said Bridget, interrupting him, 'that either I or my 'mistress care a halfpenny about it, 'whether 'tis so or no—only that when 'one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least.'

CHAP. XXIX.

I T was like the momentary contest in the moist eye-lids of an April morning, whether Bridget should laughor cry.

She fnatched up a rolling-pin-twas

ten to one, the had laughed.

hand extended a little towards the one-fingle tear of em but taited of bit-

ternels, full forrowful would the corpo- rather have been contented to have gone ral's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal underflood the fex, a quart major to a terce, at least, better than my Uncle Toby, and accordingly he affailed Mrs. Brid-

get after this manner.
'I know, Mrs. Bridget,' faid the corporal, giving her a most respectful kifs, ' that thou art good and modelt by nature, and art withal fo generous a girl in thyfelf, that if I know thee rightly, thou would'st not wound an infect, much less the honour of fo gal-· lant and worthy a foul as my mafter, · wast thou fure to be made a countels · of-hut thou halt been set on and de-

· luded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's case, to please others more

than themselves!

Bridget's eyes poured down at the

fensations the corporal excited.

- Tell me-teil me then, my · dear Bridget,' continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her fide-and giving a fecond kifs- whose suspicion has mis-· led thee?"

Bridget sabbed a sob or two-then opened her eyes-the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron-the then opened her heart, and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My Uncle Toby, on his fide, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and filver, and blue and gold alternately, and fultained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks-and fo had nothing to

communicate-

The corporal, on his fide, in taking Bridget, by it had gained confiderable advantages-and confequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages-as well, as what was the manner by which he had seized them, required so nice an historian, that the corporal durit not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would bare-headed and without laurels for ever, than torture his mafter's modelly for fingle moment .-

Belt of honest and gallant fer. vants! - But I have apostrophized thee, Trim! once hefore and could I apo. theofize thee also (that is to fay) with good company-I would do it without ceremony in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

OW my Uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to him. felf upon his finger-ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfec. tions one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle finger-'Pr'ythee, Trim!' faid he, taking up his pipe again, 'bring me a pen and 'ink.' Trim brought paper also.

' Take a full theet, Trim !' faid my Uncle Toby-making a fign with his pipe at the fame time to take a chair and fit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dip

ped it in the ink.

She has a thousand virtues, Trims

faid my Uncle Toby.

' Am I to fer them down, an' please your honout?' quoth the corporal.

- But they must be taken in their ranks,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'for of them all, Trim, that which win me most, and which is a fecurity for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and fingular humanity of her charatter .- I protest, added my Uncle To by, looking up, as he protested it, to wards the top of the ceiling-that wa

I her brother, Trim, a thousand-fold fhe could not make more constant of ' more tender enquiries after my fuffer

ings-though now no more! The corporal made no reply to m Uncle Toby's protestation, but by fhort cough—he dipped the pen a fecon time into the inkhorn : and my Und Toby pointing with the end of his po as close to the top of the theet at il left-hand corner of it, as he could g it—the corporal wrote down the wo HUMANITY . . . thus. Pryth Prythee, corporal, faid my Uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' please your honour,

enquires after it at all !"

That, corporal, faid my Uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—' that hews the difference in the character of the mistress and maid!—had the fortune of war allotted the same mistrance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times.'—' She would have enquired, an' please your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin!'—' The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating—and compassion has as much to do with the one as the other.'

— 'God bless your honour!' cried the corporal—' what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? had your honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because,' added the corporal, lowering his voice and speaking very distinctly as

e affigued his reason-

'The knee is such a distance from the main body—whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the very curtin of the place.'

My Uncle Toby gave a long whiftle but in a note which could scarce be

heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the

My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe s gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a pider's web.

dy's,' faid he.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my Uncle Toby and Trim are valking to my father's, to inform you, hat Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a consident of my nother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who

had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah

behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, the faw nothing at all in it, to make the least buffle about-but Sufannah was sufficient by herfelf for all the ends and purpofes you could possibly have in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by figns to Jonathan and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook fold it with some kitchen-fat to the postilion for a groat, who trucked it with the dairy-maid for fomething of about the fame value-and though whispered in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen rumpet, and founded them upon the house-top. -In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my Uncle Toby's fiege, and what were the fecret articles which had delayed the furrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothefis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did-had but just heard of the report as my Uncle Toby fet out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was fitting by-not only, that the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was luft; but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my Uncle Toby's (inclusive) was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my Uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as soon as my Uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted and godlike a being as man—I am far from
N n denying—

denying-but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a patfion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the foul backwards-a passion, my dear,' continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, 'which couples and equals wife men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hidingf places more like fatyrs and four-footed beafts than men.

'I know it will be faid,' continued my father, (availing himself of the prolepfis) ' that in itself, and simply taken -like hunger, or thirst, or sleep-it is an affair neither good or bad-or hameful, or otherwise.-Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato fo recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof-the congredients-the preparations-the instruments, and whatever ferves thereto, are fo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by ono language, translation, or periphrafis whatever?

- The act of killing and deftroying a man,' continued my fatherraifing his voice, and turning to my Uncle Toby, 'you fee, is glorious-and the weapons by which we do it are · honourable-we march with them upon our fhoulders—we strut with them

by our fides-we gild them-we carve them-we inlay them-we enrich them !- Nay, if it be but a scoundrel

cannon, we calt an ornament upon the

breech of it!'-

-My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithetand Yorick was rifing up to batter the whole hypothetis to pieces-

-When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hear-

The case was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuftom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a buil for the service of the parish, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a pop-

wifit to him one day or other the proceeding fummer — I fay, one day or other -because, as chance would have it, i was the day on which he was marrie to my father's house maid-so one wa a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed, Obadiah thanked God-

'Now,' faid Obadiah, 'I have a calf!' So Obadiah went dalle So Obadiah went daily

to visit his cow.

' She'll calve on Monday-on Tuelday-or Wednesday, at the fartheft.'

The cow did not calve-No-hell not calve till next week-the cow putit off terribly-till at the end of the fixth week Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's bull, to speak the truth of him. was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment-and as he went through the bufiness with grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

" Most of the townsmen, an please your worship, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the bull's fault.'

- But may not a cow be barren! replied my father, turning to Doctor

· It never happens, faid Doctor Slop; but the man's wife may have come

before her time naturally enough. -- Pr'y hee, has the child hair

upon his head?' added Doctor Slop. - It is as hairy as I am! faid Obadiah .- Obadiah had not been shared for three weeks -- 'When - u .. · ----!' cried my father; beginning the fentence with an exclamatory whiftle- and fo, brother Toby, this poor bull of mine, who is as goo a bull as ever p-fs'd, and might have done for Europa herself in pura

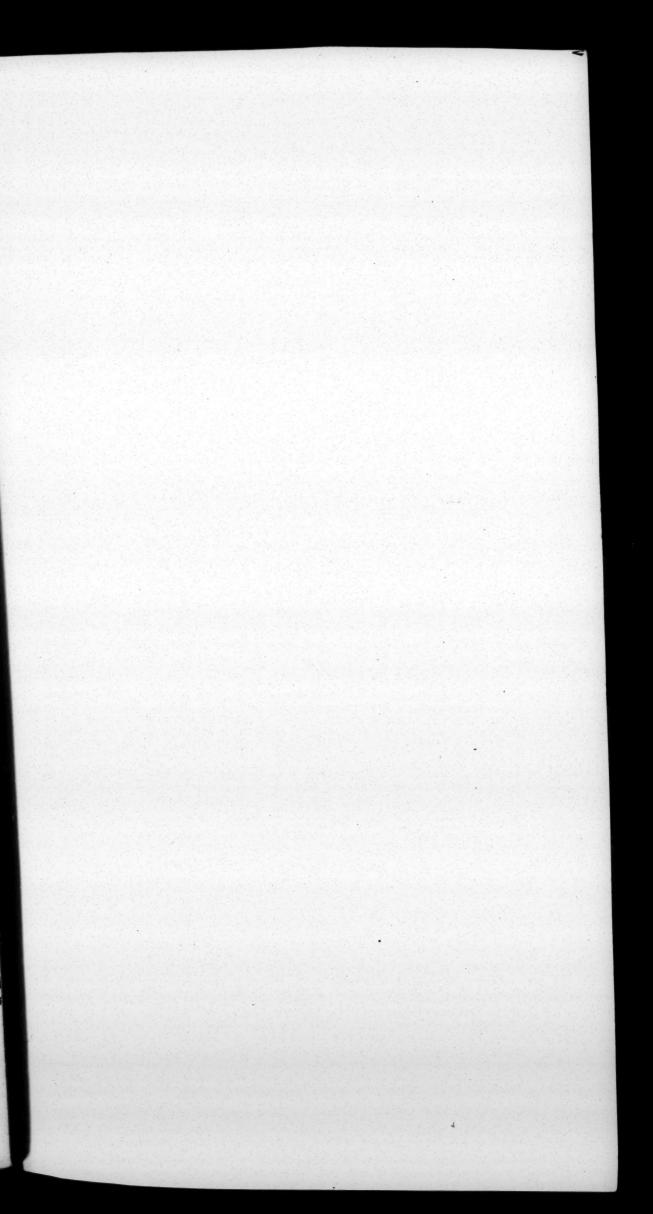
times - had he but two legs less might have been driven into Doctors

Commons and lost his characterwhich, to a town buil, brother Tohy,

is the very same thing as his life! L-d! faid my mother, what is

all this story about?'-' A COCK and a BULL! file Yorick- An one of the best of it's

' kind I ever heard!'



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